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CUBA....
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INTERVIEW REPORT

WILLIAM TURNER

December 22, 1977

MEMORANDUM FOR: ROBERT BLAKEY

FROM: ^{PHO} PATRICIA ORR/BETSY PALMER ^{BP}

SUBJECT: Trip Report

DATE: January 25, 1978

On Thursday, December 22, 1977, John Hornbeck, Patricia Orr, and Betsy Palmer travelled to the home of William Turner in San Rafael, California to interview Mr. Turner and review his files which he has accumulated in connection with a book he is writing on the assassination of President Kennedy.

Turner is a former FBI agent and has written numerous articles in the past fifteen years about the assassination and activities of exiled Cubans. Section A of this report contains a sampling of such articles compiled for us by the staff of the Library of Congress.

Turner's manuscript, The Cuba Project, deals extensively with Oswald in New Orleans, the activities centered around 544 Camp Street in New Orleans, and Oswald's connection with Cubans. He is also working on an area involving Jack Ruby and his possible connection with organized crime. A chapter-by-chapter summary of the manuscript is contained in Section B.

Turner is conversant on several issues involving organized crime and anti-Castro Cubans because of his work on the book and his investigative efforts over the years on the Kennedy

case. He was somewhat reluctant to turn over all portions of his manuscript for xeroxing for the Committee, expressing concern that his materials might be misused (i.e., leaked) before the book is published. However, we were able to obtain copies of substantial portions of the book and gave him our assurance that all of his material would be kept in security safes at this office. Turner also promised to send copies of his working drafts on chapters relating to Manuel Artime, the MRR and Operation MONGOOSE.

In addition to the manuscript, we brought back notes on the following subjects:

The Bayo-Pawley Affair

Interview notes, Robert K. Brown, re: Abaco Island

Succession

Martin F. X. Casey Interview

Andrew St. George interview notes on Luce's Private War.

Fred L. Crisman file

George Higgenbothan interview

Interview notes about David Ferrie from John Irion interview

Interview notes on Loran Hall

Miscellaneous handwritten Turner notes

Our interview with Turner was far-ranging, as we attempted to touch upon the many different areas he has researched to

date. Some of the points are listed below.

- . Through FELIPE DE DIEGO, Turner was able to get some information on Operation 40. De Diego had gone to intelligence school at Fort Benning prior to the Bay of Pigs. He has gained more recent notoriety following his indictment in connection with the Ellsberg break-in. He told Turner about Operation 40, a spin-off group of the 2506 Brigade which was to coordinate the political transition after the removal of Castro in the invasion. Turner stated that Operation 40 was the intelligence branch of the 2506 Brigade and brought along assassins since it was believed that some of the Cuban leaders would have to be eliminated permanently. Members of this group included COLONEL PIEDRA, who was also said to be in contact with CARLOS BRINGUIER, and JOAQUIN SANJENIS, who reputedly was with the CIA and is alleged by Frank Sturgis to be his (Sturgis') CIA contact officer. E. HOWARD HUNT is also supposed to have been in charge of this group.
- . In connection with our interest in determining whether ONI would have any significant information pertinent to the investigation, we inquired about LUIS BALBUENA, a Cuban said to have been an ONI consultant at Guantanamo

Base. Turner believes Balbuena sat on the council of anti-Castro Cubans at Guantanamo (along with ALBERTO "EDDY" BAYO, among others) and that the naval contingent there must have been somewhat knowledgeable of the CIA activities that were then taking place. He specifically mentioned JACK MODDESSETTE, the coordination officer of ONI at Guantanamo as the person most likely to be helpful. Moddesette is now in Texas. Turner said Bernard Fensterwald is the person who connected Moddesette with ONI. Turner also believes ONI was involved or knowledgeable about the CIA training camp at the Old Algiers ammo dump near New Orleans. (The CIA has denied that there were any CIA-sponsored camps in Louisiana although one of the CIA's own documents, a debriefing interview with Grayston Lynch, reveals that the Old Algiers camp was indeed backed by the CIA. This document was reviewed by Team 3 members at the CIA). ONI involvement in this camp should be checked out. BERNARD BARKER would also probably be helpful in substantiating ONI involvement, according to Turner.

- SEYMOUR "SY" ELLISON, Melvin Belli's former law partner, was also mentioned by Turner (which complemented the Melvin Belli interview John Hornbeck had with Belli

later that afternoon.) According to a person who Turner considers reliable, Ellison had received a phone call immediately after Ruby shot Oswald with a message to relay back to Belli. The call was apparently from a Las Vegas lawyer, with whom Ellison was familiar, trying to reach Belli. Belli was travelling so the caller told Ellison that "one of our boys" has gotten involved in the case and they wanted Belli to handle Ruby's defense and that Belli could net a million dollars. The caller later called Ellison again to say that it was not one of their men after all.

With respect to Belli, Turner also mentioned JUDY DOWES. Dowes hired Belli to help her brother out of a Mexican jail in 1968. She was alleged to have been heavily involved with the soldier-of-fortune types in Miami.

- BRADING/BRADEN. Following the assassination, Turner did a motor vehicle check to track down JIM BRADEN and located him at an office in Beverly Hills. A colleague of Turner's, McNabb, went to the office to check it out and found that he was receiving mail there. (This information was turned over to Peter Noyes who subsequently investigated the Braden connection rather thoroughly. Braden is alleged to have been connected with Los Angeles Police Department intelligence and IRS intelligence.)

- . FRED LEE CRISMAN. Turner was interested in Crisman because of his physical similarity to one of the tramps and his association with the Old Orthodox Church and Thomas Beckham. He found that Crisman had been living with a retired Army Colonel named WHITE, who is involved with Wide World Advertising in Seattle, Washington. To Turner, it seemed that Crisman was involved in an intelligence operation. Jim Garrison received an anonymous letter during the course of his investigation which pointed to Crisman and claimed that Crisman was travelling between Seattle and New Orleans all the time. (See Crisman portion of Turner file for copy of letter.) It was further alleged (source unknown) that Crisman carried a diplomatic passport that he claimed to have received through a Congressional committee. He also reportedly was connected with SERGIO ARCACHA SMITH. He had been in the Air Force. Crisman died in 1975. Beckham, with whom Crisman was connected, was a courier for the anti-Castro groups and acquainted with David Ferrie. MCNABB, a soldier of fortune who works with Turner, has notes on CRISMAN/WHITE. McNabb lives in St. Helena, California.
- . CARLOS HERNANDEZ. Turner believes that Hernandez is most likely the person known as "A" from the Senate

the Castro government. Ayres was called in to brief Arttime on everything he knew. The meeting allegedly took place at a VIP safehouse on a golf course near Coral Gables. The briefing was interrupted by two Cuban visitors and Arttime escorted them to the library. Ayres overheard an argument between the two men regarding money that was supposed to be hidden on the island. A pirate's lair on Point Mary is the point where the money was supposedly hidden.

- . Turner spoke briefly regarding OSMIT MOODY, stating that he used Howard Hughes money for the Triple A group in the early 1960's as was the apparent owner of the island on which money and arms were hidden.
- . CARROLL JARNIGAN. A witness that Turner feels may merit another look. Jarnigan is a lawyer from Texas, a graduate of SMU, a chess champion, "brilliant" according to Turner. Jarnigan wrote a letter to the FBI after the JFK assassination describing an event alleged to have taken place on October 3, 1963 at Jack Ruby's club where Jarnigan had taken a girlfriend. While they were waiting to be seated, a homosexual arrived, wearing a windbreaker and identified as Oswald. Jarnigan said the man said he had just gotten in from New Orleans and was overheard talking about Robert Kennedy. FBI dismissed the story although Jarnigan took a lie detector

test. They declared Jarnigan believed the "fanciful" story. Turner went to see Jarnigan and interviewed him regarding these events. He found him to be impressive and believable.

- RONNIE CAIRE. An interview in early 1967 revealed that Caire had met ARCACHA in December of 1961 when he came to Caire's office to raise money for the Cuban Revolutionary Front (CRC). This led to the formation of the Crusade to Free Cuba. Those induced to head up the drive were: GILL MELLIN, Vice President of the Whitney Bank and CARLOS GRIMADER, an accountant who kept records for Cuban groups (i.e., CRC). The money was used to finance many different things including acquisition of PT boats, etc. The Crusade lasted 3 months, but was a failure. Caire says he lost \$10,000 and Arcacha pocketed most of it.

Caire's office on the 7th floor of the Cigali Building in 1964 (the corner office on Canal Street side). After the Crusade, Arcacha worked for Caire (from 2/12/62 to 9/18/62). Then Arcacha went to Mexico around July or August 1962, probably under an assumed name, with NESTOR MARQUEZ-DIAZ, an attorney and economist from Algiers, Louisiana and a teacher at Nicholl's College. Caire was impressed with the veracity and character of CARLOS QUIROGA. Quiroga had warned Caire early on in

the Crusade not to trust Arcacha. MAYOR WALTER SCHIRO also warned Caire about Arcacha. Arcacha disappeared in late 1962, rumored to have gone to Miami, and later Houston and Dallas. He had been working on the Pan American Life Insurance Company account when he left. ERNESTO RODRIGUEZ was said to be the leader of the anti-Arcacha faction. Arcacha was replaced by LUIS RABEL as local front leader. Arcacha had mentioned GUY BANISTER on occasion although Caire never saw the two of them together. Arcacha had told him about driving a truck load of plastic explosives from Houma, LA to New Orleans prior to Caire's meeting Arcacha.

Caire said LEE HARVEY OSWALD once applied for a job when Caire was at the Cigali Building. Oswald came in one day about the time of the WDSU interview.

Arcacha once introduced Caire to a man from Miami who Caire thought might have been named TONY OR MANUEL VARONA. Caire did not know Ricardo Davis, or Ferrie. He vaguely recalled the name MIGUEL TORRES and "runner" for the Crusade. He remembered BRINGUIER, MIRO CARDONA, LUIS SANCHEZ, LUIS BODEFOL, TOMAS CAMPA. Arcacha knew MANUEL GIL of the American Sugar Can association. (Gil had been with Alpha 66 or the CIA, Caire thought.)

- . GUY BANISTER.- According to Turner, Guy Banister was connected with the training camp in Algiers, La. with NINO DIAZ. He trained Cuban exiles for diversionary activities to be conducted during the Bay of Pigs invasion. Turner, probably because both he and Banister had FBI connections, showed a good deal of interest in Banister and felt that his activities in New Orleans in the early 1960's indicated he (Banister) had connections with various intelligence agencies.

In conclusion, it should be mentioned that William Turner worked, for a time, on the Garrison investigation which led to the trial of Clay Shaw. Turner conducted witness interviews for Garrison and spoke very favorably of Garrison when we visited with him. Turner felt that Garrison was on the right track in his investigation, but failed to explore the organized crime phase of the case as well as the Cuban angle.

December 28, 1977

Mr. William Turner
163 Mark Twain Avenue
San Rafael, California 94903

Dear Bill:

On behalf of Patricia Orr, John Hornbeck and myself, I wish to thank you for your willingness to share your day with us last Thursday. We all appreciated the fact that it was an extremely busy time for you and want you to know that we benefited greatly from having talked to you.

We are in the process of reviewing the material from your manuscript and will respect your desire to keep it under tight security here at the Committee. We look forward to receiving the additional material which you indicated you would send to us in the near future.

Thank you again for your time and attention.

Sincerely,

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Betsy Palmer

Contemporary Authors

A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHICAL GUIDE TO
CURRENT AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

CHRISTINE NASSO

Editor

volumes 25-28
first revision

GALE RESEARCH COMPANY • BOOK TOWER • DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48226

Van Clief, *That's What Friends Are For*, Four Winds, 1968; Peggy Parish, *Granny and the Indians*, Macmillan, 1969; Tamara Kitt, *Jake*, Abelard-Schuman, 1969; Beatrice Schenk De Regniers, *Catch a Little Fox*, Seabury, 1970; F. N. Monjo, *Poor Richard in France*, Holt, 1973; Lydia Marie Child, *Over the River and Through the Wood*, Coward, 1974; Freya Littledale, *The Elves and the Shoemaker*, Scholastic Book Services, 1975; Bette Lamont, *Island Time*, Lippincott, 1976.

AVOCATIONAL INTERESTS: Theater (has acted, directed, and designed avocationally), music.

BIOGRAPHICAL/CRITICAL SOURCES: *Young Readers' Review*, September, 1968; Lee Bennett Hopkins, *Books Are by People*, Citation Press, 1969; *Publisher's Weekly*, July 14, 1969; *Horn Book*, August, 1969.

* * *

TURNBULL, Andrew (Winchester) 1921-1970

February 2, 1921—January 10, 1970; American biographer and literary scholar. Obituaries: *New York Times*, January 11, 1970; *Washington Post*, January 12, 1970; *Newsweek*, January 19, 1970; *Publishers' Weekly*, February 9, 1970; *Antiquarian Bookman*, February 16, 1970. (See index for CA sketch)

* * *

TURNER, Frederick C(lair) 1938-

PERSONAL: Born October 3, 1938, in Cambridge, Mass.; son of Clair Elsmere (a college professor) and Naomi (Cocke) Turner; married Caroline Tingey Craven, August 27, 1960; children: Frederick C. II, Elizabeth Wingate, Caroline Truxtun. **Education:** Harvard University, A.B. (magna cum laude), 1961; Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, M.A., 1962, M.A.L.D., 1963, Ph.D., 1965. **Politics:** Democrat. **Religion:** Unitarian Universalist. **Home:** 30 Timber Dr., Storrs, Conn. 06268. **Office:** Department of Political Science, University of Connecticut, Storrs, Conn. 06268.

CAREER: Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., assistant to director of Latin American studies, 1963-64; University of Connecticut, Storrs, assistant professor, 1965-68, associate professor, 1968-70, professor of political science, 1970—. Visiting lecturer in political science, Yale University, 1967-69. **Member:** Center for Inter-American Relations, American Political Science Association, International Political Science Association, Latin American Studies Association, American Association of University Professors. **Awards, honors:** First place in distinguished faculty awards program, University of Connecticut, 1968; University of Connecticut Alumni Association award for faculty excellence in teaching, 1969; grants from National Endowment for the Humanities, 1972-73, and National Science Foundation, 1972-76.

WRITINGS: *The Dynamic of Mexican Nationalism*, University of North Carolina Press, 1968; *Catholicism and Political Development in Latin America*, University of North Carolina Press, 1971; *Responsible Parenthood: The Politics of Mexico's New Population Policies* (monograph), American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, 1974.

Contributor: Lewis Hanke, editor, *History of Latin American Civilization: Sources and Interpretations*, Little, Brown, 1967, 2nd edition, 1973; Samuel Bailey, editor, *Nationalism in Latin America*, Knopf, 1970; Roberto Esquenazi-Mayo and Michael C. Meyer, editors, *Latin*

American Scholarship since World War II, University of Nebraska Press, 1971; *Investigaciones contemporaneas sobre historia de Mexico*, University of Texas Press, 1971; Nathaniel N. Wagner and Marsha J. Haug, editors, *Chicanos: Social and Psychological Perspectives*, Mosby, 1971; *Latin America and the Future of Its Jewish Communities*, Institute of Jewish Affairs (London), 1973. Contributor to professional journals.

AVOCATIONAL INTERESTS: English literature, especially the novels of D. H. Lawrence.

* * *

TURNER, Philip 1925-

PERSONAL: Born December 3, 1925, in Rossland, British Columbia, Canada; son of Christopher Edward (a clergyman) and Emma (Johnston) Turner; married Margaret Diane Samson, September 23, 1950; children: Simon, Stephen, Jane. **Education:** Worcester College, Oxford, B.A., 1950, M.A., 1962. **Address:** St. Francis, 1 West Malvern Rd., Malvern, Worcestershire, England. **Agent:** Bolt & Watson, 8 Storey's Gate, London SW1, England.

CAREER: Ordained priest of Church of England, 1951; curate in Leeds, 1951-56; priest-in-charge, Crawley, Sussex, 1956-62; vicar of St. Matthews, Northampton, 1962-66; British Broadcasting Corp., Midland Region, Birmingham, religious broadcasting organizer, 1966-70. Author of children's books and plays. **Military service:** Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, 1943-46; became sub-lieutenant. **Member:** Society of Authors. **Awards, honors:** Carnegie Medal for best children's book published in United Kingdom, Library Association, 1965, for *The Grange at High Force*.

WRITINGS—Children's books: *Colonel Shepertons Clock*, Oxford University Press, 1964, World Publishing, 1966; *The Grange at High Force*, Oxford University Press, 1965, World Publishing, 1967; *Sea Peril*, Oxford University Press, 1966, World Publishing, 1968; *The Bible Story*, Oxford University Press, 1968; *Steam on the Line*, World Publishing, 1968; (author of text) *Brian Wildsmith's Illustrated Bible Stories*, F. Watts, 1969; *War on the Darnel*, World Publishing, 1969; *Wigwig and Homer*, Oxford University Press, 1969, World Publishing, 1970; *Devil's Nob*, Hamish Hamilton, 1970; *Powder Quay*, Hamish Hamilton, 1971; *Dunkirk Summer*, Hamish Hamilton, 1973.

Plays: *Christ in the Concrete City*, S.P.C.K., 1956; *Tell It with Trumpets*, S.P.C.K., 1959; *Cry Dawn in Dark Babylon*, S.P.C.K., 1959; *This Is the Word in "Word Made Flesh"*, S.P.C.K., 1962; *Casey*, S.P.C.K., 1962; *So Long at the Fair*, Joint Board of Christian Education of Australia and New Zealand, 1966; *Men in Stone*, Baker Plays, 1966; *Cantata for Derelicts*, United Church Publishing House (Canada), 1967; *Madonna in Concrete*, S.P.C.K., 1971.

BIOGRAPHICAL/CRITICAL SOURCES: *Books and Bookmen*, May, 1968.

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TURNER, William W. 1927-

PERSONAL: Born April 14, 1927, in Buffalo, N.Y.; son of William Peter (a printing executive) and Magdalen (Weyand) Turner; married Margaret Peiffer (a registered nurse), September 12, 1964; children: Mark Peter, Lori Ann. **Education:** Canisius College, B.S., 1949. **Politics:** Democrat. **Religion:** Roman Catholic. **Home:** 163 Mark Twain Ave., San Rafael, Calif. 94903. **Agent:** Joan Daves, 515 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

CAREER: Federal Bureau of Investigation, special agent in various field offices, 1951-61; free-lance writer in California, 1963—; *Ramparts* (magazine), San Francisco, Calif., senior editor, 1967—. Investigator and consultant, National Wiretap Commission, 1975. **Military service:** U.S. Navy, 1945-46; served in Pacific Theater. **Member:** Authors Guild, International Platform Association, Press Club of San Francisco.

WRITINGS: *The Police Establishment*, Putnam, 1968; *Invisible Witness: The Use and Abuse of the New Technology of Crime Investigation*, Bobbs-Merrill, 1968; *Hoover's F.B.I.: The Men and the Myth*, Sherbourne, 1970; (with E. Asinof and W. Hinckle) *The Ten Second Jailbreak*, Holt, 1973; (contributor) *Investigating the FBI*, Doubleday, 1973. Author and editor of police science material for "Police Evidence Library," Bancroft-Whitney Co. Contributor to *Nation*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Saga*, and *Cavalier*.

WORK IN PROGRESS: *The Cuba Project*, for Houghton; *The Death of Robert F. Kennedy: Conspiracy and Coverup*, for Random House.

SIDELIGHTS: Turner told *CA* that he "became interested in writing as a career when I was sent to Dallas as an ex-FBI man by *Saga* to cover the aftermath of the John F. Kennedy assassination. I gradually became convinced that Kennedy was the victim of a political conspiracy. . . . Am recognized as one of the established critics of the Warren Report." Turner ran as an "assassination conspiracy" candidate in the Democratic primaries in California's Sixth Congressional District. He says he polled "an unexpectedly large number of votes." Andy Truskier, reviewing *Hoover's FBI*, writes that Turner "reveals the FBI as a highly political and totally corrupt institution, built around the political ambitions of one man, and despite its reputation, extraordinarily inept."

The Ten Second Jailbreak was made into the film "Breakout."

BIOGRAPHICAL/CRITICAL SOURCES: *Time*, June 17, 1968; *Book World*, June 23, 1968; *Ramparts*, August, 1970; *Nation*, February 8, 1971.

TUTOROW, Norman E. 1934-

PERSONAL: Born July 23, 1934, in Mishawaka, Ind.; son of Virgil Walter (a mechanic) and Violet Evelyn (Chadwick) Tutorow; married Sue Carol Fanning (a secretary), November 25, 1954; children: James Andrew. **Education:** San Diego State College (now University), A.B. (with high honors), 1958; Stanford University, M.A., 1960, Ph.D., 1967; San Jose State College (now University), M.A., 1965.

CAREER: Instructor in philosophy, West Valley Jr. College, Campbell, Calif., and Foothill Jr. College, Los Altos Hill, Calif., 1964-67; San Jose State College (now University), San Jose, Calif., instructor in history, 1964-67; University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif., assistant professor of history, 1967-69; Los Angeles Federal Records Center, Bell, Calif., chief of the archives branch, 1969-70; Golden State Realty, Sunnyvale, Calif., founder, owner and real estate broker, 1970—; Anthony's School, Menlo Park, Calif., instructor in real estate, 1973—; Foothill Jr. College, Calif., instructor in real estate economics, 1973—. Consultant, San Francisco Federal Records Center, 1970-71. **Military service:** U.S. Marine Corps, 1952-55; became sergeant. **Member:** American Historical Association, Organization of American Historians, Society of American Archivists, Na-

tional Association of Real Estate Boards, National Institute of Real Estate Brokers, California Historical Society, Southern California Historical Society, California Association of Real Estate Teachers.

WRITINGS: (With Don E. Fehrenbacher) *California: An Illustrated History*, Van Nostrand, 1968; *The Early Years of Leland Stanford*, *New Yorker Who Built the Central Pacific Railroad* (pamphlet), Dewitt Historical Society of Tomkins County (New York), 1969; *Leland Stanford, Man of Many Careers*, Pacific Coast Publishers, 1970. Contributor to *Picturescope*, *Wisconsin Then and Now*, *East Texas Historical Journal*, and *The Quarterly Review*.

WORK IN PROGRESS: Research on California politics in the 1850's.†

* * *

TYLDEN-WRIGHT, David 1923-

PERSONAL: Born May 19, 1923, in London, England; son of Royds (a soldier) and Constance (Abel) Tylden-Wright; married Diana Louise Lindsay (a doctor), October 10, 1952; children: Royds, Jenny, Susan, Gerard. **Education:** Educated at Eton College, 1936-41, Oxford University, 1945-47, and in Paris, 1948-50. **Politics:** Conservative independent. **Religion:** Church of England. **Agent:** Curtis Brown Ltd., 1 Craven Hill, London W2 3EW, England.

CAREER: *Times Literary Supplement*, London, England, staff writer, 1951-57; farming as Hereford breeder in Wiltshire, England, 1958-68, and Northumberland, England, 1968—. **Military service:** British Army, officer in Scots Guards, 1942-45; invalided out with wounds. **Member:** Boodles Club.

WRITINGS: *The Image of France*, Secker & Warburg, 1957; *Anatole France*, Walker & Co., 1967.

WORK IN PROGRESS: A book on farming experiences; a biography of Albert Camus; revising an earlier manuscript on war experiences.

AVOCATIONAL INTERESTS: Sports, particularly racing and golf.

BIOGRAPHICAL/CRITICAL SOURCES: *Observer Review*, September 3, 1967; *Times Literary Supplement*, September 9, 1967; *Punch*, October 11, 1967; *New York Times Book Review*, December 17, 1967; *New Yorker*, January 6, 1968; *Listener*, January 25, 1968.††

* * *

TYSDAHL, B(joern) J(ohan) 1933-

PERSONAL: Born October 20, 1933, in Oslo, Norway; son of Asbjørn (a clerk) and Nelly (Knudsen) Tysdahl; married Bjoerg Lagset, May 30, 1959; children: Jon, Anne, Merete, Harald. **Education:** University of Oslo, Cand. Philol., 1959, Dr. Philos., 1968; Pedagogisk Seminar, Oslo, Dip. Ed., 1960. **Religion:** Lutheran. **Home:** Prost Christies v.19, 1347 Hosle, Norway. **Office:** British Institute, University of Oslo, Blindern, Oslo 3, Norway.

CAREER: University of Oslo, Oslo, Norway, fellow, 1961-65, lecturer, 1965-72, reader in English literature, 1972—. Visiting lecturer, University of Sussex, 1970.

WRITINGS: *Joyce and Ibsen: A Study of Literary Influence*, Humanities, 1968; (co-author) *Verdens Litteraturhistorie*, Volumes XI-XII, Politiken (Copenhagen), 1974. Contributor to *English Studies*, *Edda*, *James Joyce Quarterly*, and newspapers in Norway.

WORK IN PROGRESS: Studies on psycholinguistics and literature, and on William Godwin's novels.

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*Sam Jones
reference*



In the Shadow of Dallas

These are not the only ones to have died mysteriously possessing crucial knowledge about the killings of President Kennedy, Officer J. D. Tippit or Lee Harvey Oswald. But this is the story of ten:

The 'Sleuths'

ANYONE CAN WRITE to the Government Printing Office and, for \$76, order the 26 volumes of testimony and exhibits. Hundreds of Americans, nagged by doubts about the completeness of the investigation, did just that. For a surprisingly large number of people, reading the volumes, establishing card files and interviewing witnesses became an all-consuming avocation. Working in virtual isolation from each other, methodically recompiling the evidence, it was only gradually that these amateur "sleuths" learned of one another's existence.

In time there developed a network of Kennedy assassination buffs, linked coast-to-coast by a bush telegraph of manifold ramifications. When one uncovered a startling new piece of evidence, the information spread like fire through plains grass until, before the week was out, it was common knowledge among all the operatives of this private intelligence *apparat*.

Some, like New York author Sylvia Meagher or Marjorie Deschamps, a west coast housewife, scholars of the Warren Report and 26 volumes, can quote chapter and verse on almost any facet of the case. Mrs. Meagher, find-

by David Welsh & William Turner

ing the Commission's index next to useless, prepared and published her own. Mrs. Deschamps put together a hundred giant "panoplies"—photostats of collected evidence—on different facets of the case. The "sleuth" ranks include salesman Ray Marcus; David Lifton, a master's candidate in engineering; and housewife Elizabeth Stoneborough—all serious students of the photographic evidence relating to the assassination. Physicist Paul Hoch dug into the National Archives for hidden documents. Philadelphia lawyer Vincent Salandria did pioneer research on the ballistics and autopsy evidence; writer Harold Feldman on the direction of shots. Add to them the book-writers—Mark Lane, the most persistent public gadfly of the Warren Commission; Harold Weisberg, a Maryland gentleman farmer; and Leo Sauvage, the conservative U.S. correspondent for *Le Figaro*—and you have an awesome army of private citizens who are saying more or less explicitly: "The government lied to us about the Kennedy assassination."

Few of the sleuths are paid for their efforts, or reimbursed for long-distance phone calls, travel and research materials. Motivated by anything from an affection for President Kennedy to a plain zeal for truth, affiliated only in the most informal way, they are the embodiment of what is finest in the American tradition, and a living indictment of government-by-closed-shop.

At first we refused to take the sleuths seriously. Everyone secretly wants to be a detective. Here was the "crime of the century," apparently unsolved, with a mountain of poorly evaluated evidence at the disposal of anyone willing to shell out 76 bills. To the private sleuths it was irresistible; to us it was something of a joke. Then we reviewed their work and realized that they were doing the job the Dallas police, the FBI and the Warren Commission should have done in the first place.

And if many will treat these amateur investigators as some unique breed of kook, the Dallas police take them seriously. When Shirley Martin, a housewife from Hominy, Oklahoma, made trips to Dallas to interview witnesses, the police would tail her, openly following her car at short distance, and stay in her shadow until she left town. The FBI takes one of the "sleuths" seriously enough to tap his phone. Two San Francisco sleuths report that even their mail is habitually opened before it reaches their door. Such intimidation has become so common that the sleuths hardly talk about it any more.

ON OUR TRIPS TO DALLAS, Bill Turner, I, and editor Stan Sheinbaum interviewed many persons touched in some way by the killing of Kennedy. Some were willing to talk freely; most were guarded. Many said there was no conspiracy

to assassinate the President, but almost invariably they would indicate they thought otherwise: a playful smile, a wink, a sardonic turn around the corners of the mouth. Others treated the Warren Report with open contempt.

We interviewed lawyers, reporters, cops, laborers, janitors, simple housewives, an exotic dancer; most of them asked us not to use their names. From time to time we checked in at the Midlothian Mirror to compare notes with Penn Jones. Occasionally he would take us to his "farm" a few miles away, where he keeps his collection of barbed wire, and where he has installed a waterwheel to irrigate the hilltop ("the only working waterwheel in Ellis County," Jones boasts). Once we were sitting in that bucolic setting, discussing the gory details of this grisliest of murder cases, when all at once the incongruity struck us as enormously funny—the barbed wire collection, Lyndon Johnson, the "Texas Mafia," the waterwheel, the mysterious deaths, the Grassy Knoll, the presumptuousness of our investigating a regicide—and we threw our heads back, broken up with laughter. Penn, who has a formidable cackle, laughed the hardest. You have to laugh on this case, or you can begin to doubt your sanity.

On another trip, we stood up and talked for 15 minutes with Bertha Cheek, a friend of Ruby's and sister of the lady who kept Oswald's rooming house, while she was explaining why she couldn't grant us an interview—unless we paid her \$1000. "Marina Oswald is getting money for her story," said sexy, fortyish Bertha, a prosperous realtor. "Why should I give mine away?"

We spent six hours over vodka and orange juice with Wanda Joyce Killam, a former B-girl in Ruby's Carousel Club and widow of one of the mysteriously dead. Wanda, an attractive bottle blonde, looked a bit frowzy, not expecting visitors, and was embarrassed about it. She rambled on about how wonderful a guy Jack Ruby is and some minor details about her murdered husband; but nothing startling, nothing we did not already know. We bid a cordial goodbye to Wanda, who is a warm, gregarious person, and talked about the apprehension that chilled her features during most of our visit. But by this time we had grown suspicious of anyone who *wasn't* afraid.

Three years after the Kennedy assassination—and two years after it was allegedly "solved" by the President's Commission—fear still walks with the man or woman who knows even part of the truth of what really happened on November 22, 1963. If Penn Jones has done nothing else, he has shown us that. It is a fear beyond the ken of most Americans, who know only the ever-present, constipating fear of being honest and natural with one another. The Dallas fear is a fear for life, and livelihood. We saw it in the eyes of those who crossed paths with key figures in the assassination. We heard it in their voices. "Please," one of

Jack Ruby's strippers told us. "Don't put my name in your paper. Please. I love life too much."

More than all the persuasive and well-documented books on the subject, it was that fear that reached us, in our intestines; convinced us the Warren Commission was wrong. If Lee Harvey Oswald did the job all by himself, then what are these people afraid of? Whom are they afraid of?

The Kennedy "Curse"

PENN JONES' biggest reportorial coup is unquestionably his discovery of a series of mysterious deaths, possibly related to the assassination of the President. That he would print it, when practically nobody was printing anything but kudos for Earl Warren & Co., and print it *in the Dallas area*, is a sign of hope for the survival of independent journalism.

Jones' first scoop was the story of a meeting at Jack Ruby's apartment on Sunday, November 24, 1963, several hours after Ruby shot and killed Oswald in Dallas police headquarters. In his original editorial, reprinted on page 32, he disclosed that three of the five present at the meeting—Jim Koethe, Bill Hunter and Tom Howard—have died mysterious deaths. Of the survivors, Jim Martin, who curiously enough represented the accused killer of Koethe and got him off without prosecution, is still practicing law in Dallas. George Senator, at this writing, is living in upstate New York. He has said repeatedly that he fears for his life.

These were not the only ones to have died mysteriously who possessed crucial scraps of knowledge about the killings of President Kennedy, Officer J. D. Tippit or Lee Harvey Oswald. At least 10 such persons are known to have been murdered, to have committed suicide or died in suspicious circumstances since the Kennedy assassination. Scores of persons similarly knowledgeable have been beaten, shot, threatened, intimidated or run out of town. And at least a dozen others brushed by the event have voluntarily left Dallas—quite sensibly, it would seem.

[JIM KOETHE—KARATE CHOP]

THE BODY of the young Dallas reporter was found swathed in a blanket on the floor of his bachelor apartment on September 21, 1964. Police said the cause of death was asphyxiation from a broken bone at the base of the neck—apparently the result of a karate chop.

Robbery appeared to be the motive, although Koethe's

* Editor's note: Penn Jones now has some 50 persons on his list of mysterious deaths.

parents believe he was killed for other reasons. Whoever ransacked his apartment, they point out, was careful to remove his notes for a book he was preparing, in collaboration with two other journalists, on the Kennedy assassination.

Within a week a 22-year-old ex-con from Alabama named Larry Earl Reno was picked up selling Koethe's personal effects and held on suspicion of murder.

Reno's lawyers were Mike Barclay and the ubiquitous Jim Martin, both friends of Ruby roomie George Senator. Martin and Senator, one recalls, were with Koethe at that enigmatic meeting on November 24, 1963. When the Reno case came before the grand jury, District Attorney Henry Wade secretly instructed the jurors not to indict—an extraordinary move for a chief prosecuting officer with as strong a case as he had. The grand jury returned a no-bill.

Reno, however, remained in jail on a previous charge. When they finally sprang him, in January 1965, he was re-arrested within a month for the robbery of a hotel. This time the prosecution, led by a one-time law partner of Martin's, had no qualms about getting an indictment, and a conviction. Reno was sentenced to life for the hotel robbery. At the trial his lawyers called no witnesses in his defense.

[BILL HUNTER—SHOT DEAD]

HUNTER COVERED the Kennedy assassination more or less on a lark. He was a police reporter for the Long Beach paper and a good one, with a knack for getting along with cops. He drank with them, played cards with them in the press room—he was a sharp and lucky player—and they would often call him at home when a story broke. Hunter was a big man, described by friends as rough, jovial, "very physical," with an attractive wife and three children.

There was no real need for the Long Beach paper to send a reporter to Dallas, but Hunter, who grew up there, managed to promote a free trip for himself with the city desk. In Dallas he ran into Jim Koethe, with whom he had worked in Wichita Falls, Texas. Koethe asked him to come along to the meeting in Ruby's apartment; they arrived to find Senator and Tom Howard having a drink.

Bill Hunter was killed just after midnight on the morning of April 23, 1964—only a few hours after George Senator testified before Warren Commission counsel that he "could not recall" the meeting in Ruby's apartment. Hunter was seated at his desk in the press room of the Long Beach public safety building when detective Creighton Wiggins Jr. and his partner burst into the room. A single bullet fired from Wiggins' gun struck Hunter in the heart, killing him almost instantly. The mystery novel he was reading, entitled *Stop This Man!*, slipped blood-spattered from his fingers.

Wiggins' story underwent several changes. His final version was that he and his partner had been playing cops and robbers with guns drawn when his gun started to slip from his hand and went off. The two officers were convicted of involuntary manslaughter. Sentence was suspended. There were so many contradictions in Wiggins testimony that Bill Shelton, Hunter's city editor and old friend from Texas, is "still not satisfied" with the official verdict. He declines to comment about any possible connection between Hunter's death and the Kennedy assassination. "But I'd believe anything," he says. It is a curious footnote that Shelton's brother Keith was among the majority of Dallas newspapermen who found it expedient to leave their jobs after covering the assassination. Keith was president of the Dallas Press Club and gave up a promising career as political columnist for the Times-Herald to settle in a small north Texas town. One reporter who was asked to resign put it this way: "It looks like a studied effort to remove all the knowledgeable newsmen who covered the assassination."

[TOM HOWARD—HEART ATTACK]

ALTHOUGH DALLAS, like any other American city, is slowly being taken over by the well-groomed image-conscious wonders rolling off our college assembly lines, there is still a lingering appreciation for the "characters"—the Bob Thorntons the Jack Rubys, the Tom Howards—throwbacks to another age when the Old West values reigned supreme. Everyone around official Dallas knew Tom Howard, that familiar figure in the white Stetson who always seemed to show up where the action was. He was a defense attorney in the old rough-and-tumble Texas fashion, operating out of a store-front office, devoid of the usual law books, across from police headquarters. During his career he handled about 50 murder cases, and was more than once cited for contempt of court for fist fights and shouting matches with the prosecution.

Howard was a friend of District Attorney Henry Wade, although they often opposed each other in court, and it was not uncommon for them to meet for a sociable drink after court adjourned. He was also close to Ruby and others on the fringes of the Dallas underworld.

Like Jack Ruby, Howard's life revolved around the police station, and it was not surprising when he and Ruby (toting his gun) showed up at the station on the evening of the assassination. Nor was it unusual when Howard arrived there shortly after Ruby shot Oswald, two days later, asking to see his old friend.

Howard was shown into a meeting room to see a bewildered Ruby, who had not asked for any lawyer, and for

the next few days—until Ruby's brother Earl soured on Howard and had him relieved—he was Jack's chief attorney and public spokesman. Howard took to the publicity with alacrity, called a press conference, wheeled and dealt. He told newsmen the case was a "once-in-a-lifetime chance" and that "speaking as a private citizen," he thought Ruby deserved a congressional medal. He told the Houston Post that Ruby had been in the police station Friday night with a gun. He dickered with a national magazine about an Oswald-murder story. He got hold of a picture showing the President's brains flying and tried to sell it to Life. Ruby's sister even accused him of leaking information to the DA. All told, it was never quite clear whether Howard was working for Ruby or against him.

Howard met frequently with his client in the days immediately following the death of Oswald. From this, along with his ties with both police and hoodlum circles in Dallas, and his presence at the Ruby-Senator apartment meeting that fateful Sunday, one would assume he was the repository of a wealth of privileged information about the events of November 1963. And we know he was an irrepressible talker, privy to the intrigues of petty criminality but hardly one to be trusted with any secrets surrounding the Kennedy assassination.

On March 27, 1965, Howard was taken to the hospital by an unidentified person and died there. He was 48. The doctor, without benefit of an autopsy, said he had suffered a heart attack. Some reporter friends of Howard's are not so sure. They observed that for three days before his death, the normally gregarious Howard seemed preoccupied and uncommunicative, and did not appear to recognize friends. One Dallas reporter says flatly that Howard was bumped off; others are more circumspect. "As far as I'm concerned the case is closed," one of them says. "You're not going to catch me messing in that hornet's nest."

[EARLENE ROBERTS—HEART ATTACK]

MRS. ROBERTS, the plump widow who managed the rooming house where Oswald was living under the name O. H. Lee, was one of the key witnesses before the Warren Commission. She testified that "around 1 o'clock, or maybe a little after" on November 22, Oswald rushed into the rooming house, stayed in his room for "not over 3 or 4 minutes" and walked out zipping on a light-weight jacket. The last she saw of him he was waiting at a nearby bus stop. A few minutes later, one mile away, Officer Tippit was shot dead; Oswald was accused of the crime.

Mrs. Roberts also testified that during the brief time Oswald was in his room, a police car with two uniformed cops in it pulled up in front of the rooming house, and that

she did not recognize either the car or the policemen. She heard the horn honk, "just kind of 'tit-tit'—twice," and after a moment saw the police car move off down the street. Moments later Oswald left the house.

The police department issued a report saying all patrol cars in the area (except Officer Tippit's) were accounted for. The Warren Commission let it go at that. It did not seek to resolve the question: what were policemen doing honking the horn outside Oswald's rooming house 30 minutes after a Presidential assassination? Their swift departure would indicate they certainly were not coming to apprehend him. It is perhaps too far fetched to imagine that they were giving Oswald some kind of signal, although it seems as plausible as any other explanation of this bizarre incident.

After testifying in Dallas in April of 1964, Mrs. Roberts was subjected to intensive police harassment. They visited her at all hours of the day and night, contacted her employers and identified her as the Oswald rooming house lady. As a result she was dismissed from three house-keeping and nursing jobs in April, May and June of 1964 alone; no telling how many jobs she lost after that. Relatives report that right up until her death a year and a half later, Earlene complained of being "worried to death" by the police.

Mrs. Roberts died January 9, 1966, in Parkland Hospital. Police said she suffered a heart attack in her home. No autopsy was performed.

[NANCY JANE MOONEY—HANGED]

WARREN REYNOLDS was just minding his used car lot on East Jefferson when he heard the shots two blocks away. He thought it was probably somebody's marital quarrel. Then he saw a man having great difficulty tucking "a pistol or an automatic" in his belt and running at the same time. Reynolds gave chase for a short piece, being careful to keep his distance, then lost the fleeing man. He didn't know it then, but he had apparently witnessed the flight of the killer (or one of the killers) of Patrolman Jefferson Davis Tippit. Feeling helpful, he gave his name to a passing policeman and offered his cooperation. TV cameras zeroed in on him, got his story. Warren Reynolds, the amiable used car man, was making history.

But in one of those curious oversights which riddle the Kennedy-Oswald-Tippit investigation, Reynolds was not questioned by any police agency until two months after the event. When the FBI finally talked to him on January 21, 1964, the agent's report of the interview said: "... he would hesitate to definitely identify Oswald as the individual." The FBI report added, however, in most unpolice-

manlike fashion: "He advised he is of the opinion Oswald is the person. . . ."

Two days after talking to the FBI, Reynolds was shot in the head as he was closing up the car lot for the night; nothing was stolen. Later, after consulting at length with retired General Edwin Walker, he told Warren Commission counsel that Oswald definitely was the man he saw fleeing the Tippit murder scene.

A young hood named Darrell Wayne Garner was arrested for the murder attempt. He had made a long distance call to a relative and in some drunken bragging, admitted shooting Reynolds. But Garner had an alibi, and her name was Nancy Jane Mooney, alias Betty McDonald, who used to take her clothes off to music in Jack Ruby's Carousel Club. Garner was freed.

Nancy Jane, a mother of four, was picked up about a week later—for fighting with a girlfriend, over a man—and jailed on a disturbing-the-peace rap. The girlfriend was not arrested. Within a few hours Miss Mooney was dead. Police said she hanged herself with her toreador pants, in her private cell at the Dallas City jail.

Garner was free, his alibi witness was dead, and Reynolds was going to pieces out of fear. A week after Nancy Jane was hanged, someone unscrewed a light globe on Reynolds' front porch; it was clearly deliberate because some screws had to be removed to get at the globe. And the same week a man stopped Reynolds' nine-year-old daughter as she was walking home from school and offered her money to get in his car. Fortunately she had the presence of mind to run like hell. Through all this, Reynolds had the distinct impression he was being intimidated. Today, after giving the Commission a firm identification of Oswald as the Tippit fugitive, he is breathing easier. "I don't think they're going to bother me any more," he said.

[HANK KILLAM—THROAT SLIT]

HOUSEPAINTER HANK KILLAM was 6' 3" and weighed 250 pounds—"a big hunk of man," said his wife Wanda, who used to push cigarettes and drink with the customers at Jack Ruby's club.

Hank and Wanda were good friends of John Carter, another painter, who lived at Mrs. A. C. Johnson's rooming house at the same time Lee Harvey Oswald lived there. Carter worked several painting jobs with Hank and used to visit at the Killam home.

To all appearances, his wife's 15-year association with Ruby and his friendship with John Carter, Oswald's fellow boarder, were Killam's only tenuous links to the Kennedy assassination. For all that, he was inordinately interesting to the "federal agents" who visited him re-

peatedly after the assassination, causing him to lose one job after another. In addition to questions about Killam's connections and whereabouts at the time of the assassination, the interrogators were especially interested in his political views; Killam said he had none.*

Certainly Killam was most absorbed by the assassination, even obsessed. A few hours after the event he came home "white as a sheet," Wanda said, and stayed up all night watching television accounts of the assassination. He bought all the papers and diligently clipped the stories about Kennedy's death.

Just before Christmas, Killam packed up and left for Florida, where he had family, taking his assassination clipping files with him. But the "agents" got to Wanda. "They browbeat me into telling where he was," Wanda said. "I guess I'm just a girl that finds it very hard to say no to people."

Hank got a job in Tampa, selling cars at his brother-in-law's lot. Again the "federal police" hounded him, visiting the car lot so often that even his brother-in-law was persuaded to let him go. They harassed his second Tampa employer as well, until he lost that job too.

In mid-March he called Wanda in Dallas to say he had a new job lined up and would be sending for her soon. "I was all excited," said Wanda, "because I loved that man." Then in the early morning hours on St. Patrick's Day 1964, Killam received a phone call at his mother's home. Immediately he left the house. Not long afterward they found him on a sidewalk, in front of a broken plate glass window, his jugular vein cut. He bled to death en route to the hospital. His wallet and diamond ring were missing.

It is not clear whether the "federal police" who visited Hank and Wanda were in fact FBI men, or whether they ever properly identified themselves as such. If the FBI did interview Killam, there is no indication in the 26 volumes or the Warren Report. A check of the index to Commission documents in the National Archives reveals no mention of Killam. But then a number of FBI documents relating to the assassination are withheld, along with most of the documents prepared by the CIA. What is clear is that *somebody* considered Hank Killam a very important guy.

[WILLIAM WHALEY—HEAD-ON COLLISION]

WHALEY WAS THE OSWALD CABBIE, one of the few who had the opportunity to talk alone with the accused killer of Kennedy between the assassination and Oswald's arrest. He testified that Oswald hailed his cab at the Greyhound bus station, then graciously offered the cab to a waiting lady,

who declined his offer. Whaley said he drove Oswald to the intersection of Beckley and Neches—half a block from the rooming house—and collected a dollar. Later he identified Oswald as his fare in a questionable police lineup, although police records are confused and he may have picked out another man.

Whaley was killed in a head-on collision on a bridge over the Trinity River, December 18, 1965; his passenger was critically injured. The 83-year-old driver of the other car was also killed. Whaley had been with the City Transportation Co. since 1936 and had a perfect accident record. He was the first Dallas cabbie to be killed on duty since 1937. When Penn Jones went to interview the general manager of the cab company about Whaley's death, he was literally pushed out of the office. "If you're smart," said the manager, "you won't be coming around here asking questions."

[EDWARD BENAVIDES—SHOT DEAD]

DOMINGO BENAVIDES, a dark, slim auto mechanic, was a witness to the murder of Officer Tippit and testified that he "really got a good view" of the slayer. He was not asked to see the police lineup in which Oswald appeared. Although he later said the killer resembled newspaper pictures of Oswald, he described the man differently: "I remember the back of his head seemed like his hairline sort of went square instead of tapered off . . . it kind of went down and squared off and made his head look flat in back." Domingo reports he has been repeatedly threatened by police, and advised not to talk about what he saw.

In mid-February 1964, his brother Eddy, who resembled him, was fatally shot in the back of the head in a beer joint on Second Avenue in Dallas. The police arrested the killer, an unknown, and it was written off as one more barroom incident.

Domingo's father-in-law, J. W. Jackson, was so unimpressed with the police investigation of Eddy's death that he launched a little inquiry of his own. Two weeks later Jackson was shot at in his home. The assailant secreted himself in the carport, fired once into the house, and when Jackson ran outside, fired one more time, just missing his head. As the gunman clambered into an automobile in a nearby driveway, Jackson saw a police car coming down the block. The officer made no attempt to follow the gunman's speeding car; instead, he stopped at Jackson's house and spent a long time inquiring what had happened. Later a police lieutenant advised Jackson, "You'd better lay off of this business. Don't go around asking questions; that's our job." Jackson and Domingo are both convinced that Eddy's murder was a case of mistaken identity and that Domingo, the Tippit witness, was the intended victim.

* Editor's note: A few months ago, John Carter's brother, Henry Carter, was murdered in Dallas; the case remains unsolved.

[DOROTHY KILGALLEN ?]

WE KNOW of no serious person who really believes that the death of Dorothy Kilgallen, the gossip columnist, was related to the Kennedy assassination. Still, she was passionately interested in the case, told friends she firmly believed there was a conspiracy and that she would find out the truth if it took her all her life.

Miss Kilgallen was the first to make public the existence of Acquilla Clemons, a witness to the Tippit killing whose name does not appear once in the Warren Report or volumes. She was also the only reporter ever to interview Jack Ruby privately since the killing of Oswald. During the Ruby trial, which she covered for the now defunct New York Journal-American, Judge Joe B. Brown granted her 30 minutes alone with Ruby in the judge's chambers; the other reporters were furious.

One of the biggest scoops of Miss Kilgallen's career came when she pirated the transcript of Ruby's testimony before the Warren Commission and ran it in the Journal-American. Thousands of New Yorkers were shocked at the hopelessly inept questioning of Ruby by Chief Justice Warren by Warren's almost deliberate failure to follow up the leads Ruby was feeding him.

Miss Kilgallen died in her bed on November 8, 1965. Dr. James Luke, a New York City medical examiner, said the cause of death was "acute barbiturate and alcohol intoxication, circumstances undetermined." Dr. Luke said there were not high enough levels of either alcohol or barbiturates to have caused death, but that the two are "additive" and together are quite enough to kill. This cause of death, he observed, is not at all uncommon. Was it suicide? Accident? Murder?—Dr. Luke said there was no way of determining that.

As we say, Dorothy Kilgallen probably does not belong on any list of Kennedy-related deaths. But questions do remain. An editor of Screen Stars magazine, Mary Brannum, says she received a phone call a few hours before Dorothy's body was discovered, announcing that she had been murdered. Miss Kilgallen's "What's My Line" make-up man said that shortly before her death she vowed she would "crack this case." And another New York show biz friend said Dorothy told him in the last days of her life: "In five more days I'm going to bust this case wide open."

[LEE BOWERS—AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT]

LEE BOWERS' TESTIMONY is perhaps as explosive as any recorded by the Warren Commission. He was one of 65 known witnesses to the President's assassination who thought shots were fired from the area of the Grassy Knoll. (The Knoll is west of the

Texas School Book Depository.) But more than that, he was in a unique position to observe some pretty strange behavior in the Knoll area during and immediately before the assassination.

Bowers, then a towerman for the Union Terminal Co., was stationed in his 14-foot tower directly behind the Grassy Knoll. As he faced the assassination site, he could see the railroad overpass to his right front. Directly in front of him was a parking lot, and then a wooden stockade fence and a row of trees running along the top of the Grassy Knoll. The Knoll sloped down to the spot on Elm Street where Kennedy was killed. Police had "cut off" traffic into the parking area, Bowers said, "so that anyone moving around could actually be observed."

Bowers made two significant observations which he revealed to the Commission. First, he saw three unfamiliar cars slowly cruising around the parking area in the 35 minutes before the assassination; the first two left after a few minutes. The driver of the second car appeared to be talking into "a mike or a telephone"—"he was holding something up to his mouth with one hand and he was driving with the other." A third car, with out-of-state plates and mud up to the windows, probed all around the parking area. Bowers last remembered seeing it about eight minutes before the shooting, pausing "just above the assassination site." He gave detailed descriptions of the cars and their drivers.

Bowers also observed two unfamiliar men standing on top of the Knoll at the edge of the parking lot, within 10 or 15 feet of each other—"one man, middle-aged or slightly older, fairly heavy-set, in a white shirt, fairly dark trousers. Another younger man, about mid-twenties, in either a plaid shirt or a plaid coat or jacket." Both were facing toward Elm and Houston, where the motorcade would be coming from. They were the only strangers he remembered seeing. His description shows a remarkable similarity to Julia Ann Mercer's description of two unidentified men climbing the Knoll (see Jones' editorial, p. 38).

When the shots rang out, Bowers' attention was drawn to the area where he had seen the two men; he could still make out the one in the white shirt—"the darker dressed man was too hard to distinguish from the trees." He observed "some commotion" at that spot, "... something out of the ordinary, a sort of milling around ... which attracted my eye for some reason, which I could not identify." At that moment, he testified, a motorcycle policeman left the Presidential motorcade and roared up the Grassy Knoll straight to where the two mysterious gentlemen were standing behind the fence. The policeman dismounted, Bowers recalled, then after a moment climbed on his motorcycle and drove off. Later, in a film interview with attorney Mark Lane, he explained that the "commo-

tion" that caught his eye may have been "a flash of light or smoke." His information dovetails with what other witnesses observed from different vantage points.

On the morning of August 9, 1966, Lee Bowers, now the vice-president of a construction firm, was driving south from Dallas on business. He was two miles from Midlothian when his brand new company car veered from the road and hit a bridge abutment. A farmer who saw it said the car was going 50 miles an hour, a slow speed for that road. There were no skidmarks to indicate braking.

Bowers died of his wounds at 1 p.m. in a Dallas hospital. He was 41. There was no autopsy, and he was cremated soon afterward. Doctors saw no evidence that he had suffered a heart attack. A doctor from Midlothian, who rode in the ambulance with Bowers, noticed something peculiar about the victim. "He was in a strange state of shock," the old doctor said, "a different kind of shock than an accident victim experiences. I can't explain it. I've never seen anything like it."

Bowers' widow at first insisted to Penn Jones that there was nothing suspicious about her husband's death. Then she became flustered and said: "They told him not to talk."

"Warren's in Trouble"

DALLAS IS A CLOSE-MOUTHED place. Without question it is a city that feels uncomfortable about all the bad publicity it has been receiving. And it patently doesn't like all these foreigners poking around, interviewing witnesses, dredging up more dirt about Dallas. Still, there are so many cases of obvious intimidation of witnesses that it appears to amount to more than an acute case of hypersensitivity. One notes that all of the mysteriously dead, with the exception of Bowers, had some association with Ruby or with the murder of Patrolman Tippit; many of the intimidations seem to fall into a similar pattern.

Wilma Tice, a Dallas housewife, told the FBI she saw Jack Ruby at Parkland Hospital right after the assassination, when he was supposed to have been elsewhere. Her observation was confirmed by Seth Kantor, a White House newsman and ex-Dallas reporter who knew Ruby well and said he talked with him at the hospital. Mrs. Tice received threatening phone calls—"it would pay you to keep your mouth shut"—and once while her husband was at work, a ladder was found wedged against her door so it could not be opened.

Little Lynn, alias Karen Bennett Carlin, a plumpish 19-year-old stripper at the Carousel, told the Secret Service she heard another Ruby entertainer say he'd seen Oswald at Ruby's club, and she "vaguely remembered"

seeing Oswald there herself. She was also "under the impression" that Oswald, Ruby and other individuals unknown to her were involved in a plot to assassinate President Kennedy, and that she would be killed if she gave any information to the authorities. Later in the Secret Service interview she became scared, changed her story and denied any knowledge of a plot. She continued to assert, however, that her life had twice been threatened.

Harold Richard Williams was working as a chef at the Mikado, a Dallas bottle club, when it was raided in early November 1963. One of the arresting officers, he said, was J. D. Tippit, and seated next to him in the cop car—"so close you'd think they were lovers"—was Jack Ruby. Williams told attorney Mark Lane he knew Ruby, who "used to furnish us with girls," and got a long look at Tippit. But Harold Williams did not follow the example of the other six known witnesses to a Ruby-Tippit association; he continued to shoot off his mouth about it. Williams said the police talked to him in December 1963 and advised him that he had not seen Ruby with Tippit.

THE MOST CONSISTENT of the seeming patterns of intimidation involves those who knew something about the murder of Jefferson Davis Tippit. Shirley Martin of Hominy, Oklahoma, who has been repeatedly tailed by Dallas police, is not the only independent investigator to have noticed unusual "heat" when checking out details of the Tippit killing. Earlier this year Mark Lane located Domingo Benavides, a witness to the shooting whose brother was mysteriously killed (see above), and arranged to meet him at Lane's motel for a filmed interview the next morning; Lane offered him \$100. That night two men from the homicide squad came to the motel and inquired of Lane's film crew why they were so interested in Benavides. "What did you offer our boy \$100 for?" they asked. According to the film crew, the policemen knew the exact time of Benavides' appointment with Lane, implied Benavides would not be there, and generally showed a great deal more concern about their footage on the Tippit murder than about the killing of Kennedy. Benavides never showed up.

Another witness to the Tippit killing, a nurse named Acquilla Clemons who described the slayer as short and stocky and said he fled with a tall, lanky man wearing khaki trousers—neither of whom resembled Oswald—has been repeatedly threatened. According to Mark Lane she was visited a few days after the event by a gun-toting man: "He just told me it'd be best if I didn't say anything because I might get hurt." She said several policemen came to see her after that, and one expressed hope that she would not be killed on the way to work.

We have hardly begun to describe the intimidation to

which important witnesses have been subjected. Enough evidence is in to justify an immediate investigation. We want to know why people in Dallas seem so intent on keeping the truth about Ruby and Tippit from getting out.

[TIPPIT]

THE TIPPIT KILLING WAS NEVER conclusively "solved" by the Warren Commission. The gross faults in its chain of evidence pointing to Oswald as the lone cop-killer have been exposed in several recent books; we won't go into it here. Certainly, the Commission did not adequately investigate Tippit's movements prior to his death, or the curious presence near the scene of off-duty Patrolman Olsen, a close associate of Jack Ruby's (see Penn Jones' story on Olsen above).

On Bill Turner's last whirlwind trip to Dallas—acting on a tip from "sleuth" David Lifton—he uncovered five witnesses to Tippit's whereabouts in the last minutes of his life. There is no indication that the Commission or any police agency was even aware of them. Photographer Al Volkland and his wife Lou, both of whom knew Tippit, said that 15 or 20 minutes after the assassination they saw him at a gas station and waved to him. They observed Tippit sitting in his police car at a Gluco gas station in Oak Cliff, watching the cars coming over the Houston Street viaduct from downtown Dallas. Three employees of the Gluco station, Tom Mullins, Emmett Hollingshead and J. B. "Shorty" Lewis, all of whom knew Tippit, confirmed the Volklands' story. They said Tippit stayed at the station for "about 10 minutes, somewhere between 12:45 and 1:00, then he went tearing off down Lancaster at high speed"—on a bee-line toward Jack Ruby's apartment and in the direction of where he was killed a few minutes later.

What could Tippit have heard or seen to cause him to leave his observation post at the Gluco station and roar up the street? Police radio logs show no instructions to move. We know that cabdriver Whaley said he drove Oswald across the Houston Street viaduct (past the Gluco station at the same time Tippit was reported there) to a spot near the rooming house. Is it possible that Tippit spotted Oswald in the cab, recognized him, and for some reason took off to intercept him? If we recall that while Oswald was in the rooming house, Earlene Roberts observed a police car pull up in front and honk the horn, and the police statement that all cars in the area were accounted for—except Tippit's—then it is possible indeed. Earlene, who was blind in one eye and whose sight was failing in the other, said she thought the number on the car was 107; Tippit's car number was 10. Earlene said she saw two policemen in the car; all patrol cars in the area that day were one-man cars and Earlene, with her poor

vision, may have mistaken Tippit's uniform jacket, hanging on a coat-hanger in his car, for another cop. The Commission should at least have investigated the possibility.

It is scandalous that three years after the event we should be reduced to this sort of speculation; that Turner, in one quick trip to Dallas, could learn more about Tippit's movements before his death than the combined investigative resources of the police, FBI and Warren Commission.

Even the evidence the Commission did have was scrutinized in the most perfunctory way. Tippit's last known radio transmission, for example, was at 12:54, when he reported his position at Lancaster and 8th. But at 1:08, the approximate time of the shooting according to at least one witness, the dispatcher received two garbled transmissions from a patrol car. The FBI interpreted them as coming from 58 and 488, although no such call numbers are known to have been in service. Dallas police thought they came from 78—Tippit. Yet no one made any attempt to de-garble the transmissions, despite the existence of "voice-printing" techniques capable of reconstructing garbled transmissions phonetically. Provided the tapes have not been destroyed, it is *still* possible to voice-print those transmissions. They may provide a key to the mystery of Tippit's death.

[THE OVERLOOKED EVIDENCE]

WE EMBARKED on our limited investigation to get a story, not to solve the case. We are not cops, God knows. But we came across so much overlooked evidence that we can't help but wonder if the Warren Commission was set up to do anything but allay public fears of a conspiracy. Witnesses who supported its Oswald-lone-assassin-and-cop-killer theory, like Helen Markham, Howard Brennan and Marina Oswald, were coddled and the discrepancies in their hopelessly confused testimony ignored. Witnesses who told a different story, like Jean Hill and Patrick Dean, were impugned and browbeaten; Commission counsel openly accused police sergeant Dean of testifying falsely and of falsifying his reports to the chief of police.

The Commission even refused to take the testimony of Governor Connally seriously, although it was supported by a preponderance of evidence. Connally and his wife both testified that they were positive that the governor was hit by a second shot, and that the first and third shots had struck the President. But the Commission had its own theory, the "superbullet" theory, and the Connallys' positive recollection just didn't fit. The Commission's theory held that a bullet (Exhibit 399), found under a stretcher mat in the unguarded basement of Parkland Hospital

had pierced President Kennedy's neck from the rear on a downward trajectory, entered Connally's back, shattered the fifth rib, emerged from his chest, broke his wrist into pieces, leaving fragments, entered his thigh, leaving fragments, and then fell out, somehow becoming wedged in a stretcher (never established to have been Connally's), beautifully whole and undeformed, without even a recognizable trace of blood or tissue on its surface. Unbelievable?—perhaps; but because both Kennedy and Connally were hit from the rear in less time than it takes to fire Oswald's bolt-action rifle twice, the Commission *had* to have a "superbullet" theory. Otherwise there would have had to be two assassins firing from the rear (not to mention anyone firing from the front), or, conceivably, one assassin other than Oswald firing from the rear with an automatic weapon. And this possibility, to the Commission, was inadmissible.

Before the Commission discredited Connally's testimony they should at least have heard all the important witnesses. Ramparts found one the Commission never talked to; they never even asked him for an affidavit. He is William Stinson, an aide to Governor Connally at the time of the assassination. Today, although officially employed by the Veterans Administration, he has an office in the White House. Stinson told us he was in the operating room, wearing a sterile uniform, when the doctors operated on Connally at Parkland Hospital. "The last thing they did," said Stinson, "was to remove the bullet from the governor's thigh—because that was the least thing that was wrong with him."

It was a startling disclosure. For if a bullet was embedded in Connally's thigh, then "Bullet 399" could not have done the herculean task it is credited with, and the Commission's theory of what happened on November 22 is knocked into a cocked hat. Intrigued, we contacted Dr. Charles Baxter, who assisted in the operation on Connally's thigh. He told us that bullet fragments, not an entire bullet, had been removed from the thigh—itself a startling revelation, and a fact the Commission either never bothered to find out or deliberately ignored. Even with these fragments removed, autopsy doctor Humes said the x-rays showed too much metal remaining in Connally's thigh-bone to have been caused by Bullet 399. Dr. Robert Shaw, finding "more than 3 grains of metal" in the governor's wrist, and finding Bullet 399 to have lost "literally none of its substance," joined autopsy doctors Humes and Finck in concluding: Bullet 399 could not have caused all of Connally's wounds.

What went on at Parkland Hospital? Why wasn't Stinson called to testify? Why was Baxter, who did testify, never asked about the governor's wounds? One thing is clear: that someone had better re-examine the "super-

bullet" theory, and consider the possibility that Bullet 399—the only assassination bullet that has been ballistically matched to Oswald's rifle—was a plant.

NO ONE is as furious about the overlooked evidence as Penn Jones. Hardly a week goes by that he doesn't come across some startling agent's report or police affidavit buried in the 26 volumes, only to discover the Commission ignored it entirely. Recently he dug up an FBI interview with Arturo Alocer Ruiz, a Mexican attorney, and was intrigued enough to fly south with another reporter to visit attorney Alocer in his walled Spanish fortress in Mexico City. Alocer confirmed what he had told the FBI, giving additional details. Jones described him as "elderly, very dignified and very certain of what he saw."

Alocer was in San Antonio with his wife and a friend of hers on November 21, 1963, during President Kennedy's visit to that city and the day before his fateful trip to Dallas. At 9 in the morning the Alocers left the Gunter Hotel to go shopping and noticed a particularly obese woman standing near the entrance to the hotel. When they returned about 1 p.m. she was still there, apparently waiting for the Presidential motorcade which was about to pass in front of the hotel. They took careful note of her because of her appearance. They watched the motorcade pass, and noted that she left immediately thereafter. The following day the Alocers were watching TV accounts of the assassination when the interviews at the Oswald rooming house came on. Mrs. A. C. Johnson, the landlady, was on the screen, and Earlene Roberts, the plump housekeeper. And in the background Alocer, his wife and her friend were all startled to observe *the same obese lady* they'd seen in San Antonio. Two days later, after Ruby shot Oswald, the Alocers again saw the obese lady on TV; this time she was introduced as Eva Grant, sister of Jack Ruby. Eva Grant, a night club operator, was not questioned on her whereabouts on November 21. But she was not the only Ruby clan member reported watching Presidential motorcades on November 21st. One scared Dallas resident says he saw Jack Ruby himself in Houston when the President toured that city later the same afternoon. Ruby is unaccounted for between 3 and 7:30 p.m. on the 21st—ample time to fly to Houston, observe the motorcade and return.

[THE MISSING EVIDENCE]

PENN JONES and the "sleuths" have marshalled an impressive body of evidence to show that the Commission "solved" neither the assassination nor the murder of Tippit. They have exposed the Commission's religious determination not to track

down leads pointing to other possible assassins and cop killers. And they have shown how the time limit given by President Johnson to the shorthanded Commission—"before the '64 elections"—meant the investigation could only be a frivolous one.

A Presidential assassination can shake the very fabric of a society. And if it is the result of conspiracy, as the evidence now available indicates, then the society is endangered as long as those responsible for its planning and execution are still at large. The "mysterious deaths" and intimidations alone are compelling enough reason for a new investigation, if only to establish whether or not they are related to the Kennedy assassination.

It is time to reopen the investigation. And it is high time that the impressive quantity of missing evidence be "found," and that the mountain of withheld evidence be declassified and made available to the public. No matter what Penn Jones digs up, no matter what any private citizen uncovers about the assassination, the case cannot be solved until the suppressed evidence is released.

Among the missing evidence are the 22 color and 18 black and white photographs taken at the President's autopsy. Not even the Commission, nor the autopsy doctors themselves, were permitted to see them; the Commission saw only an artist's sketches based on an autopsy doctor's *memory* of the wounds. The photographs were turned over undeveloped to the Secret Service, according to FBI and Secret Service reports in the National Archives. The Secret Service states, in another Archives document, that "every item of tangible evidence" in its possession was turned over either to the Commission during its life, to the National Archives after the Commission disbanded, or was "placed in the custody of individuals designated by the late President's family." Archivist Simmons says the photographs are not in the Archives. No one seems to know where they are. Also missing are the x-rays of Kennedy's body, which were never seen by the Commission.

Another key piece of evidence is the Zapruder film. Abraham Zapruder, a Dallas clothing manufacturer, captured the assassination sequence on movie film. The original was purchased by Life magazine—"mainly to keep it off the market," says Richard Pollard, director of photography. Pollard says the original is uncut in any way. Not so with the copy of the film seen by the Commission and placed on file at the Archives. Not only are Zapruder frames 334 through 434 missing (showing the Grassy Knoll), but a splice appears, just about the time the Commission says Kennedy is first shot. The top of frame 208 is crudely spliced onto the bottom of frame 212; the intervening frames are missing. One of the first things a new investigation should call for is the release of the entire Zapruder film. The second thing a new investigation

should ask is who spliced the Zapruder film? And why?

The Stemmons Freeway sign and a streetlamp post near where the President was shot have been unaccountably removed, as well as a manhole cover reportedly hit by a bullet. Where are they? Jacqueline Kennedy's freely given testimony about her husband's wounds has been "deleted." Where is it? An 18-page statement to police by key assassination witness S. M. Holland; notes by Captain Fritz and an FBI agent of their interrogation of Oswald; at least two motion picture films of the assassination confiscated by the FBI; 23 of the 54 documents supplied by the Texas attorney general's office, many of them relating to the Tippit murder—all are missing. Where are they?

More than one-third of the assassination-related documents in the National Archives are withheld by the "interested agencies." About half of the FBI reports and 90 per cent of the CIA reports are still classified.

Much evidence has been willfully destroyed or altered. The White House ordered the interior of the President's limousine cut up and destroyed; Johnson now drives around in the same car, newly outfitted, in which John Kennedy met his death. Governor Connally's suit, which Johnson's crony Cliff Carter signed for, was sent to be dry-cleaned and pressed before it could ever be examined as evidence. Navy Dr. Humes, who performed the autopsy on Kennedy, said he burned his original autopsy notes in his fireplace. The post office box application Oswald ostensibly filled out in the name of "Hidell" has been destroyed, despite postal regulations requiring they be kept for three years. The list goes on and on.

THE WARREN COMMISSION was appointed by Lyndon Johnson, was responsible to Johnson and respected a lawyer-client relationship with Johnson. It was truly "the President's Commission."

A nationally syndicated columnist for the Hearst newspapers recently had an interview with Lyndon Johnson. He asked if it were true that Warren had been reluctant to head the Commission. Johnson replied in the affirmative. Warren, he said, had sent a note through an intermediary that he would not accept the job. "But I ordered him to," said the President.

The Hearst reporter asked if the President had read the recent books about the Kennedy assassination. No, Johnson replied, but an aide had given him a full report.

"What do you think?" asked the columnist.

The President looked down for a moment, knitted his brow, then fixed his doe eyes on the reporter and said:

"Warren's in trouble."

After J. Edgar, who?

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WILLIAM TURNER

ON NOVEMBER 18, 1964, J. Edgar Hoover, the old bulldog of the FBI, held a press conference. The occasion was, to say the least, singular—and in two respects. For one, Hoover rarely indulged in a give-and-take press session. For the other, he tossed aside the usual script warning of decaying morals and Reds on college campuses to fulminate at length against an array of distinguished and respected American public figures and institutions. In the span of one briefing he managed to brand Nobel Peace Prize winner Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. “the most notorious liar in the country,” label justices of the Supreme Court “bleeding hearts” for insisting a prisoner be arraigned within twenty-four hours, place the onus of urban crime on the shoulders of “lenient” judges, scold the Warren Commission for slapping the FBI’s wrists in the Lee Harvey Oswald affair, and once again take a swipe at the proposed national crime commission (to combat organized crime) advocated by the late President Kennedy, the late Senator Estes Kefauver, Bobby Kennedy and many other experts.

The intemperate outburst touched off a furor. The issue was not so much whether Hoover was right or wrong, or whether everyone was out of step save J. Edgar. Since the monumental boggle at Dallas it had become increasingly clear that it was the old G-man himself who was losing his magic touch. Rather, it was the fact that he said it: two generations of Americans that had come to regard Hoover as a permanent fixture were shocked by the sudden realization that he had unaccountably made himself a storm center of con-

troversy—and thus terminated his usefulness as the nation’s top G-man. But as the echo of his bitter valediction faded, a question arose that no one had really given much thought to: After J. Edgar, who?

It is indeed difficult to ponder on the fate of an FBI without Hoover; The Man, as his associates call him, has been widely regarded as irreplaceable and, ironically, it has been the currency of such rumors that has helped perpetuate him in office. But General Motors didn’t flounder when its president, Charles E. Wilson, went to Washington in 1953, nor did Ford when Robert McNamara abdicated to become the present Secretary of Defense. Neither will the FBI when Hoover turns in his badge.

The FBI as an organization is one of the phenomena of our times: no agency of government has ever been so universally adulated and pampered yet largely unfathomed by the general public. The Bureau as it exists today is solely the product of Hoover’s dynamic ambition; it is molded in his image and reflects not only his strong points but his weaknesses, caprices and prejudices as well. Yet the latter have been submerged by publicity techniques that grossly exaggerate his—and the Bureau’s—accomplishments. The effect has been to generate a euphoria, rendering Hoover virtually untouchable (he recently bragged to an aide he wasn’t “gettable”) and placing the FBI on a pedestal. Neither condition is healthy in a democracy. Never again should an FBI chief be permitted to become so intimately identified with the organization that he is an institution in his own right and cannot be separated

from it (at the other extreme: Britain's secret service cloaks its chief in total anonymity). And now is the time to partially decentralize the FBI, to reduce the breadth and scope that has bred undue power, influence and intimidatory potential.

The practical problem of course is how to retrench and modernize the FBI without adversely affecting the national security and the war on crime. To help in a solution, it is worthwhile to trace the Bureau's growth and acquisition of power, examine its accomplishments and faults, and determine precisely what its role should be.

In 1924, when Hoover took over as director, the FBI was a modest force of 402 special agents and 99 clerks, about the size of today's Secret Service. At the time the post of director was of such little consequence that appointment was not subject to presidential or congressional approval. Under the relentless Hoover the Bureau has burgeoned to over 16,000 employees consuming an annual budget of \$150 million, some one-hundredfold more than the early days. And as it flourished a natural metamorphosis took place: a once compact elite force (4 special agents to each clerk) became a ponderous, sprawling bureaucracy (almost 10,000 more clerks than agents).

This beadlehood presides over a jurisdictional domain encompassing 170 areas of criminality—everything from bank robbery and extortion to illegal use of the Smokey Bear emblem and interstate transportation of switchblade knives—and all areas of internal security, including subversion, sabotage, counterespionage and loyalty investigations. In the past decade the FBI has poked more and more into non-statutory fields on behalf of the executive branch, often treading on tenuous ground as in the steel price dispute two years ago when agents roused reporters out of bed in the middle of the night for interrogation. Under the last Republican administration these inquiries reached a peak from which they have never tapered off, and consequently are referred to in the FBI as "Eisenhowers."

All of this is a far cry from the narrow intent in which the FBI was conceived. In 1924 the Bureau was responsible for only a modest patchwork of federal laws. Essentially, it enforced criminal statutes not specifically assigned to Treasury Department agencies and other special units. But Hoover was too much of an entrepreneur to permit of status quo: some duties he actively proselytized, others stuck to the FBI like lint to a flannel suit. Not all logically dovetailed, and some were anomalous. As a result there was a substantially vertical expansion that saw the Bureau prying into a larger and larger cross-section of the American society.

HOOVER AND THE FBI have quite rightly earned their niche in history. But the success story was not

written overnight. During the first eight years under the young director there was little to shout about. The FBI sat pretty much on the sidelines while Elliot Ness and his T-men (Treasury Department) wore down Al Capone and the prohibition era gangsters.

A wild gunman named John Herbert Dillinger changed all that. It was the era of Wonderful Nonsense, and Dillinger got into the spirit of things by almost singlehandedly terrorizing the midwest. To be sure, he had a colorful supporting cast with outrageously hammy nicknames: "Prettyboy" Floyd, "Babyface" Nelson, "Machinegun" Kelly, "Kreepy" Karpis, et al. But in retrospect they seem tawdry and garish, as outlandish as country bumpkins (which they were) in an executive suite compared with the contemporary emperors of million-dollar *Cosa Nostra* syndicates. Nevertheless they possessed a reckless stamina that attracted lurid newspaper accounts of their escapades.

Congress responded to public clamor by enacting a host of new federal laws, among them bank robbery, kidnapping and interstate stolen cars. Given jurisdiction, steely-eyed G-men routed the enemy with a flurry of gangbusting, shoot-'em-up tactics that fascinated the nation. By the time the last public enemy had been snuffed out Hoover and his minions had captivated the popular imagination.

At this propitious moment the FBI chief received an urgent summons from President Franklin D. Roosevelt, one of his staunchest admirers. War clouds were gathering in Europe and there was evidence beyond doubt that enemy agents were abroad in the United States. What the country needed, F.D.R. told Hoover, was an agency to assume overall liability for subversive and counterespionage activity. The FBI, he added anticlimactically, was it.

With this grave burden the FBI agent force was strengthened to over 4,000. To its credit, the Bureau proceeded to belabor the Nazi bunds and fronts with the same rawish skill it had displayed against the criminal public enemies. When war came it rounded up German spies with equal energy, although some seemingly sensational feats were purposely overblown to boost civilian morale and deter the Nazis from sending over more spies. At war's end Hoover claimed that there had not been a single perpetration of foreign-directed sabotage. But while the FBI had been preoccupied with thwarting the comparatively crude Nazi agents, their polished Russian counterparts managed the greatest espionage coup since the Trojan horse: the theft of vital atom bomb secrets.

Of course this debacle was not discovered until 1949 when the Soviets detonated an atomic device years in advance of their estimated timetable. But in 1945, flush with seeming success, Hoover pressed to take over the overseas intelligence functions of the wartime Office of Strategic Services then being disbanded. Perhaps de-

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terred by Hoover's manifest proclivity for empire-
building, then-President Harry Truman turned thumbs
down on the G-man's bid and instead created what is
now the Central Intelligence Agency.

The rebuff only temporarily stunted the FBI's
growth in the postwar period. It continued to pursue
bank robbers and kidnappers with an efficacy made
all the more remarkable by the fact that the bandits
now were largely rank amateurs unidentifiable by a
distinct *modus operandi*. It dramatized its efforts versus
these consistently drab adversaries by inaugurating the
Ten Most Wanted Fugitives Program and encouraging
a spate of movies, books and feature articles glorify-
ing the G-men and their exploits. (Washington wits
cracked: "When other agencies blunder they make
excuses. When the FBI blunders it just makes another
movie.")

On the security front FBI paid informers burrowed
deep into the ranks of the Communist Party, enabling
G-men to study the conspiratorial maze as one watches
an ant farm. Gradually the Party, enfeebled by FBI
penetration, plagued by waning appeal in a prosperous
nation and riddled by internal dissension and defection,
dwindled to but a few thousand members. Ironically,
the FBI, through dues paid by its honeycomb of in-
formers, became the largest contributor to a Party
treasury barren of cash. Yet Hoover persisted in
trumping up the menace. The Party, he said in 1964
appropriations testimony, "wields an influence and con-
stitutes a security danger far out of proportion to its
membership." Besides, he added, the Party isn't as small
as everyone thought — there are 10,000 actual members
and at least 100,000 "state of mind" members, meaning
dupes and Comsymps. His authority for these figures?
None other than Gus Hall, the top Red. Both, it
seemed, didn't want anyone believing the Party is
merely a paper tiger.

In the late 'forties the FBI irretrievably shed its
purely criminal investigative character and became an
instrument of administrative policing. It handled appli-
cant screening investigations for the Atomic Energy
Commission and Civil Service Commission and con-
ducted loyalty probes on government employees and
employees of firms with government contracts.

As with the anarchist hysteria that gripped the coun-
try after World War I, this was a time of Red phobia,
of supposed "interlocking subversion" rooted deeply in
government. It was the heyday of the archconservative
Senator Joe McCarthy and his State Department alter
ego, W. Scott McLeod, an ex-FBI agent turned security
officer whom the Alsop brothers described as a "road-
company McCarthy." Hoover not only expressed ad-
miration for McCarthy as "a vigorous individual who
is not going to be pushed around," but he had no com-
punctions over borrowing certain of McCarthy's tac-
tics, in particular the use of faceless informants, a

When the F.B.I. blunders it just makes another movie.

concept that in a later, calmer hour was to be viewed
as a dangerous abrogation of the basic American right
to confrontation of the accuser.

As the jet age arrived the FBI was called upon to
cope with the rash of aircraft hijackings, bombings,
bomb hoaxes and other exotic crimes. Still, car theft
remained the Bureau's bread-and-butter category — the
largest single source of what Hoover refers to as
"statistical accomplishments."

One of the paradoxes of the latter-day Bureau is that
its impressive conviction rate has not extended to civil
rights violations in the South, a record starkly out of
kilter with its demonstrated ability in other areas. The
Bureau has not made imposing headway in solving the
wave of home bombings, church burnings and other
acts of terror visited on Negroes. Indeed, until the firm
hand of Bobby Kennedy was laid on the FBI's shoulder,
the sight of an agent delving into civil rights matters
was a curiosity in the South. The FBI, sadly, has been
only as effective as it has been forced to be: journalists
William Bradford Huie and Louis Lomax knew early
in the game who lynched three civil rights workers in
Mississippi last summer, a formidable number of whites
in the region knew, yet FBI arrests came with pointed
timing only days after Dr. King's charge of heel-
dragging. To be sure, there is often a gap between
knowledge and proof, but it seems incredible that a
bureau able to riddle the Communist Party with in-
formers could not have long ago duplicated the feat
with the Ku Klux Klan, known to have been implicated
in practically every premeditated act of racial violence
South of the Mason-Dixon line.

The reason is that the FBI hierarchy is sympathetic
to the segregationist, states'-rights viewpoint. For ex-
ample, in 1955 a northern-bred agent based in Savannah,
Georgia, was conducting a personnel investigation of a
Negro applicant for a position at the Atlanta Federal
Penitentiary. The Negro, the agent learned, was a high
caliber person and a university graduate. The only
possible blot on his record was an account for collection
listed by the local credit bureau. The agent, a thorough,

incisive investigator, inquired of the woman in charge of the credit bureau as to the circumstances of the collection. She balked at revealing the information, but the agent persisted, explaining that as it stood the collection could be construed as disqualifying derogatory data. Finally, the woman acknowledged that the collection was merely the outgrowth of a dispute over the purchase of a faulty radio. But she later filed a complaint against the agent with local FBI headquarters, charging he had been too determined to get the information. Although it turned out the woman had recently been hospitalized as a psychopath, FBI officials summarily demanded the agent's resignation on the vague grounds of "action unbecoming an agent."

THE BIAS IS NOT wholly ideological. There is the practical fact that the FBI offices rely heavily on local police for statistical sustenance. But for the most part it lies in the strong personality and peculiar orientation of Hoover himself, from whom all FBI policy ultimately flows.

Hoover is a product of the old school: straight-laced, self-righteous, pompous, uncompromising. His class consciousness reflects in his cool aloofness towards his own agents and his hesitance in hiring Negroes. Until Kennedy, Negro agents in the FBI could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Even the title "special agent" was nominal: one Negro was a manservant in the director's office, the others were used in servile duties such as chauffeuring the director in his limousine while on "working vacations" about the country. But since the pressure has been on Hoover he has recruited a total of twenty-seven Negro agents and claims they have compiled a "brilliant" record. But as one disgruntled white agent gripes, "if the Negro agents so much as take a crap Hoover sends them a letter of commendation."

This, of course, is the show business side of the Bureau. However, the simple fact remains that the evangelical fervor that consumes the FBI chief when he speaks of anti-Communism and ridding the city streets of crime is not kindled by the cause of racial equality. A Trumpet of Gideon had sounded from Ninth and Pennsylvania, all right, but it wasn't Hoover who had pursed his lips and blown, as he had so often in causes closer to his heart — it was Bobby Kennedy.

Understandably, political factors underlie Bureau policy in civil rights, and for that matter other issues. Nobody but a tourist from Iowa would believe that Hoover has survived forty years and six administrations in the Washington political jungle through sheer popularity. Not that he plays a conventional game of partisan politics; he does not. Hoover affinity transcends party lines: he is drawn as if by a magnet to the philosophy of ultra-conservatism, where patriotism is de-

fined in jingoistic platitudes, xenophobia is the one true religion, and the tides of social reform are inevitably tinged Red.

Over the years Hoover has amassed a fiercely loyal power bloc in Congress formed of men of like persuasion: Karl Mundt of South Dakota, the late Styles Bridges of New Hampshire (Bridges' secretary later became an influential FBI official), Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin and James O. Eastland of Mississippi. It is not a merely doctrinaire coalition, rather it practices political give-and-take. It is no secret that data from confidential FBI files has occasionally leaked to a favored Congressional few. In 1957 Republican Kenneth Keating of New York sponsored an FBI-sought bill that rebuffed the Supreme Court decision in the Jencks case; in 1962 Keating was acclaimed a prophet for breaking the news of Soviet missile sites in Cuba before the Kennedy administration decided to release it — the existence of the sites was known to the FBI through its seat on the high-echelon United States Intelligence Board.

The solidarity of Hoover's alliance with Southern archconservatives was sharply illustrated following a critical radio broadcast by former FBI agent Jack Levine in 1962. Over the Pacifica network, a three-station hookup noted for its unexpurgated programming, Levine leveled a broadside of charges at his erstwhile boss, Hoover, alleging everything from procrustean personnel management and a heavy list to the political right, to inertness in civil rights investigations.

Such impertinence was not to go unpunished. Senator Eastland, the eminent segregationist, launched what was called in the newspapers a "Red probe" of Pacifica, the vehicle being his own Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Outwardly, the Subcommittee was troubled over the fact Pacifica had extended air time to Mrs. Dorothy R. Healey, Communist Party chairman for southern California. However, Eastland's sudden concern over this exercise of free speech was innately curious: Mrs. Healey had been broadcasting intermittently for three years as an open Communist spokesman. More to the point was that Eastland called the probe only a month after Levine's dissent, and did it so swiftly and secretively that several Subcommittee members learned about it in the newspapers. As Ernest Besig, Northern California director of the American Civil Liberties Union, aptly put it: "One of the sacred cows of the Internal Security Committee was sinned against and now somebody's got to pay the piper."

The Subcommittee went ahead with its ritual. About the only fresh fact it unearthed was that George Lincoln Rockwell, the American Nazi Fuehrer, and John Birch Society zealots also had their say over Pacifica airwaves. But the Red brush had been swiped over Pacifica and, inferentially, over Levine, perpetuating the shabby myth that criticism of Hoover and the Bureau is always engineered by the radical left.

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Hoover has grown more distant and unapproachable

IT IS THIS UNTOUCHABILITY, this realization of a supine Congress, that is most disturbing to the agents. Certainly, they agree, a bureau chief must have full authority, but it must be tempered by higher authority. It is basic to our democratic processes that Congress evaluate the manner in which government agencies—particularly police agencies—discharge their public trust, but evaluation requires information, and the looming figure of J. Edgar Hoover has effectively choked off the unorthodox voice. The FBI operates at its own pleasure, unrestrained by customary checks and balances.

So it would be the agents' preference that the new face in the director's chair be a more anonymous face. There are other reasons: they do not consider it the place of a police chief to mold public opinion, but to implement it, and frequently disagree with tentative public statements of Hoover that are beyond the bounds of FBI interest yet carry the weight of his official position. And they are a bit chagrined by the Hollywoodization of the FBI, feeling that constantly trying to live up to an image detracts from investigative objectivity.

If they had their say, the agents would insist that their new boss be a professional law enforcement officer—a man of substantial field experience, not merely an organizer and administrator—so that he would be better equipped to understand and deal logically with the problems of the field. As they are aware, this qualification would eliminate as candidates the so-called Anonymous Nine—the assistant directors reporting directly to Hoover.

There is not a paucity of able candidates. One who comes immediately to mind is Richard V. Ogilvie, the outstanding sheriff of Cook County (Chicago). Ogilvie emerged from World War II duty as a tank commander and Purple Heart recipient to earn a reputation as a tough and incorruptible foe of organized crime, spearheading midwestern operations of the Attorney General's Special Group that investigated and prosecuted the *Cosa Nostra* overlords who conspired at Apalachin

Shackled to the political old guard of the right, the FBI has interpreted its latitude in civil rights narrowly and failed to apply the "tricks of the trade," as Hoover refers to FBI techniques, quite as enthusiastically as in kidnappings, bank robberies and other pet crimes. Thus has the director remained loyal to the powerful faction under whose aegis he has stood firm through the treacherous shifting sands of a half dozen administrations. Indeed, it may have been these entangling alliances of forty years' standing that prompted Senator Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois to introduce a bill limiting the term of future directors to fifteen years (another provision of the 1962 bill: appointment to the post must be confirmed by both the President and Congress).

The same sacrosanct longevity that has allowed Hoover's parochialism to color official policy has generated serious internal difficulties in the Bureau. For the past decade and longer, agents in the field have viewed with misgivings a definite trend: Hoover has grown more distant and unapproachable, more acutely sensitive to his own image and more insensible to the problems of the field.

As historical precedent would suggest under this condition, a cult of the personality has sprung up about the director. Traditionally, the cultists are those who require the institution more than it requires them. It has been their formula to isolate The Man from the grass roots and instill a megalomania about his office. Thus "embarrassment to the Bureau" (read: "...to J. Edgar Hoover") has become the cardinal sin, and fear of committing that sin, however indeliberate, has transformed the Bureau into a society bordering on the paranoiac. Every agent has witnessed its syndromes: for example, veteran agents slipping out the back door when a bank robbery alarm sounds, not out of fear of facing a gunman but out of fear of a situation loaded with potential of "embarrassment to the Bureau." Every agent has seen its irrational wrath: the agents who had a hand in the Oswald file were censured, suspended and transferred despite Hoover's public protestations that the Warren Commission was wrong and the FBI was blameless.

As each agent knows, there have been far too many capable men lost through this attitude, but as he also knows, anything less than complete obsequy labels him a "disruptive influence," the mortal culpability in a bureaucracy. And this is economic: he simply cannot afford to see the doors of industry and commerce slam shut at Hoover's frown. Moreover, and perhaps more to the quick, there is nothing to be gained by candid expression. I once discussed this dilemma with several members of Congress. Representative of their collective disposition was the comment of Senator Henry Jackson of Washington: "Congress long ago awarded Hoover such sweeping powers it is now powerless to do anything about it."

in 1957. Despite being relatively unknown, Ogilvie recently was singled out by *Life* magazine as one of the hundred most important Americans under age forty. Many others of his calibre are available.

A number of factors weigh on the FBI's future makeup. Perhaps the most vital is whether the agency should continue to be burdened with both criminal and security duties. The combination is unique: no other major power in the world houses these totally unrelated functions under one roof. Originally they were blended by chance: Roosevelt found it convenient, under the exigencies of impending war, to drop security in the FBI's lap.

Practically, however, the two fields are as immiscible as oil and water. Techniques that catch bank robbers and car thieves don't necessarily catch spies. Counterespionage is a subtle cat-and-mouse game totally unsuited to the cop mentality that tends to be heavy-handed and light-thinking. The FBI was designed as a crimebusting agency and remains so orientated—I have seen agents detached from security duties to help in programs to bolster lagging criminal statistics. Agents are not selected for any particular adaptability to counterespionage work and are frequently rotated to different assignments.

True, the Bureau has thoroughly infiltrated Communist Party ranks. But the CP is essentially an overt political activist organization, not to be confused with the cloak-and-dagger Soviet spy apparatus whose sophisticated operatives work under strict orders never to risk exposure by contact with the Party. The FBI's slate against the real pros—the "illegals" who slip into the country surreptitiously—is not reassuring. In only one instance has the Bureau been able to ferret out an illegal completely on its own, without tips from the CIA or other sources (the agent who accomplished the feat was shortly afterward ousted from the service for contesting personnel policy).

Another factor bearing on counterespionage efficacy is liaison. Under current delimitations the CIA, answerable for worldwide intelligence and counterespionage, cannot tread on the FBI's toes at home: theoretically, CIA can't even chase a spy around Foggy Bottom but must call in the G-men. Thus, in a field in which the tiniest scrap of information may crack a whole spy ring, the inherently awkward process of liaison must be relied upon. Obviously, all hinges on total magnanimity of exchange. Yet the same obstacle looms as with Secret Service in Dallas: interagency jealousies and friction. As veteran Washington reporter Andrew Tully puts it in his book *The CIA: An Inside Story*: "It is a fact that over the years the CIA and the FBI have not always regarded each other with the warmth of kissing cousins."

In the long run it might prove advantageous to transfer the FBI's counterespionage obligations to the CIA,

which specializes in the type of work and recruits its agents because of particular qualifications. Additionally, this would release the FBI to concentrate more intently on today's Public Enemy Number One: organized crime.

Since the thirties the face of major league crime has changed drastically. The egomaniac Dillinger would spin is his grave to know that housewives, plumbers, salesmen and mechanics now infest the bank robbery field and that auto theft is largely the sport of juvenile joyriders. A self-respecting professional hoodlum now only enters a bank to deposit a bagful of revenue from the lucrative organized rackets that range from labor racketeering and illegal gambling to business extortion and high-class prostitution.

The FBI, by virtue of its affluence and prestige, is the logical agency to be thrust at the vanguard of a concerted program to wipe out the syndicates. But under Hoover the Bureau has been a reluctant dragon: it is one of the more perplexing paradoxes of history that major crime and the FBI have flourished simultaneously. Hoover clearly wanted no part of the fight: he alternately claimed that organized crime didn't exist or shunted it aside as a local problem.

Bobby Kennedy knew better; when he became Attorney General he was brimful of determination that something should be done. The something he had long advocated was a national crime commission to direct the effort. But out of deference to the sensibilities of Hoover, who acted grossly offended by proposals to create a separate agency to do the job he demeaned, Kennedy resorted to the devious means of setting up an anti-organized crime nerve-center within the Department of Justice. It was not a very likely base, but as a pro tem measure to resolve the stalemate Kennedy's brainchild has been remarkably effective, hinting at what is in store when the FBI finally sounds the clarion call to battle.

A genuine offensive against organized crime would entail cooperation between police groups along the battle line—federal, state and local. In turn this would necessitate a rapprochement between the FBI and the others, who have come to resent its highhandedness and air of superiority. Fourteen years ago Senator Estes Kefauver, after hearing the bleat of police officials throughout the country in the course of his committee's rackets probe, concluded that exchange of information was pretty much a "one-way street" running in the FBI's direction. For the most part this feeling has smouldered subsurface—few police officials will talk about it openly—principally because the local agencies depend on the Bureau for fingerprint and laboratory services and for invitations to the prestigious FBI National Academy. But recently it erupted in open feuding: the Los Angeles police were fuming mad over the FBI's shroud of secrecy in the Frank Sinatra, Jr. kid-

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napping; the California Highway Patrol was incensed over tight-lipped G-men not advising of dangerous fugitives in a patrolled area; the Dallas police, acutely aware of their own shortcomings, didn't appreciate being blamed for the Bureau's. Things never have been exactly famous with the New York City police.

This Big Brother concept could be softened in several ways. For one, the fingerprint files, used most extensively by the local police, could be returned to their control (the FBI took them over from the International Association of Chiefs of Police in 1930) along with the federal appropriation now allotted to the FBI for their maintenance. For another, the federal government might yield jurisdiction in a number of overlapping areas essentially local in nature, notably stolen cars, some 80 percent of which are physically recovered by local patrols. The FBI could then confine its activity to large car theft rings and other cases where interstate traffic is more than a technicality. At the same time the appropriations committee of Congress could abet this move by declaring a moratorium on naked statistics as a measure of achievement, thereby soothing any lingering sense of loss by the FBI and formulating a qualitative criterion of performance for the future.

Finally, there is the question of the FBI's unadulterated files, hoarded over decades, that contain a surfeit of black fact, gossip and rumor about every public figure and common citizen that has crossed its path. As political satirist Fletcher Knebel has expressed it: Success isn't always what you know or who you know, but sometimes, what you know about who you know.

The upshot of these files has been to grant the FBI

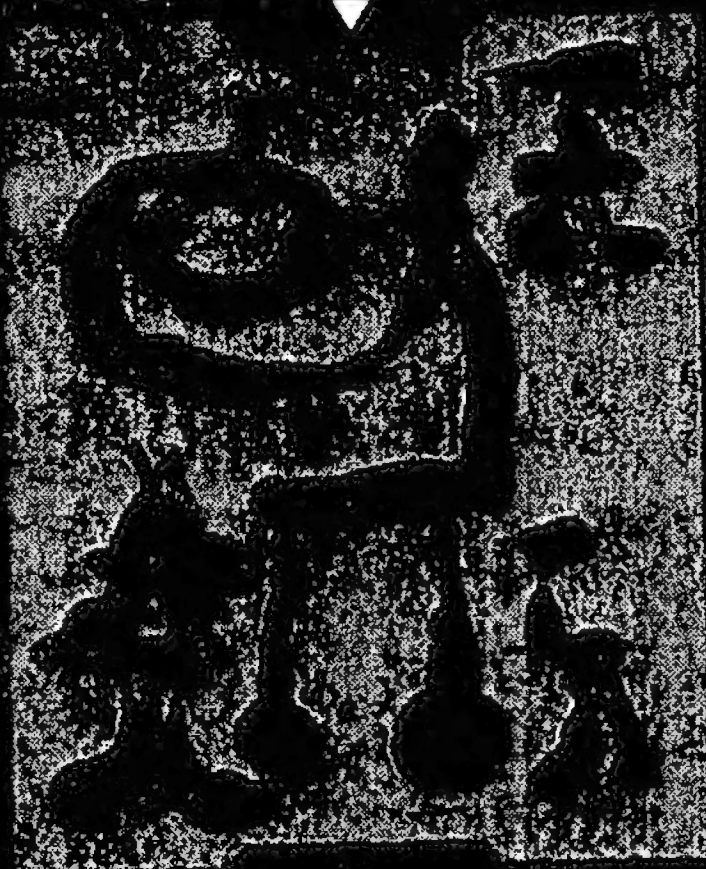
a kind of uneasy immunity from official scrutiny and censure—a devil's advocate has never materialized to plead the case contra to Hoover's canonization. But of more automatic concern is that the files might serve as a bridgehead to an omniscient, authoritarian central police. Where Hoover has shown admirable restraint, his heir or succeeding heirs might not.

The only certain way to cancel the intimidatory peril of the files is to dilute them; the only way to dilute them is to disperse the myriad functions responsible for their concentration. Several proposals in this direction have already been mentioned. Perhaps the most urgent measure would be to distribute non-statutory inquiries at the behest of the executive branch among the several federal investigative agencies, thus ensuring that no one agency retains all the dossiers.

Centuries ago the Roman poet Juvenal asked the ageless question: "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" It was a rhetorical question, for Juvenal well knew the answer: the people. It is the people who must keep eternal vigilance, it is the people that must draw the police reins tight. And as they watch the watchers they must take care that they really discern what they are seeing.

WILLIAM TURNER served from February 1951 to July 1961 in the F.B.I. where he was a special agent, an assistant supervisor, an inspector's aide and a technical specialist. He is currently an author and editor of police science at the National Lawyer's Cooperative Publishing Co. and Bancroft-Whitney.

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heads, or their nerve, or their tempers, and produced the most brutality since the battle of the Selma Bridge two and a half years ago in Alabama.

The great police riot, as it is now called, sits uneasily on the conscience of the city. The Los Angeles Times did its own hatchet-job on the march in its first-day story, but the reporters who covered it, and were profoundly disturbed, staged a quiet editorial revolt. A week later, they in effect rewrote the story, with an about-face in point of view. The original report ended with a quote from a press photographer: "These people [the marchers] were like animals. All I can say is that the police did one hell of a good job." The revised version ended with a line from a demonstrator: "All the violence was initiated by the police."

The City Council, bitterly divided, voted in midweek to support the police. The police chief's rationalization for the attack was that he had "inside information" that "agitators" were planning to rush the hotel and, presumably, threat-

en the President. But in the Times' revised coverage, the full report of an undercover agent who infiltrated the march committee makes no mention of any such scheme. In any case, there was no evidence of it in the behavior of the crowd. The American Civil Liberties Union is preparing a broad legal assault, and the big local "rock" radio station is raising funds for it. Governor Ronald Reagan, on the other hand, thinks that "the police did not use excessive brutality." Just the ordinary kind. For some reason, police in Southern California have always been extraordinarily aggressive—the common phrase is "blue fascism." It shows up everywhere: people strolling in Beverly Hills in the evening are often stopped, frisked and questioned on the assumption that only thieves, murderers and subversives don't ride in cars.

But what aggravates even that natural tendency of the police to aggression is the war mood. It is not confined to Los Angeles. Raids in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Atlanta and Newark and a score of smaller cities suggest that there is a "new brutality" in the way authority acts to put down resistance. Some claim it is an inevitable "backlash," and the antidote is more caution and moderation on the part of the resisters. More likely, it is a response, perhaps, an inevitable one, to the fragmentation of a national consensus, the breaking of trust, the death of hope.

There is a sense this summer that the society is approaching a point of crisis, an historical moment which will divide that which went before from that which follows. For more than two decades, the U.S. has known the luxury of continuity: despite the small wars, the economic dips and the nasty incidents, this is still the post-war era. There has been no sharp break, nothing like 1929-1932 or 1941-1945. But the rocking and the rolling that many now feel may be the beginning of the new social earthquake. The war triggered it, but there were obviously deeper causes. It is not inappropriate that in California, which gave the world Watts, the hippies and Ronald Reagan, the major cracks are appearing.

Andrew Kopkind, Washington correspondent for the New Statesman (from which this is reprinted), will write a regular column for Ramparts.

Media:



THE PRESS VERSUS GARRISON

by William W. Turner

LEE HARVEY OSWALD assassinated President Kennedy "beyond a reasonable doubt," intoned Walter Cronkite during the four-night CBS special series on the Warren Report which began on June 26. Presenting an expertly blended mixture of gimmickry, dubious experimentation and selectivity of witnesses, CBS rubber-stamped the Warren Report practically point by point without giving its critics a chance for specific rebuttal. Only a week before, NBC had broadcast its own special, a slapdash but nonetheless damaging flat-out attack on New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison and his assassination conspiracy probe. The charges and conclusions of both programs were widely reported in the daily press; what Americans witnessed was a strange and dangerous new phenomenon in which the networks synthesized news—leaving it to the television/radio columnists to pass judgment on the accuracy of their exposition of evidence.

One could sense an urgency in both productions that betrayed any pretense at objectivity. Why? When Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment* and Edward Jay Epstein's *Inquest* were published last summer, casting a national pall of doubt on the Commission's findings, there were no signs of panic in the Establishment. It was only when Jim Garrison propounded a counter theory to the Report, produced evidence tending to support it, and indicated that he would use the full powers of his office to prosecute the conspirators that beads of sweat started rolling down Washington foreheads.

Six months in the making, at a cost of a quarter million dollars, the CBS series was obviously designed to revitalize sagging public confidence in the Warren Report—polls showed that a meager 35 per cent were true believers. The CBS effort was not without internal struggles.

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Field Director Robert Richter, who exhaustively interviewed scores of critics and proponents of the Report alike, seemed genuinely inclined towards the critics' point of view when he talked with me, but he allowed that he was having trouble convincing Leslie Midgley, the executive producer in New York, that the critics should get a fair hearing.

They didn't. The script was rewritten four times, and when the series finally unfolded, it was not until the end of the third night that the audience saw a live critic. Thirty-minute tapes had been filmed of Mark Lane and myself, from which were sliced one-minute segments. Meanwhile a string of handpicked witnesses and "experts" were heard from, and Cronkite donned the black cap and pronounced Oswald guilty as charged.

Aware that the skepticism over the Report stemmed from three major inconsistencies—the manifestation of the Zapruder film that the three shots (it was assumed there were only three) had to have been fired within 5.6 seconds, the implausible "magic bullet" theory, and the secrecy over the autopsy x-rays—CBS set out to dispel all doubt.

On the Zapruder film dilemma, CBS trumped the Warren Report by stretching the time constraint to a readily believable nine seconds. At least it thought it did. One technique was to suggest that Oswald may have fired the first shot at frame 186, when the President momentarily appeared through a gap in the tree foliage. Even the Commission had discounted this possibility, but—CBS discovered that the Zapruder film was noticeably blurred at frames 190, 227 and 318. Kennedy was behind a freeway sign at 190, but 227 and 318 are several frames after the film shows Kennedy's reaction to the impact of bullets. The blurs, CBS posited, were caused by Zapruder's reflexive "jumping" at the crack of the rifle. A startling discovery—especially considering that frames 195 and 203 show equal blurring, raising the presumption of five shots.

Determined to elongate the time element, CBS further suggested that Zapruder may have inadvertently flipped his camera lever to its slow motion setting; thus his footage represents a time span of up to nine seconds. In point of fact, the faster-running film would have compressed the time to no more than 5.3 and as little as 4.3 seconds.

The "magic bullet" simulation was, on

the face of it, impressive. With the help of an outside consultant, CBS laid four blocks of gelatin separated by Masonite slabs end to end; the arrangement was supposed to represent the muscle, flesh, bone and fiber of the bodies of Kennedy and Connally, the governor's wrist, and finally the governor's thigh, all of which the "magic bullet" allegedly passed through. In slow motion, the camera followed the path of the bullet through the four blocks. In each test, the announcer said, the test bullet lodged in the third block, but he quickly pointed out that with *just a bit of extra energy* it would have made it through—and therefore the single bullet theory was possible. But CBS did not insert a "rib cage" to synthesize the one shattered by a bullet. Furthermore, it did not announce the distance from which the test shots were fired (the penetrating ability of a bullet drops off sharply as the distance increases); didn't let its viewers look at the test bullet to compare it with the almost pristine condition of the actual "magic bullet" (CE 399); and neglected to duplicate the eccentric path the "magic bullet" would have had to prescribe.

As for the withheld autopsy photos and x-rays, CBS conceded that the Commission was remiss and sloppy in certain phases of its inquiry, and elicited from John McCloy, a Commission member, the statement that if he had it all to do over again, he would insist that the material be subpoenaed.

The critics' contention that shots came from the Grassy Knoll was dismissed by CBS with what amounted to a haughty wave of the hand; this despite the fact that Ray Marcus, one of the more persistent critics, dropped in on CBS' Midgley when the program was in production and showed him an enlarged photograph of the head and shoulders of a man against a foliage background. "Ah," exclaimed the unsuspecting Midgley, "that's a picture of the man who shot James Meredith from ambush in Mississippi." It wasn't; it was an enlargement from a spectator's photograph showing the Grassy Knoll at the moment the President was shot—and the Warren Commission had insisted no one was on top of the Knoll. Yet on the program Midgley gave his viewers a quick look at the photograph—not a closeup of the enlargement—in effect saying there was no one there, as any fool could plainly see.

CBS's egregious talents were also put

to work on D.A. Jim Garrison, who came off as a ruthless opportunist trying to convert malpractice into political advantage, and Mike Wallace grilled him with staccato questions along the line of, "Do you still beat your wife?" Garrison, however, happens to be unflappable, and he didn't rise to the bait. In response to one loaded question about a prisoner who claimed to have been offered a deal to say the right thing, he fired back deadpan, "As a matter of fact, this is part of our incentive program for convicts. We also have six weeks in the Bahamas. We give them LSD to get there."

The gross injustice of CBS' treatment of Garrison came into focus when it preempted considerable air time to afford William Gurvich, a newly defected Garrison aide, the opportunity to level a broadside of charges against the D.A. and his investigation, without giving Garrison the opportunity to reply. Garrison had "no case," Gurvich contended, was employing "illegal and unethical methods," and was in fact "paranoiac." Gurvich himself had been "sickened," he claimed, by the arrest of Clay Shaw (it was Gurvich who had proudly announced the arrest). The day following his CBS appearance, Gurvich repeated his charges to a New Orleans grand jury, which decided they had no substance. CBS didn't bother to interrupt its wrap-up program that night to let the nation know.

Although Gurvich preferred to think of himself as Garrison's chief investigator, the facts are somewhat different. He materialized at Garrison's office just before Christmas and offered his services in the investigation. Sorely understaffed, Garrison accepted. Gurvich was never on salary, but his enthusiasm was unquestioned. At one point, when a warrant was obtained for the arrest of Sergio Arcacha-Smith, a former leader of a CIA-sponsored anti-Castro front, Gurvich told Garrison he wanted to go to Dallas and personally make the arrest so he could say, "I've gotcha, Arcacha." (Governor Connally refused to sign extradition papers, and the trip was never made.) But Gurvich, it developed, had never read the Warren Report and its volumes, and had only a shaky grasp of the investigation. Garrison kept the investigation in the hands of his actual chief sleuth, Louis Ivon, a police detective posted to the D.A.'s office. Gurvich's interest began to fade, and for the six

weeks prior to his defection he hardly showed up at the office.

During this period Gurvich was meeting frequently in New Orleans with Walter Sheridan, Bobby Kennedy's former "get Hoffa" operative, now evidently NBC's "get Garrison" ramrod. On June 25, Gurvich had a private meeting in New York with Bobby Kennedy, and although both declined comment, the fact that he was defecting leaked to NBC. It was Newsday, the Long Island newspaper for which Bill Moyers left the White House, that broke the story.

C THE HASTILY-CONTRIVED NBC special had been scheduled for June 20 in anticipation of Gurvich's defection, but he balked past the deadline. As a surrogate, Saturday Evening Post writer Jim Phelan anchored the program. His article "Rush to Judgment In New Orleans" in the May 6 issue had thrown a cloud of doubt over the testimony of key Garrison witness Perry Russo as to whether he was present when Shaw, David Ferrie and Oswald discussed a scheme to assassinate President Kennedy. Russo had first been interviewed by young Assistant D.A. Andrew J. Sciambra. Phelan contended that Russo had mentioned nothing about the Shaw-Ferrie-Oswald discussion to Sciambra, that the notion of a plot had been implanted in Russo's mind by Garrison while he was under Sodium Pentothal and hypnosis.

As *prima facie* evidence, Phelan introduced a memorandum by Sciambra, reporting his initial interview with Russo which indeed made no mention of the plot discussion. The memorandum had been rather casually handed to Phelan by Garrison; and reading Phelan's piece, one gets the impression he not only assumed it was a complete memorandum, but presumed he had been cut in on *all* of Garrison's case.

The full story is this. Sciambra thoroughly interviewed Russo on Saturday, February 25, at which time the plot discussion was revealed. He reported the interview to Garrison, who, realizing its importance, had Russo come to the office first thing Monday. At that time, Russo repeated the entire story in the presence of a stenographer. To settle the question of Russo's veracity in his own mind as far as possible, Garrison ordered a "truth serum" (Sodium Pentothal) test, which turned out favorable. Then,

since over three years had elapsed since the event, Russo was hypnotized to facilitate his recollection of details. Meanwhile the harried Sciambra, trying to keep up with the tide of work engulfing the office, started to dictate his memorandum in bits and snatches. It was half-completed when thrust at Phelan.

Perry Russo claims he was contacted by Jim Phelan, acting on behalf of NBC, to persuade him to recant his testimony. Russo also says Walter Sheridan showed up at his residence shortly before the NBC special and sought his help "to wreck the Garrison investigation." Sheridan dangled a carrot, asserted Russo, in the form of an offer "to set me up in California, protect my job, and guarantee Garrison would never get me extradited back to Louisiana." When he stuck to his story, Richard Townley of NBC's New Orleans affiliate approached him brandishing a stick. Townley threatened, Russo says, to ruin his personal reputation. Garrison has filed criminal charges against Sheridan and Townley for attempting to suborn, but he is keeping his fingers crossed. "Perry asked us for a couple of hundred dollars to get started on a job," Garrison explains, "and we turned him down as a matter of policy. I know it's awful hard for a young man to turn down big offers."

The massive propaganda barrage has been aided not only by the NBC and CBS networks, but by the press at large. Hugh Aynesworth of Newsweek wrote that Garrison was shamelessly preying on the "vulnerability of homosexuals," and the Associated Press disseminated a tendentious series whitewashing the Report—the longest tome in AP history. As for NBC's slanted coverage, Garrison offers the theory that "NBC is owned by RCA, and RCA is one of the top ten government contractors."

Jim Garrison is a duly elected district attorney prosecuting a homicide conspiracy case. That his evidence is not whimsical or unfounded has been confirmed by a New Orleans grand jury and a three-judge panel. In a grotesque twist, the networks and press have not only convicted the *prosecutor* in a "trial by newspaper," they have judged a court case before millions of viewers and thus possibly prejudiced venire men who will hear the case.

Such tactics smack of desperation—and indicate there is much to hide.

Walter Sheridan reference

A former FBI man, now a critic of the Warren Commission,
looks at the King Assassination and finds

Some Disturbing Parallels

CONTRARY TO LEGEND, THE FBI doesn't crack every case. Many are stamped "CLOSED ADMINISTRATIVELY," with the explanation, "All logical leads exhausted." It took me the first couple of years of a ten-year stint as an FBI agent to find out what this meant. Sometimes the case was too petty to pursue. Sometimes it couldn't be solved. Occasionally it had been bungled from the outset. And there were times when a case was simply not to the Bureau's liking. There never was much inclination to probe the radical right or much elan for solving civil rights cases, especially after J. Edgar Hoover called Dr. Martin Luther King the "most notorious liar in the world" in 1964, after King questioned the FBI's zeal in pressing civil rights investigations.

Despite my misgivings about the FBI, I was not prepared to believe that it would muffle or muzzle the investigation of a case of the magnitude of a presidential assassination. At first, I did not share the intuitive feeling of many Americans and most Europeans that John Kennedy was the victim of a political conspiracy. By training and instinct I was an investigator, accustomed to dealing with forensic evidence. The array of apparently legitimate evidence that was being stacked up against Lee Harvey Oswald was impressive. Consequently, I had no reason to reject J. Edgar Hoover's version, leaked to the press barely three weeks after the assassination, that Oswald and Ruby had each acted alone.

The FBI version was adopted without noticeable discomfort by the Warren Commission, which never so much as publicly

hinted that it was far from puncture-proof. But as the Commission's inquiry proceeded, the holes began to appear.

There was, for example, the film taken by spectator Abraham Zapruder. It graphically showed that Kennedy's head was jolted back and to the left, a reaction consistent with a shot fired from the right and front; that Oswald would have had to fire three shots with a clumsy bolt-action rifle in 5.6 seconds, and that Kennedy and Governor John Connally of Texas were struck by separate bullets within a second of each other, dictating at least two shooters.

Nevertheless, it soon became evident that the Commission was embracing the three-shots-from-behind theory to the exclusion of all others. Disturbed, I wrote the Commission on July 4, 1964, pointing out that the opinions of spectators as to the source of the shots could be misleading due to a sound phenomenon known as the "bow-wave effect." The reply disturbed me even more. "The Commission has completed its investigation," wrote General Counsel J. Lee Rankin on August 28, "and is now in the process of reviewing the results in order to draft the Final Report as quickly as possible." Obviously, there was a political imperative to get the report out before the fall elections.

Once a skeptic, I became a critic. Behind the lawyers' rhetoric, the Warren Report is riddled with contradictions, inconsistencies and implausibilities. The alternative to the single assassin theory is a conspiracy. If Oswald did not do it alone, it remains that he was elaborately framed.

by William W. Turner

THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING on April 4 presents a series of striking parallels to the Kennedy case. A rifle with a telescopic sight was conveniently dropped at the crime scene. Just as the Carcano left in the Texas School Book Depository Building was readily traceable to Oswald, so the Remington jettisoned outside the dingy hotel from which King was shot was readily traceable to Eric Starvo Galt (whom the FBI subsequently identified as James Earl Ray, a 1967 escapee from a Missouri prison).

In both instances, also, it appears that the police radio network was penetrated. Within minutes after the President was shot, the Dallas police radio was broadcasting a description of a suspect—he generally resembled Oswald—that to this day is of unknown origin. Within minutes after the King shooting,

the Memphis police radio was describing a police chase of a white Mustang thought to be the getaway car; police spokesmen now say the chase never took place. A white Mustang registered to Eric Starvo Galt was found abandoned in Birmingham, Alabama, a few days later. In the car was an Atlanta city map with circles drawn around Dr. King's home and church. The map was reminiscent of the Dallas city map found among Oswald's possessions after his arrest which had the Book Depository Building and several points along the Kennedy motorcade route circled.

The parallels come close to forming what the police would call a *modus operandi*, in which a trail was laid down to point to Oswald on the one hand, Galt on the other.

Yet despite these compelling indications, Attorney General Ramsey Clark insists that there is no evidence of conspiracy



Figure 1

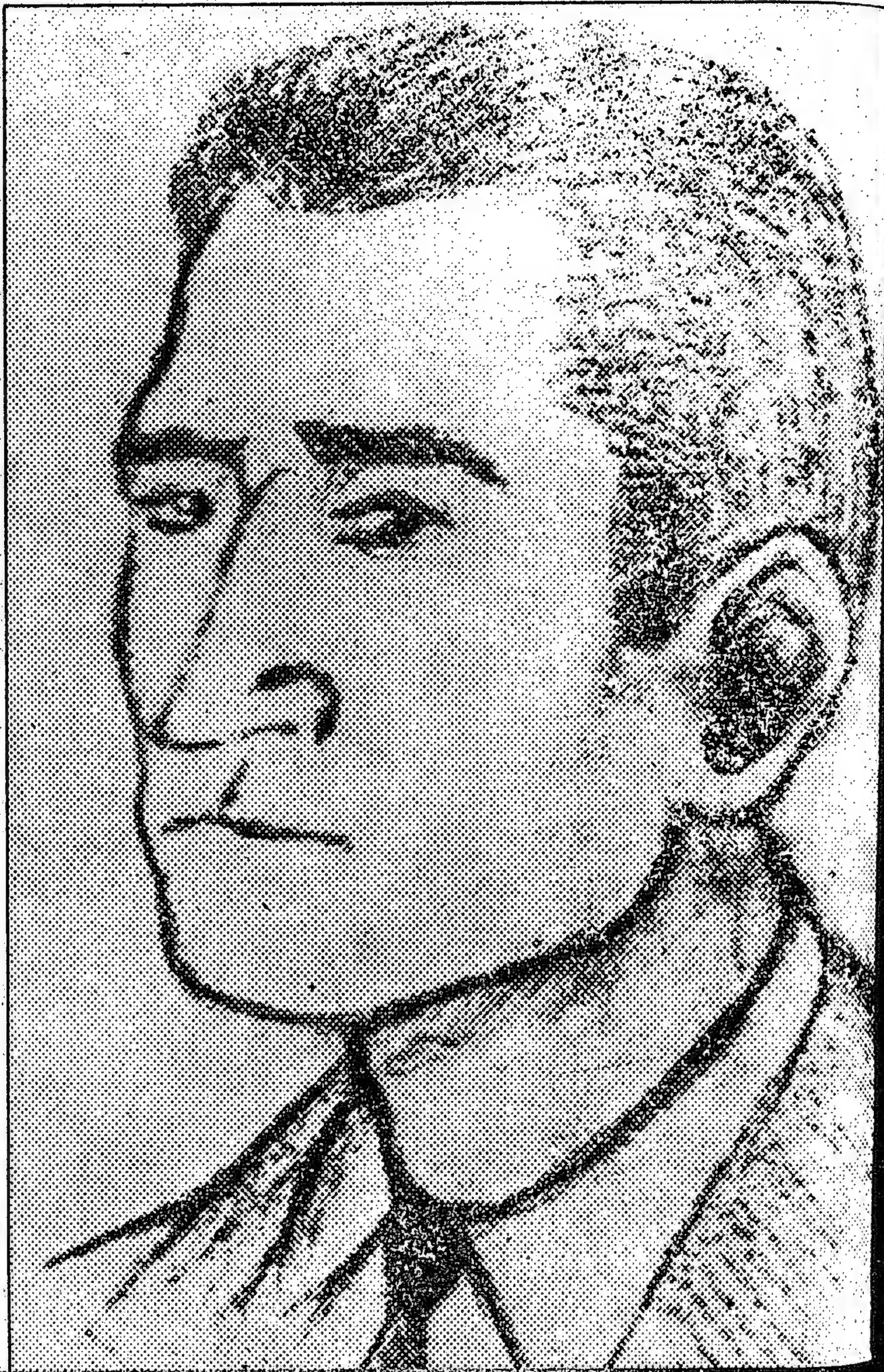


Figure 2

in the King case. Within 24 hours of the Memphis slaying, he was announcing that it appeared to be the work of one man and that an arrest was imminent. On May 12, on the ABC network, Clark claimed there was no evidence to support theories that Galt had been hired by conspirators to kill King, and that there was "no evidence to believe that he [Galt] is not still alive."

The reference to the possibility that Galt was dead evidently stems from a photograph of him on the FBI's wanted bulletin (Figure 1). When I first saw it, it struck me as that of a dead man. The eyes were closed (an FBI artist dubbed in open eyes on a published reproduction), the face seemed puffy and in repose and the coat collar rode high, as if the man had been in a prone position. The Bureau did not reveal where it obtained the photograph, although there was speculation it was taken

on the occasion of Galt's graduation from a Los Angeles bartending school on March 2 of this year. But chance acquaintances in Los Angeles do not believe it is the Galt they knew, and witnesses at the Memphis hotel tend to agree. "Unless he was wearing a wig or had had a face-lift or something, it's not the man I saw," commented hotel resident Charles Q. Stevens, who saw the fleeing sniper. "The hair is too full and the face is too young."

A few days after the King slaying, Memphis police released an artist's sketch of the suspect, reportedly prepared in Mexico under FBI supervision (Figure 2). It bore hardly any resemblance to the Galt photograph, but did have a startling resemblance to a face I had seen before. The face appears in a series of photographs taken by Black Star photographer William Allen in Dealey Plaza shortly after Kennedy was

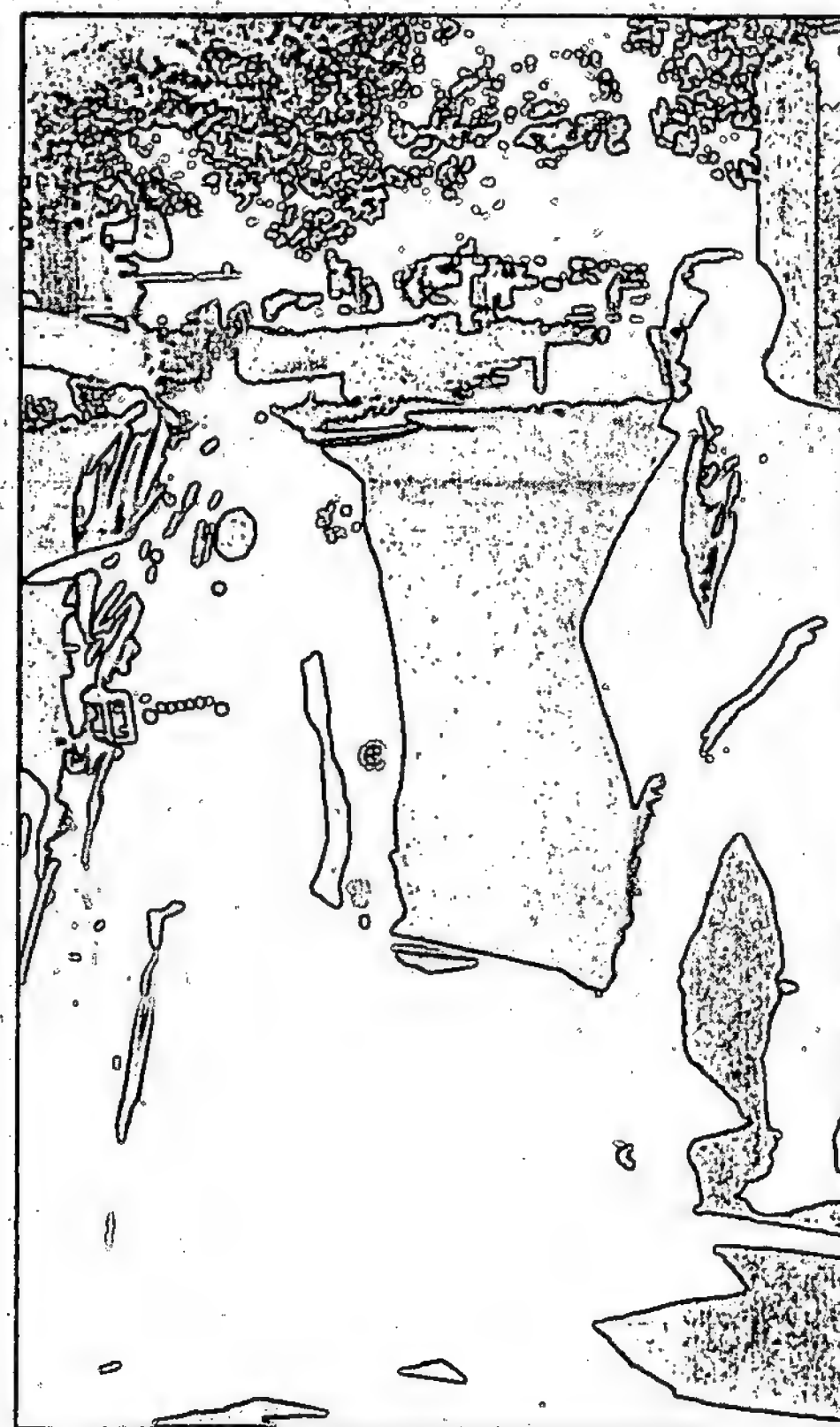


Figure 3A

Figure 3

killed (Figure 3). It belongs to one of three men being marched by Dallas police from the area of the Grassy Knoll to the Dallas sheriff's department cater-corner across the plaza. The sketch and the photograph both portray a man with a sharp, pronounced nose (Memphis hotel witnesses were uniformly impressed by this feature), a wide mouth with thin lips, and a firm set to the jaw.

There is no record in the Warren Report or its volumes, or in the files of the Dallas police and sheriff's departments, as to the identity of the man in the Allen photograph, or his two companions. If their detention was ever recorded—several others taken into custody and released are accounted for in the annals of the Warren Commission—the files have been stripped. The investigation of District Attorney Jim Garrison in New Orleans has developed a suspect—a man who was active in anti-Castro activities, had Mexican connections and checked into a Dallas hotel three days before the assassination—but the DA has been unable to mount a widespread search for him due to the lack of cooperation of federal authorities.

New Orleans, the city that Garrison contends figured prominently in the Kennedy assassination planning, also looms large in the King case. While residing in Birmingham last fall, Galt claimed he had formerly worked at a New Orleans shipyard (the FBI was unable to find any record of his employment). Last December, Galt told several acquaintances in Los Angeles that he had to make a trip to New Orleans to see an "important industrialist." He made the trip in the white Mustang. The FBI has learned that Galt had lengthy meetings with a prominent industrialist at the Provincial Motor Lodge on December 17 and 19. The industrialist is also missing and a search is on for him.

Obviously the FBI, despite the disclaimers of its boss Ramsey Clark that there was no conspiracy, is operating on the theory that there was. In California recently, G-men questioned a man who had occupied a room next to Galt in a hotel in the Mexican resort town of Puerto Vallarta last November; the man relates that the FBI considered him a possible courier or "bag man" in the conspiracy. Moreover, Galt has compiled a lengthy arrest record under his true name Ray for such crimes as burglary, armed robbery and forgery, and hardly seems the type who would cross the street for a political killing—unless there was money in it. Interestingly, the FBI has determined that since August 1967, when the Galt identity first materialized, he has spent some \$10,000 without having a known source of income.

THUS WE ARE CONFRONTED with the dilemma of an attorney general who insists that there was no conspiracy in either the King or the Kennedy assassination while the evidence reads otherwise. But Clark's credibility has already been opened to question. On the day after Garrison arrested New Orleans trade official Clay Shaw on a charge of conspiring to assassinate Kennedy, Clark informed newsmen that Shaw had been investigated by the FBI in 1963 after the assassination and "found clear"; three months later, in a retraction that received little notice, he conceded that the FBI had not investigated Shaw at all. Then last October, Clark tipped his hand by telling a University of Virginia law forum, "Much as I may hate to do it, I just might have to prosecute Jim Garrison . . . he took a perfectly fine man, Clay Shaw, and ruined him just for personal ag-

grandizement." Although the Department of Justice has denied that Clark made the threat, Rey Barry, a reporter for the Charlottesville, Virginia, Daily Express who covered the event, has publicly declared that the attorney general spoke precisely those words.

So Clark is determined to squelch any and all conspiracy talk—about either assassination. And J. Edgar Hoover reaffirmed his faith in the Warren Report in 1966 when the wave of criticism broke. But the weight of evidence in each case points to conspiracy.

One parallel that must not be allowed to develop further in the King case is the pattern of cover-up that characterized the Kennedy investigation. For instance, Richard Giesbrecht, a reputable Winnipeg, Canada businessman, reported to the FBI that on February 13, 1954, he overheard two men in the airport restaurant talking about inside details of the assassination. A few weeks later, he contends, the FBI called him back and told him, "Forget what you heard. It's too big." One of the men, says Giesbrecht, was the late David Ferrie, an ex-CIA pilot and central figure in the Garrison probe. Significantly, Giesbrecht is not to be found in the National Archives, nor is his name mentioned in the Warren Report or its volumes. He is one of a number of key witnesses who as far as the official version is concerned never existed.

Some of those who did officially exist claim that their testimony has been altered. Julia Ann Mercer, who saw a man with a rifle get out of a truck parked near the Grassy Knoll an hour and a half before the assassination, alleges that her affidavit as published in the Warren Report volumes is a forgery. She says that she identified Jack Ruby as the driver of the truck the day *before* he killed Oswald, and this has not been included in the forged affidavit. Former Deputy Sheriff Roger Craig, who was on duty in Dealey Plaza at the time of the shooting, contends that his statement has undergone 14 material alterations.

Thus it has become manifest that the Department of Justice (and presumably its master in the White House) is determined to keep the lid on the case and hide the truth. Therefore I would propose the formation of a citizens' committee to bring pressure to bear on the powers-that-be in Washington. The committee would be composed of the foremost critics of the Warren Report, civil rights leaders, forensic science experts and others. Ideally, the Kennedy-King investigation should be undertaken by a joint Senate-House select committee, with its own investigative staff un beholden to the FBI, the Secret Service and the CIA. But Congress has shown little inclination to take on such a controversial and politically loaded task, and the citizens' committee might serve as an interim force until public opinion compels Congress to act.

It is said that those who do not profit from history are doomed to relive it—and the history of governments contemptuous of the truth is not pleasant to contemplate.

William Turner, for ten years an FBI agent and now a RAMPARTS Senior Editor, is the author of three books: The Police Establishment (Putnam); Invisible Witness—The New Technology of Crime Investigation (Bobbs-Merrill); and a forthcoming account of New Orleans DA Jim Garrison's investigation of the Kennedy assassination (Award Books).



The Garrison Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy

JIM GARRISON IS AN ANGRY MAN. For six years now he has been the tough, uncompromising district attorney of New Orleans, a rackets-buster without parallel in a political freebooting state. He was elected on a reform platform and meant it. Turning down a Mob proposition that would have netted him \$3000 a week as his share of slot machine proceeds, he proceeded to raid Bourbon Street clip joints, crack down on prostitution and eliminate bail bond rackets. His track record as the proverbial fighting DA is impressive: his office has never lost a major case, and no convictions have been toppled on appeal because of improper methods.

Garrison is angry right now—as angry as if some bribed cops had tried to steer

him away from a vice ring or as if the Mob had attempted to use political clout to get him off their backs. Only this time, the file reads “Conspiracy to Assassinate President Kennedy,” and it isn’t *Cosa Nostra*, but the majestic might of the United States government which is trying to keep him from his duty.

“Who appointed Ramsey Clark, who has done his best to torpedo the investigation of the case?” he fumed in a recent speech before a gathering of southern California newscasters. “Who controls the CIA? Who controls the FBI? Who controls the Archives where this evidence is locked up for so long that it is unlikely that there is anybody in this room who will be alive when it is released? This is really your property and the property of

the people of this country. Who has the arrogance and the brass to prevent the people from seeing that evidence? Who indeed?”

“The one man who has profited most from the assassination—your friendly President, Lyndon Johnson!”

Garrison made it clear that he was not accusing Johnson of complicity in the crime, but left no doubt that as far as he was concerned, the burden had shifted to the government to prove that it was not an accessory before or after the fact. “I assume that the President of the United States is not involved,” he said. “But wouldn’t it be nice to know it?”

The simple probity of Garrison’s challenge is underscored by the fact that the government and government-oriented

by William W. Turner

Photography by Matt Herron

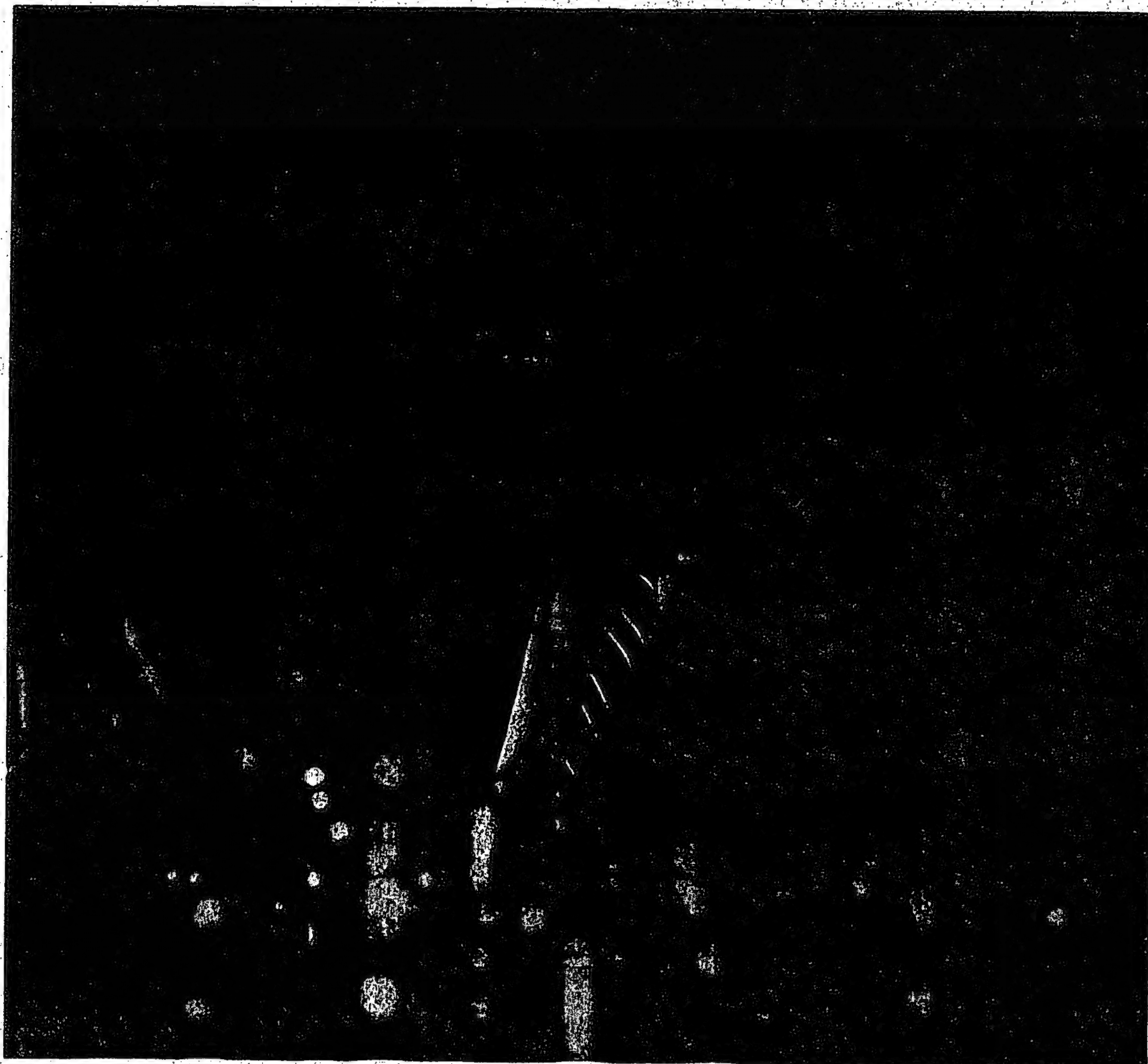
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forces have concealed and destroyed evidence, intimidated witnesses and maligned, ridiculed and impeded Garrison and his investigation. In short, the conduct of the government has not been that of an innocent party, but of one determined to cover its tracks. For the past nine months, I have worked closely with the DA and his staff, hoping to contribute to their investigation. In my opinion there is no question that they have uncovered a conspiracy. Nor is there any doubt that Jim Garrison is one

of a vanishing breed: a Southern populist anchored in very traditional American ideals about justice and truth, who can neither rationalize nor temporize in pursuit of them.

By design or ignorance, the mass media—from NBC to Life—have created an image of Garrison as a ruthless opportunist with vaulting political ambition, which naturally leads to the conclusion that he is trying to parlay the death of a President into a political *tour de force*. He is, in fact, neither

knave nor fool. No politician on the make would be reckless enough to attempt to usurp the findings of the seven distinguished men of the Warren Commission. "It's not a matter of wanting to gain headlines," says Garrison indignantly. "It's a matter of not being able to sleep at night. I am in an official position in a city where the greater part of the planning of the assassination of President Kennedy took place, and this was missed by the Warren Commission. What would these people who have at-



PHOTOGRAPHER'S NOTE: *Garrison and I played a game of chess. We thought the board looked too staid for pictures with all the pieces in starting order, so I led off with my king's pawn and then (foolishly) played my king's bishop to bishop four. Garrison could have clobbered me, but instead he chose to play the game much as he has played the investigation. First, he solidly occupied*

the center. Then he developed his major pieces carefully and painstakingly. At first glance he didn't seem to be making much progress nor to be taking full advantage of my obvious weaknesses, but when he finally launched his attack, he was so solidly entrenched there was nothing I could do. In those circumstances a gentleman would have resigned.

tacked me do if they were here and had official responsibility? Would they be able to sleep nights? Would they be able to say, 'Jack Kennedy is dead and there is nothing I can do about it?'"

[THE MAKING OF A DA]

GARRISON'S ATTITUDES were undoubtedly set by his experiences during World War II in Europe where, while flying a Piper Cub as an artillery spotter during the Allied sweep, he came upon Dachau. The residue of horror he witnessed there etched itself so deeply on his conscience that in the foreword to a collection of criminology essays published in 1966, he deplored the apathy that permitted Dachau. Since man emerged from the mists of time, he wrote, "such reason as he possesses has produced the cross, the bowl of hemlock, the gallows, the rack, the gibbet, the guillotine, the sword, the machine gun, the electric chair, the hand grenade, the personnel mine, the flame thrower, poison gas, the nearly obsolete TNT bomb, the obsolescent atom bomb and the currently popular hydrogen bomb—all made to maim or destroy his fellow man." Garrison, who is fond of allegorical example, pictured an extra-terrestrial being happening upon a self-desolated world and asking, "What happened to your disinterested millions? Your uncommitted and uninvolved, your preoccupied and bored? Where today are their private horizons and their mirrored worlds of self? Where is their splendid indifference now?"

With a diploma from Tulane University law school, Garrison tried the life of an FBI agent but found the role too circumscribed to be stimulating. A stint with a firm specializing in corporation law was likewise unrewarding. After another tour of duty in the Korean War—he is presently a Lt. Colonel in the Louisiana National Guard—he latched on as an assistant DA in New Orleans and began his public career. After two unsuccessful tries at elective office, he pulled an upset in the 1961 district attorney race. Bucking the Democratic machine and backed only by five young lawyers known as the "Nothing Group" because of their lack of money and prestige, he took to television and came on strong. Like Jack Kennedy, he projected a youthful vigor and enthusiasm that was missing in the stereotyped politicians he was opposing.

Garrison's current battle to get the Justice Department, the FBI and the CIA to release evidence about the assassination is not the first time he has tangled with anal retentive government authorities. After the DA's Bourbon Street raids, the city's eight criminal judges began blocking his source of funds for the raids, a fines forfeitures pool. Garrison took on the judges in a running dispute that was the talk of New Orleans. On one occasion, a luncheon of the Temple Sinai Brotherhood, he likened the judges to "the sacred cows of India." On another, he accused them of goldbricking by taking 206 holidays, "not counting legal holidays like All Saints' Day, Long's Birthday and St. Winterbottom's Day." Outraged, the judges collectively filed criminal defamation charges. (Complained one, "People holler 'Moo' at me.") The case escalated to the U.S. Supreme Court, where a landmark decision upheld Garrison's right to criticize public officials.

He exercised that right. When Mayor Victor H. Schiro vacillated on an issue, he quipped, "Not since Hamlet tried to decide whether or not to stab the king of Denmark has there been so agonizing a decision." But if he was an embarrassment to officials, he was a delight to the voters. In 1965, he was returned to office by a two to one margin—the first New Orleans DA to be reelected in 30 years.

GARRISON'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY defies definition. He subscribes in part to Ayn Rand's individualist dogma, but is too much of a traditional democrat to accept its inevitable elitism. He is friendly with segregationists and archconservatives, but bristles at the mention of the Ku Klux Klan. Negro leaders have no quarrel with his conduct of office, and he has appointed Negroes as assistant DAs. Several years ago when the police vice squad tried to sweep James Baldwin's *Another Country* from bookstore shelves, he refused to prosecute ("How can you define obscenity?") and denounced the censorship in stinging terms, thus incurring the wrath of the White Citizens Council. He sees no virtue in capital punishment, but is somewhat ambivalent on the libertarian trend in court decisions. In a law quarterly he predicted that increasing emphasis on "the rights of the defendant against the state may come to be seen as the greatest

contribution our country has made to this world we live in"; yet on occasion he has implied that Supreme Court decisions are a factor in the rising rate of violent crime.

But since the start of his assassination probe, his views on many issues have changed appreciably. "A year ago I was a mild hawk on Vietnam," he relates. "But no more. I've discovered the government has told so many lies in this [the assassination] case it can't be believed on anything." He fears that the U.S. is evolving into a "proto-fascist state," and cites as one indication the subtle quashing of dissent by an increasingly autocratic central government. The massive and still growing power of the CIA and the defense establishment, he contends, is transforming the old America into a Kafkaesque society in which power is equated with morality.

Garrison detests being called flamboyant, which is the most common adjective applied to him, and in truth he makes no conscious effort at ostentation. But he is one of those arresting figures who automatically dominates any gathering, and his bold strokes in battle, as deliberate as his moves in chess, seem to dramatize his formidable personality. He also must rank as one of the more intellectual big city DAs. He avidly devours history—it reflects in his metaphor—and quotes everything from Graham Greene and Lewis Carroll to Polonius' advice to Laertes. But he is not exactly a square. Once known as a Bourbon Street swinger, he is still familiar in a few of the livelier French Quarter spots, where he can sometimes be found holding forth on the piano and crooning a *basso profundo* rendition of a tune popular half a generation ago. But mostly he sticks to his study at home, and his striking blonde wife and five kids.

It may be that in the end, the rank unfairness of the current siege on Garrison will be its undoing, for the American sense of fair play is not easily trifled with. But do the people really want the truth about the assassination, or is it more comfortable to let sleeping dogs lie? Garrison sees this as the pivotal question in the history of the American democratic experiment: "In our incipient superstate it really doesn't matter what happened. Truth is what the government chooses to tell you. Justice is what it wants to happen. It is better for you not to know that at midday on Novem-

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ber 22, 1963, there were many men in many places glancing at their watches. But if we do not fight for the truth now, we may never have another chance."

[THE FBI CLEARS A SUSPECT]

ON THE MORNING AFTER the assassination, as the nation lay stunned by grief, Garrison summoned his staff to the office for a "brainstorming session" to explore the possibility that Lee Harvey Oswald had accomplices in New Orleans, where the previous summer he had stumped the streets advocating Fair Play for Cuba.

The DA's men put out feelers into the city's netherworld, and it was First Assistant DA Frank Klein who registered the first feedback. A slight, furtive, sometime private eye named Jack S. Martin confided that a David William Ferrie had taken off on a sudden trip to Texas the afternoon of the assassination. The tipster knew Ferrie well, although there was bad blood between them. Both had worked intermittently for the same detective firm, W. Guy Banister & Associates, and were affiliated with the Apostolic Orthodox Old Catholic Church, a sect steeped in theological anti-communism. An exceptionally skilled pilot, Ferrie had been dismissed from Eastern Air Lines in 1962 due to publicity over alleged homosexual activities.

According to Martin, Ferrie had commanded a Civil Air Patrol squadron of which Oswald had once been a member. He had taught Oswald to shoot with a telescopic sight, and had become involved with his protégé in an assassination plot. Less than two weeks before the target date, Ferrie had made a trip to Dallas. His assigned role in the assassination, Martin said, was to fly the escaping conspirators to Matamoros, Mexico, near Brownsville, Texas.

When Ferrie returned to New Orleans on the Monday following President Kennedy's death, he was interrogated by the DA's office. He said his trip had been arranged "on the spur of the moment." With two companions, Alvin Beauboeuf and Melvin Coffey, he had driven straight through to Houston Friday night. On Saturday afternoon, the three skated at an ice rink; that evening they made the short jog to Galveston and hunted geese Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon they headed back to New Orleans, but detoured to Alexandria, Louisiana, to visit relatives of Beauboeuf.

Garrison was unconvinced by Ferrie's account. An all-night dash through the worst rainstorm in years to start a mercurial junket of over 1000 miles in three days for recreational purposes was too much to swallow. "It was a curious trip to a curious place at a curious time," the DA recalls. He booked Ferrie as a "fugitive from Texas" and handed him over to the FBI. The G-men questioned him intensively, then released him.

Since the 40-odd pages recording the FBI interrogation of Ferrie are still classified in the National Archives, one can only surmise the reasons the Bureau stamped its file on him "closed."

Apparently the FBI did not take the pilot too seriously. A short Bureau document in the National Archives reveals Ferrie had admitted being "publicly and privately" critical of Kennedy for withholding air cover at the Bay of Pigs, and had used expressions like "he ought to be shot," but agents agreed he did not mean the threat literally.

Most convincing at the time, the fact that Ferrie did not leave New Orleans until hours after the assassination seemed to rule out his role as a getaway pilot. Moreover, the Stinson monoplane he then owned was sitting at Lakefront Airport in unflyable condition.

Accepting the FBI's judgment, Garrison dropped his investigation. "I had full confidence in the FBI then," he explains. "There was no reason to try and second guess them."

For three years the DA's faith in the Bureau's prowess remained unshaken. Then in November 1966, squeezed into a tourist-class seat on an Eastern jet headed for New York, his interest in the possibility of a conspiracy was rekindled. Flanking him were Senator Russell B. Long of Louisiana and Joseph Rault Jr, a New Orleans oilman. The previous week, Long had remarked in the course of a press conference that he doubted the findings of the Warren Commission. It was at the height of the controversy stirred by publications ripping at the Commission's methods and conclusions.

Garrison bombarded the senator with questions in the manner, he reminisces, "of a prosecutor cross-examining a witness." Long maintained that there were grievous flaws and unexplored territory in the Warren Report. He considered it highly implausible that a gunman of Oswald's "mediocre skill" could have fired with pinpoint accuracy within a time

constraint barely sufficient "for a man to get off two shots from a bolt-action rifle, much less three."

The DA's mind reverted to the strange trip of pilot David Ferrie, and he began to wonder how perceptive the FBI had really been in dismissing the whole thing. When he returned to New Orleans, he went into virtual seclusion in his study at home, lucubrating over the volumes of the Warren Report. When he became convinced that Oswald could not have acted alone, and that at least a phase of the conspiracy had been centered in New Orleans, he committed his office to a full-scale probe. He launched it quietly, preferring to work more efficiently in the dark.

THE PROBE REFOCUSED ON Ferrie, and on December 15 he was brought in for further questioning. Asked pertinent details of the whirlwind Texas trip in 1963, he begged lack of memory and referred his questioners to the FBI. What about the goose hunting? "We did in fact get to where the geese were and there were thousands," he recounted. "But you couldn't approach them. They were a wise bunch of birds." Pressed for details of what took place at the ice rink, Ferrie became irritated. "Ice skate—what do you think?" he snapped.

It didn't take the DA's men long to poke holes in Ferrie's story. Melvin Coffey, one of his companions on the 1963 Texas trip, deposed that it was not a sudden inspiration:

Q. The trip was arranged before?

A. Yes.

Q. How long before?

A. A couple of days.

The probes also determined that no one had taken along any shotguns on the "goose-hunting" trip.

In Houston, the ice skating alibi was similarly discredited. In 1963, the FBI had interviewed Chuck Rolland, proprietor of the Winterland Skating Rink. "FERRIE contacted him by telephone November 22, 1963, and asked for the skating schedule," a Bureau report, one of the few unclassified documents on Ferrie, reveals. "Mr. FERRIE stated that he was coming in from out of town and desired to do some skating while in Houston. On November 23, 1963, between 3:30 and 5:30 PM, Mr. FERRIE and two companions came to the rink and talked to Mr. ROLLAND." The report continues that Ferrie and Rolland

had a short general conversation, and that Ferrie remarked that "he and his companions would be in and out of the skating rink during the weekend" (Commission Documents 301). When Garrison's men recently talked to Rolland, they obtained pertinent facts that the FBI had either missed or failed to report in 1963. Rolland was certain that none of the three men in Ferrie's party had ice skated; Ferrie had spent the entire two hours he was at the rink standing by a pay telephone—and finally received a call.

At Houston International Airport, more information was gleaned. Air service personnel seemed to recall that in 1963 Ferrie had access to an airplane based in Houston. In this craft, the flight to Matamoros would take little more than an hour.

Ferrie had patently lied about the purpose of the trip. One of the standard tactics of bank robbers is to escape from the scene of the crime in a "hot car" that cannot be traced to them, then switch to a "cold car" of their own to complete the getaway. Garrison considers it possible that Ferrie may have been the pilot of a second craft in a two-stage escape of the Dallas assassins to south of the border, or may have been slated to be a backup pilot in the event contingency plans were activated.

Did Ferrie know Oswald? The pilot denied it, but the evidence mounts that he did. For example, there is now in Garrison's hands information that when Oswald was arrested by Dallas police, he had in his possession a current New Orleans library card issued to David Ferrie. Reinforcing the validity of this information is a Secret Service report on the questioning of Ferrie by that agency when he was in federal custody in 1963. During an otherwise mild interrogation, Ferrie was asked, strangely enough, if he lent his library card to Oswald. No, he replied, producing a card from the New Orleans public library in the name Dr. David Ferrie. That card had expired.

When he realized he was a suspect in Garrison's current investigation, Ferrie seemed to deteriorate. By the time he died on February 22, 1967, he was a nervous wreck, subsisting on endless cigarettes and cups of coffee and enough tranquilizers to pacify an army. He had sought out the press only days before his death, labeling the probe a "fraud" and complaining that he was the victim of a "witch hunt." "I suppose he has me

pegged as a getaway pilot," he remarked bitterly.

When Garrison delivered his epitaph of Ferrie as "one of history's most important individuals," most of the press winked knowingly. The probe was, after all, a publicity stunt, and the DA had had his headlines. Now that his prime suspect had conveniently passed away, he had the perfect excuse to inter his probe alongside the deceased pilot.

But for DA Jim Garrison, it was not the end but the beginning.

[544 CAMP STREET, NEW ORLEANS]

WHILE THE LEGEND '544 Camp St., NEW ORLEANS, LA.' was stamped on some of the literature that Oswald had in his possession at the time of his arrest [for "disturbing the peace"] in New Orleans, extensive investigation was not able to connect Oswald with that address" (Warren Report, p. 408). So said the Commission. But Garrison has connected Oswald with that address. His investigation shows that Oswald functioned in a paramilitary right-wing milieu of which 544 Camp Street was a nerve center, and that Oswald's ostentatious "Fair Play for Cuba" advocacy was nothing more than a facade.

The dilapidated building at 544 Camp Street is on the corner of Lafayette Place. Shortly after news of Garrison's investigation broke, I went to 531 Lafayette Place, an address given me by Minutemen defector Jerry Milton Brooks as the office of W. Guy Banister, a former FBI official who ran a private detective agency. According to Brooks, who had been a trusted Minutemen aide, Banister was a member of the Minutemen and head of the Anti-Communism League of the Caribbean, assertedly an intermediary between the CIA and Caribbean insurgency movements. Brooks said he had worked for Banister on "anti-Communist" research in 1961-1962, and had known David Ferrie as a frequent visitor to Banister's office.

Banister had died of an apparent heart attack in the summer of 1964. But Brooks had told me of two associates whom I hoped to find. One was Hugh F. Ward, a young investigator for Banister who also belonged to the Minutemen and the Anti-Communism League. Then I learned that Ward, too, was dead. Reportedly taught to fly by David Ferrie, he was at the controls of a Piper Aztec

when it plunged to earth near Ciudad Victoria, Mexico, May 23, 1965.

The other associate was Maurice Brooks Gatlin Sr., legal counsel to the Anti-Communism League of the Caribbean. Jerry Brooks said he had once been a sort of protégé of Gatlin and was in his confidence. Brooks believed Gatlin's frequent world travels were as a "transporter" for the CIA. As an example, he said, Gatlin remarked about 1962, in a self-important manner, that he had \$100,000 of CIA money earmarked for a French right-wing clique that was going to attempt to assassinate General de Gaulle; shortly afterward Gatlin flew to Paris. The search for Gatlin, however, was likewise futile: in 1964 he fell or was pushed from the sixth floor of the El Panama Hotel in Panama during the early morning, and was killed instantly.

But the trip to 531 Lafayette Place was not entirely fruitless. The address, I discovered, was a side entrance to 544 Camp Street. Entering either at the front or the side, one arrives via a walkup staircase at the same second floor space. That second floor once housed the Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front and W. Guy Banister & Associates.

Guy Banister had been in charge of the Chicago FBI office before retiring in 1955 and becoming New Orleans deputy superintendent of police for several years. He was regarded as one of the city's most vocal anti-Castroites, and published the racist Louisiana Intelligence Digest, which depicted integration as a communist conspiracy. Evidence of his relationship with the federal intelligence apparatus has recently surfaced. A man who knew Banister well has told Garrison that Banister became associated with the Office of Naval Intelligence through the recommendation of Guy Johnson, an ONI reserve officer and the first attorney for Clay Shaw when he was arrested by Garrison.

A copyrighted story in the New Orleans States-Item, April 25, 1967, further illuminates the Camp Street scene. The newspaper, which at the time had an investigative team working parallel to the Garrison probe, reported that a reliable source close to Banister said he had seen 50 to 100 boxes marked "Schlumberger" in Banister's office-storeroom early in 1961 before the Bay of Pigs. The boxes contained rifle grenades, land mines and unique "little missiles." Banister explained that "the

stuff would just be there overnight . . . a bunch of fellows connected with the Cuban deal asked to leave it there overnight." It was all right, assured Banister, "I have approval from somebody."

The "somebody," one can surmise from the Gordon Novel episode which follows, was the CIA. Novel is wanted by the DA as a material witness in the 1961 burglary of the Schlumberger Well Co. munitions dump near New Orleans. Subpoenaed by the grand jury last March, Novel fled to McLean, Virginia, next door to the CIA complex at Langley, and took a lie detector test administered by a former Army intelligence officer which, he boasted to the press, proved Garrison's probe was a fraud. He then skipped first to Montreal and then to Columbus, Ohio, from where Governor James Rhodes, in one of the most absurd stipulations ever attached to a normally routine procedure, refuses to extradite him unless Garrison agrees not to question him on the assassination.

From his Ohio sanctuary the fugitive cryptically asserted that the munitions caper was one of "the most patriotic burglaries in history." When an enterprising reporter took him to a marathon party, Novel's indiscreet tongue loosened further. According to the States-Item article, Novel's oft-repeated account was that the munitions bunker was a CIA staging point for war materiel destined for use in the impending Bay of Pigs invasion. He is quoted as saying that on the day the munitions were picked up, he "was called by his CIA contact and told to join a group which was ordered to transport munitions from the bunker to New Orleans." The key to the bunker was provided by his CIA contact. Novel reportedly said the others in the CIA group at the bunker were David Ferrie, Sergio Arcacha Smith—New Orleans delegate to the Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front—and several Cubans. The munitions, according to his account, were dropped in Novel's office, Ferrie's home and Banister's office-storeroom.

Ferrie worked on and off for Banister as an investigator, and the mutual affinity was such that in 1962, when Eastern Air Lines was in the process of dismissing Ferrie for publicity over alleged homosexual acts, Banister appeared at a Miami hearing and delivered an impassioned plea on his behalf. When Banister suddenly died, the ex-pilot evidently

acquired part of his files. When he realized he was a prime suspect in Garrison's probe, Ferrie systematically disposed of his papers and documents for the years 1962 and 1963. But in photocopying the bibliography of a cancer paper he had written (at one time he had caged mice in his home on which he experimented with cancer implants), he inadvertently overlapped the bottom portion of notes recording the dispositions. Included is the notation: "Copies of B's [presumably Banister's] microfilm files to Atlanta rite-wingers [sic]."

The Banister files were reputed to be the largest collection of "anti-communist intelligence" in Louisiana, and part were sold by his widow to the Sovereignty Commission, a sort of state HUAC, where a Garrison investigator was able to examine them. Banister's filing system was modeled after the FBI's, and contained files on both friends and foes. The "10" and "23" classification dealt with Cuban matters; 23-5, for example, was labeled Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front and 10-209 simply Cuban File. There was a main file, 23-14, labeled Shaw File, but someone had completely stripped it before Garrison's man got there.

The Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front, which occupied what was grandiosely called Suite 6 at 544 Camp Street, was the coalition of Cuban exile "liberation" groups operating under CIA aegis that mounted the Bay of Pigs invasion. Arcacha, the New Orleans delegate of the Miami-based organization, is a dapper, moustachioed man who had served in Batista's diplomatic corps. There are numerous witnesses who attest that he was a confidant of Banister and Ferrie, and that his office was a way station for the mixed bag of Cuban exiles and American adventurers involved in the "liberation" movement. Late in 1962, the Front closed up shop, at which time Arcacha became a founder of the Crusade to Free Cuba, a paramilitary group of militant right wingers. In March 1963, he moved to Houston, Texas. Early in his investigation, Garrison charged Arcacha with being a party to the munitions burglary with Novel and Ferrie, but by this time he was living in Dallas, where he refused to talk to the DA's men without Dallas police and assistant DA Bill Alexander present. When Garrison obtained an arrest warrant and sought to extradite

him, Texas Governor John Connally would not sign the papers.

As for Oswald and 544 Camp Street, Garrison declares that "we have several witnesses who can testify they observed Oswald there on a number of occasions." One witness is David L. Lewis, another in Banister's stable of investigators. In late 1962, Lewis says, he was drinking coffee in the restaurant next to 544 Camp Street when Cuban exile Carlos Quiroga, who was close to Arcacha, came in with a young man he introduced as Leon Oswald. A few days later, Lewis saw Quiroga, Oswald and Ferrie together at 544 Camp Street. A few days after that, he barged into Banister's office and interrupted a meeting between Banister, Quiroga, Ferrie and Leon Oswald. It was not until he was interviewed by Garrison that Lewis concluded that Leon Oswald was probably Lee Harvey Oswald. Noting that the "natural deaths of Banister and Ferrie were strikingly similar," Lewis has slipped into seclusion.

[CIA: THE COMMON DENOMINATOR]

ON OR ABOUT THE NIGHT of September 16, 1963, a nondescript Leon Oswald, the brilliant, erratic David Ferrie, and a courtly executive-type man named Clem Bertrand discussed a guerrilla ambush of President Kennedy in Ferrie's apartment. There was talk of "triangulation of fire . . . the availability of exit . . . one man had to be sacrificed to give the other one or two gunmen time to escape." Escape out of the country would be by a plane flown by Ferrie. This was the nub of the testimony of Perry Raymond Russo at a preliminary hearing for Clay Shaw, accused by Garrison of conspiracy in the assassination. Russo identified Leon Oswald as Lee Harvey Oswald, and Clem Bertrand as Clay Shaw.

What would bring three such widely disparate men together in the first place? One possible answer: the CIA.

On the fringe of downtown New Orleans, the building at 544 Camp Street is across the street from the government building which in 1963 housed the local CIA headquarters. One block away, at 640 Magazine Street, is the William B. Reilly Co., a coffee firm where Oswald was employed that pivotal summer. He worked from May 10 to July 19, earning a total of \$548.41 (Commission Exhibits 1154). Despite this, he did not seem hard put to support Marina and their

child. Nor did he seem particularly concerned about being fired. The personnel manager of the Reily Co. told the Secret Service that ~~"there would be times when Oswald would be gone for periods of an hour or longer and when questioned he could not furnish a plausible explanation as to where he had been . . ."~~ (CE 1154).

Next door is the Crescent City Garage, whose owner, Adrian T. Alba, testified that Oswald spent hours on end in his waiting room buried in gun magazines (Warren Report, Vol. 10, p. 226). Shortly before leaving the coffee firm, Oswald mentioned to Alba that his employment application was about to be accepted "out there where the gold is"—the NASA Saturn missile plant at Gentilly, a suburb (Vol. 10, p. 226).

On the face of it, the idea that Oswald could get a job at a space agency installation requiring security clearance seems preposterous. He was a self-avowed Marxist who had tried to renounce his American citizenship in Moscow, married the niece of a Soviet KGB colonel, openly engaged in "Fair Play For Cuba" activity, and attempted to join the Communist Party, U.S.A. But Garrison points out that it is an open secret that the CIA uses the NASA facility as a cover for clandestine operations. And it is his contention that Oswald was a "witting" agent of the CIA.

There is a surfeit of indications of Oswald's status. One is the story of Donald P. Norton, who claims he was impressed into the Agency's service in 1957 under threat of exposure as a homosexual. In September 1962, Norton related, he was dispatched from Atlanta to Mexico with \$50,000 for an anti-Castro group. He had no sooner registered in the Yamajel Hotel in Monterrey, Mexico, per instructions, than he was contacted by one Harvey Lee, a dead ringer for Oswald except that his hair seemed slightly thicker. In exchange for the money, Lee gave him a briefcase containing documents in manila envelopes. According to plan, Norton delivered the briefcase to an employee of an American oil firm in Calgary, Alberta, who repeated the pass phrase, "The weather is very warm in Tulsa."

Norton also contends he met David Ferrie earlier in his CIA career. In early 1958, he was tapped for a courier trip to Cuba and told to meet his contact at the Eastern Air Lines counter at the Atlanta airport. The contact was a singular-

appearing man who called himself Hugh Pharris or Ferris; Norton now states it was Ferrie. "Here are your samples," Ferrie remarked, handing Norton a phonograph record. "It is in the jacket." "It" was \$150,000, which Norton duly delivered to a Cuban television performer in Havana. Norton asserts he went to Freeport, Grand Bahamas, on an Agency assignment late in 1966, and upon his return to Miami his contact instructed that "something was happening in New Orleans, and that I [Norton] should take a long, quiet vacation."

He did, and started to fret about the "people who have died in recent months—like Ferrie." Then he decided to contact Garrison. Norton was given a lie detector test, and there were no indications of deception.

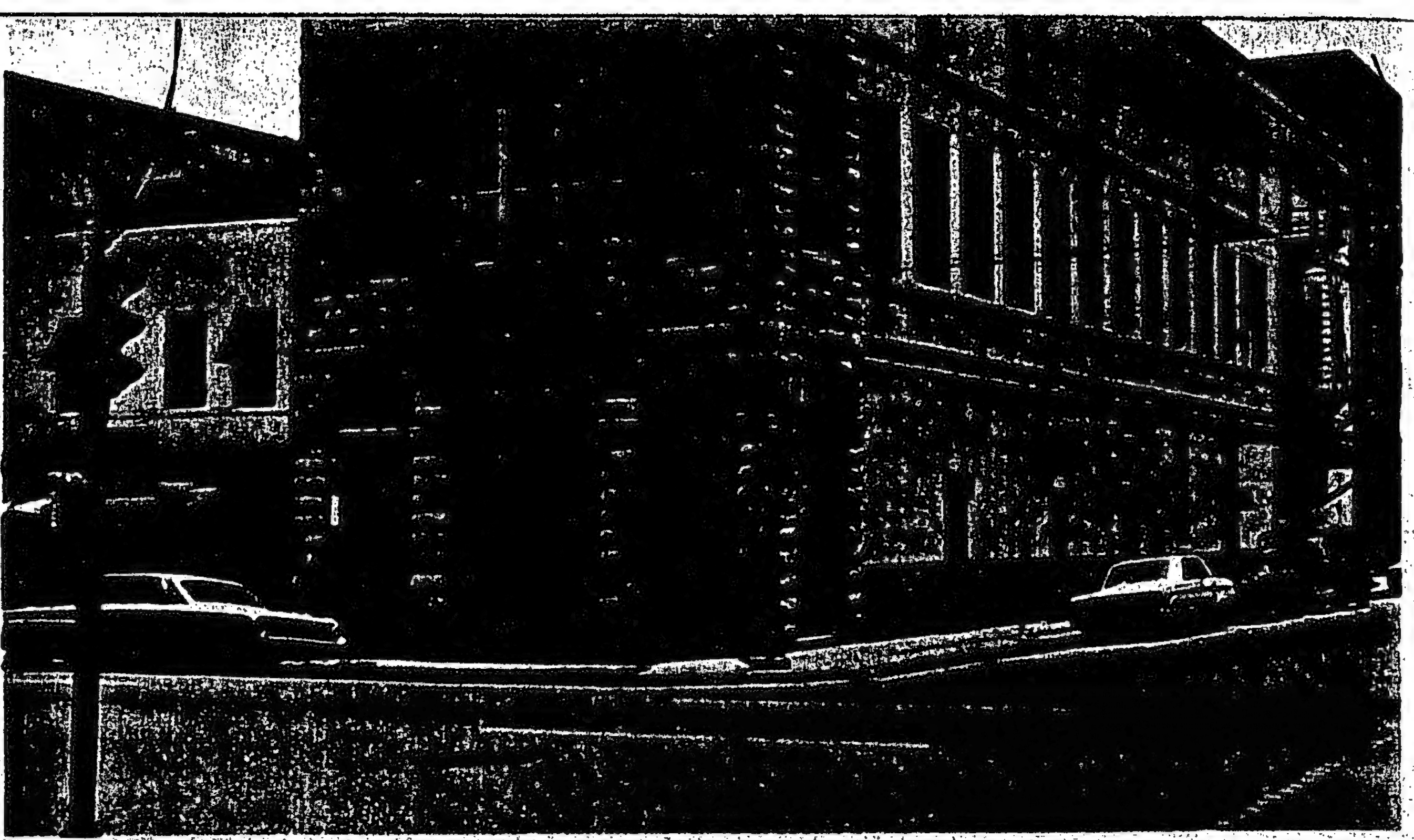
Garrison believes that ~~Oswald was schooled in covert operations by the CIA while in the Marine Corps at the Atsugi Naval Station in Japan, a U-2 facility~~ (interestingly, two possibly relevant documents, "Oswald's access to information about the U-2" [CD 931] and "Reproduction of CIA official dossier on Oswald" [CD 692] are still classified in the National Archives). Curiously, the mis-cast Marine who was constantly in hot water had a Crypto clearance on top of a Top Secret clearance, and was given two electronics courses. "Isn't it odd," prods Garrison, "that even though he supposedly defected to the Soviet Union with Top Secret data on our radar nets, no action was taken against him when he came back to the United States?"

Equally odd is Oswald's acquisition of Russian language ability. Although the Warren Report spread the fiction that he was self-taught, and Oswald himself falsely told a New Orleans acquaintance that he had studied Russian at Tulane University, the likelihood is that he was tutored at the CIA's Atsugi station. Marine Corps records reflect that on February 25, 1959, at the conclusion of his Atsugi tour of duty, he was given a Russian language proficiency test (Folsom Exhibit No. 1, p. 7). A former Marine comrade, Kerry Thornley, deposed to Garrison that Oswald conversed in Russian with John Rene Heindel every morning at muster.

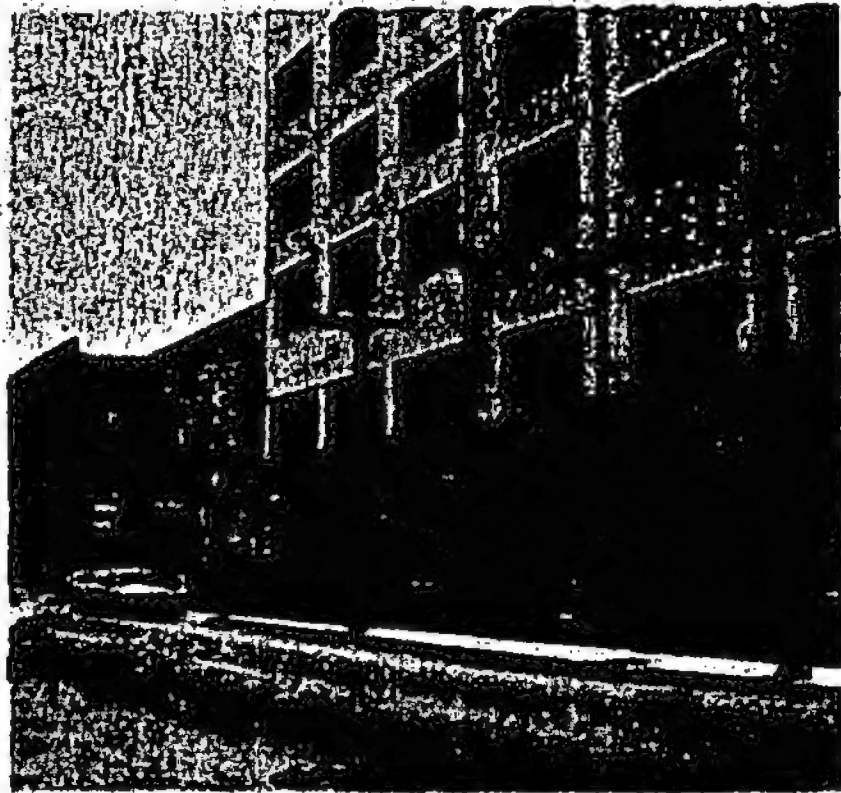
Oswald's "defection" to the Soviet Union also smacks of being CIA-initiated. In retrospect, the clearance of U.S. departure and reentry formalities seems unduly expeditious. When the Marine

Corps *post facto* downgraded his discharge to less than honorable, Oswald indignantly wrote Secretary of the Navy John B. Connally, "I have and allways [sic] had the full sanction of the U.S. Embassy, Moscow USSR and hence the U.S. government" (Warren Report, p. 710). When an interviewer on a New Orleans radio station asked him on August 21, 1963, if he had had a government subsidy during his three years in Russia, the normally articulate Oswald stammered badly: "Well, as I er, well, I will answer that question directly then as you will not rest until you get your answer er, I worked in Russia, er, I was er under the protection er, of the er, that is to say I was not under protection of the American government but I was at all times er, considered an American citizen . . ." (This is the original version as disseminated by the Associated Press. The version released by the Warren Commission has been edited to delete the hemming and hawing and the apparent slip of the tongue, "I was under the protection . . ." [Vol. 21, p. 639].)

Possibly the most cogent suggestion of Oswald's mission in the Soviet Union can be found in the testimony of Dennis H. Ofstein, a fellow-employee at Jagars-Chiles-Stovall Co. in Dallas (this is the photographic/graphic arts firm where Oswald worked upon his return from Russia; it receives many classified government contracts). Ofstein's smattering of Russian evidently set the usually phlegmatic Oswald to talking. "All the time I was in Minsk I never saw a vapor trail," Ofstein quotes him. "He also mentioned about the disbursement [dispersement?] of military units," Ofstein continued, "saying they didn't intermingle their armored divisions and infantry divisions and various units the way we do in the United States, and they would have all of their aircraft in one geographical location and their tanks in another geographical location, and their infantry in another . . ." On one occasion, Oswald asked Ofstein to enlarge a photograph taken in Russia which, he explained, represented "some military headquarters and that the guards stationed there were armed with weapons and ammunition and had orders to shoot any trespassers . . ." (Vol. 10, p. 202). Oswald's inordinate interest in the contrails of high flying aircraft, Soviet military deployment and a military facility involving an element of risk to photograph



On the left is the entrance to 544 Camp St. On the right, 531 Lafayette Pl.



The Reily Bldg. (See map opposite)

hardly seems the natural curiosity of a hapless ex-Marine private.

An intriguing entry in Oswald's address book is the word "microdots" appearing on the page on which he has notated the address and phone number of Jagers-Chiles-Stovall (CE 18, p. 45). Microdots are a clandestine means of communication developed by German intelligence during World War II and still in general use among espionage agencies. The technique is to photograph the document to be transmitted and vastly reduce the negative to a size that will fit inside a period. The microdot can be inserted in an innocuous letter or magazine and mailed, or left in a "dead drop"—a prearranged location for the deposit and pickup of messages.

Thus it may be significant that Oswald obtained library cards in Dallas and New Orleans, and usually visited the

libraries on Thursday. The possible implication of his visits was not overlooked by the FBI, which confiscated every book he ever charged out, and never returned them. A piece that may fit into the puzzle is the discovery by Garrison of an adult borrower's card issued by the New Orleans public library in the name Clem Bertrand. The business address shown is the International Trade Mart [Shaw's former place of employment], and the home address 3100 Louisiana Avenue Parkway, a wrong number, but conspicuously close to that of David Ferrie at 3330 Louisiana Avenue Parkway. There may be a pattern here, since Oswald supposedly carried a card issued to Ferrie when arrested in Dallas.

Still another hint of Oswald's intelligence status is the inventory of his property seized by Dallas police after the assassination. Included is such sophisticated optical equipment as a Sterio Realist camera, a Hanza camera timer, filters, a small German camera, a Wollensak 15 power telescope, Micron 6X binoculars and a variety of film—hardly the usual accouterments of a lowly warehouseman (Stovall Exhibits).

Upon his return from Russia, the man who subscribed to Pravda in the Marine Corps and lectured his fellow Marines on Marxist dialectics set about institutionalizing his leftist facade. He wrote ingratiating letters to the national headquarters of the Communist Party, Fair Play for Cuba Committee and Socialist

Workers Party (a copy of the famous snapshot of Oswald with a revolver on his hip, a rifle in one hand and the Party organ, the Militant, in the other was mailed to the SWP office in New York in April 1963). Garrison believes the facade was intended to facilitate his entry into communist countries for special missions.

Ferrie's involvement with the CIA seems to stem mainly from his anti-Castro paramilitary activity, although there is a suggestion that he was at one time a pilot for the Agency. In the late 1940s and early 1950s he flew light planes commercially in the Cleveland, Ohio area, and was rated by his colleagues as an outstanding pilot. In the middle 1950s there is an untraceable gap in his career. Then he turns up as an Eastern Air Lines pilot. Although he supposedly obtained an instrument rating at the Sunnyside Flying School in Tampa, Florida, there is no record that any such school ever existed.

A clue to Ferrie's activities may lie in the loss of hair he suffered. A fellow employee at Eastern recalls that when Ferrie first joined the line he was "handsome and friendly," but in the end became "moody and paranoid—afraid the communists were out to get him." The personality change coincided with a gradual loss of hair. First a bald spot appeared, which Ferrie explained was caused by acid dripping from a plane battery. Then the hair began falling out

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AN ASSASSIN'S GUIDE TO NEW ORLEANS

1. The old International Trade Mart. During the summer of 1963, Lee Harvey Oswald passed out "Fair Play for Cuba" literature at its entrance. Some of the literature was stamped with the address "544 Camp St., New Orleans, La."
2. The building at 544 Camp Street. In 1961-63, the building was a beehive of activity by anti-Castro groups, some sponsored by the CIA. A side entrance at 531 Lafayette Place was used by the late Guy Banister, a private detective who employed David Ferrie. Garrison has linked Oswald to the building's occupants.
3. The old U.S. Courthouse across from 544 Camp Street. In 1963 the CIA had an office in the Courthouse.
4. The William B. Reilly Co. at 640 Magazine Street, a coffee firm where Oswald was employed during the summer of 1963.
5. The Crescent City Garage, next door to the Reilly Co. Owner Adrian Alba told the Warren Commission that Oswald frequently visited the garage to read his gun magazines, and once mentioned that he would soon be obtaining a job at the Space Agency facility at Gentilly, a New Orleans suburb.
6. The new International Trade Mart, opened in 1965. Clay Shaw, accused by Garrison as an assassination conspirator, was executive manager of the Mart until his retirement in 1965.

in clumps—Ferrie desperately studied medicine to try to halt the process—until his body was entirely devoid of hair. One speculation is that he was moonlighting and suffered a physiological reaction to exposure to the extreme altitudes required for clandestine flights. Chinese Nationalist U-2 pilots reportedly have suffered the same hair-loss phenomenon.

One of Ferrie's covert tasks in the New Orleans area was to drill small teams in guerrilla warfare. One of his young proteges has revealed that he trained some of his Civil Air Patrol cadets and Cubans and formed them into five-man small weapons units, this under the auspices of the Marine Corps and State Department. Coupled with this is the information from another former protege that Ferrie confided "he was working for the CIA rescuing Cubans out of Castro prisons," and on one occasion was called to Miami so that the CIA could "test him to see if he was the type of person who told his business to anybody." In a speech before the Military Order of World Wars in New Orleans in late 1961, Ferrie related that he had trained pilots in Guatemala for the Bay of Pigs, and professed bitter disappointment that they were not used.

Clay Shaw, an international trade official with top-level contacts in Latin America and Europe, would have been a natural target for CIA recruitment. Gordon Novel, who was acquainted with Shaw, was quoted by the States-Item as venturing that Shaw may have been asked by the CIA to observe the traffic of foreign commerce through New Orleans. More persuasive is Shaw's membership on the board of directors of a firm called *Centro Mondiale Commerciale* in Rome. According to the newspapers *Paese Sera* of Rome and *Le Devoir* of Montreal, among others of the foreign press, CMC was an obscure but well-financed firm that was ousted from Italy by the police because it was suspected of being a CIA front. It transplanted its operation to the more friendly climate of Johannesburg, South Africa, where it still functions.

The same group that incorporated CMC also set up a firm called Permidx Corporation in Switzerland, but that company was dissolved by the Swiss government when it was proved to be a conduit for funds destined for the Secret Army Organization (OAS), a group of

right-wing French officers dedicated to "keeping Algeria French" by force of arms. The composition of the CMC group with which Shaw was associated is of more than cursory interest, since it includes a former U.S. intelligence officer, now an executive of the Bank of Montreal; the publisher of the neo-Nazi *National-Zeitung* of Germany; Prince Guitere de Spadaforo, an Italian industrialist related by marriage to Hitler finance minister Hjalmar Schacht; and the lawyer to the Italian royal family and secretary of the Italian neo-Fascist Party. Through his attorney, Shaw has stated he joined the CMC board of directors in 1958 at the insistence of his own board of directors of the International Trade Mart of New Orleans.

ON AUGUST 1, 1963, the front page of the States-Item carried two news stories which, Garrison asserts, symbolize the bitter end of the paramilitary right's tolerance of John F. Kennedy. "A-Treaty Signing Set On Monday" was the lead to one story, disclosing that the test ban treaty was about to become reality and that a NATO-Warsaw bloc nonaggression pact was in the wind. "Explosives Cache Home Lent to Cuban, Says Owner's Wife," announced the lead to another story, telling of an FBI raid on a military training site and arms cache on the north side of Lake Pontchartrain. Agents had seized more than a ton of dynamite, 20 100-pound bomb casings, fuses, napalm ingredients and other war materiel.

The whipsaw developments—Kennedy's patent determination to effect a rapprochement with the communist nations on the one hand, his crackdown under the Neutrality Act on anti-Castro paramilitary groups on the other—triggered a rage against the President that would find vent in his assassination.

The true nature of the group raided at Lake Pontchartrain was not evident from the story. The FBI announced no arrests, and the wife of the property owner, Mrs. William J. McLaney, gave out the cover story that the premises had been loaned to a newly-arrived Cuban named Jose Juarez as a favor to friends in Cuba. (McLaney had been well-known as a gambler associated with the Tropicana Hotel in Havana before being ousted by Castro in 1960.)

According to information leaked to Garrison by another government agency,

the FBI had in fact arrested 11 men, then quietly released them. Among those in the net was Aceto Pedro Amores, believed to be a former Batista official who slipped out of Cuba in 1960. Also caught was Richard Lauchli Jr., one of the founders of the Minutemen. Lauchli, who possessed a federal license to manufacture weapons in his Collinsville, Illinois machine shop, was arrested again in 1964 when Treasury investigators, posing as agents of a South American country, trapped him in a deal to sell a huge quantity of illicit automatic arms. The others arrested were American adventurers and Cuban exiles.

Garrison believes that the assassination team at Dealey Plaza included renegade Minutemen operating without the knowledge of the group's central headquarters. Free-lance terrorism has plagued Minutemen national coordinator Robert DePugh since the organization's inception, and there have been several abortive assassination schemes hatched by individual cliques.

For example, in 1962, a Dallas extremist using the pseudonym John Morris was given money by a Minutemen clique at the Liberty Mall in Kansas City to subsidize the sniper slaying of Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas. The plan called for Morris to escape in a plane flown by a Texas man, but DePugh got wind of it and aborted it. And a Cuban exile close to Guy Banister has told Garrison that in 1962 Minuteman Banister seriously discussed "putting poison in the air conditioning ducts in the Havana Palace and killing all occupants."

The latest plot to surface was formulated in Dallas in September 1966; its target was Stanley Marcus of the Neiman-Marcus department store, a pro-United Nations liberal who somehow has managed to thrive in rigidly conservative Dallas. According to an informant who was present, several Minutemen decided to ambush Marcus outside of Dallas, because "another assassination in Dallas would be too much." Again, there was a leak and the plan fell through. However, as the Warren Report might phrase it, such schemes "establish the propensity to kill" on the part of the radical right.

"Minutemen" has become an almost generic term for the paramilitary right, a far from homogenous movement. Some elements are driven primarily by

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race hatred and anti-Semitism, others by perfervid anti-communism, still others by a personal interest in overthrowing Castro and regaining property or sinecures in the Cuban bureaucracy. There is considerable cross-pollination, especially in the South. A graphic example can be found in rural St. Bernard Parish, near New Orleans. A state police undercover investigator relates that inside a farmhouse which serves as a Ku Klux Klan regional headquarters are Nazi emblems and a shrine to Horst Wessel, and in back, behind a copse of trees, a rifle range and large cache of guns belonging to Minutemen.

There is intense factionalism inside the paramilitary right, and in recent years a power struggle for hegemony over the movement raged between DePugh of the Minutemen and the late George Lincoln Rockwell of the American Nazis. In a recent public statement DePugh commented that "fascism is the number one danger in this country today," and that the "fascists" are using anti-communism as a smokescreen to cover their own rush for power. I had occasion to talk to DePugh, and suggested to him that the guerrilla team that bushwhacked the President included Minutemen who had drifted into the Nazi orbit. "I'm inclined to agree," he said.

One of the most inexplicable entries in Oswald's address book is "Nat. Sec. Dan Burros, Lincoln Rockwell, Arlington, Virginia" (CE 18, p. 55). Other right-wing figures in the address book are Carlos Bringuier of the Cuban Student Directorate in New Orleans and retired General Edwin Walker of Dallas. Bringuier told the Commission that Oswald had approached him and offered to train Cuban exiles in Marine tactics, but he suspected Oswald was a plant.

An anti-Castro adventurer who trained in the Florida Keys prior to the assassination claims that by November 22, 1963, there was not one but several paramilitary teams gunning for Kennedy. They had been in contact, he said, with "wealthy backers who wanted to see Kennedy dead and had been given money to do the job."

[THE MAKING OF A PATSY]

ON JANUARY 20, 1961, TWO MEN approached Oscar W. Deslatte, assistant manager of the Bolton Ford Truck Center in New Orleans, and identified themselves as members of the

Friends of Democratic Cuba. To help their cause, they wanted to purchase ten trucks at cost. Deslatte filled out a bid form, recording their names as Joseph Moore and Oswald. The young man calling himself Oswald said that if the trucks were purchased he would be the one to pay for them. This is the gist of an incident recorded by the FBI immediately after the assassination and dug out of the obscurity of the Archives by Garrison researcher Tom Bethell (CD 1542).

Garrison has located the former Bolton Ford manager who was present at the time, Fred A. Sewell. He recalled that the younger "skinny" man gave the full name *Lee Oswald*, and that "Joseph Moore" actually was a Cuban who gave a Cuban name on the bid form. What is puzzling about the incident is that Lee Harvey Oswald was in Minsk, Russia in 1961, thus raising the question of who was impersonating him and why.

Any answer must necessarily be conjecture, but it may be significant to recall that Lee Harvey Oswald spent four days in New Orleans in September 1959 before departing on the first leg of his journey to the Soviet Union aboard the SS Marion Lykes (CE 1963). Garrison has picked up indications that Oswald's decision to embark via ship from *New Orleans* was dictated by intelligence considerations. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that during the four-day period in the city he was inducted into a CIA group, an anti-Castro member of which would later use Oswald's name.

The genesis of the Friends of Democratic Cuba is not inconsistent with this theory. One of the incorporators of the organization was Guy Banister, the Minutemen/CIA type. Another was William Wayne Dalzell who knew Ferrie and Arcacha, and was still another in the Banister coterie of sleuths. To a States-Item reporter he admitted he was CIA.

The Friends of Democratic Cuba was founded January 9, 1961, less than two weeks before the Bolton Ford incident. It was intended as a kind of American auxiliary to Arcacha's all-Cuban Revolutionary Front, and Arcacha was instrumental in its creation. Government advisors to the Friends, says an informant who was closely involved with the group, were a CIA man named Logan and the FBI's Regis Kennedy, who invoked executive privilege when questioned not long ago by the New Orleans grand jury looking into the assassina-



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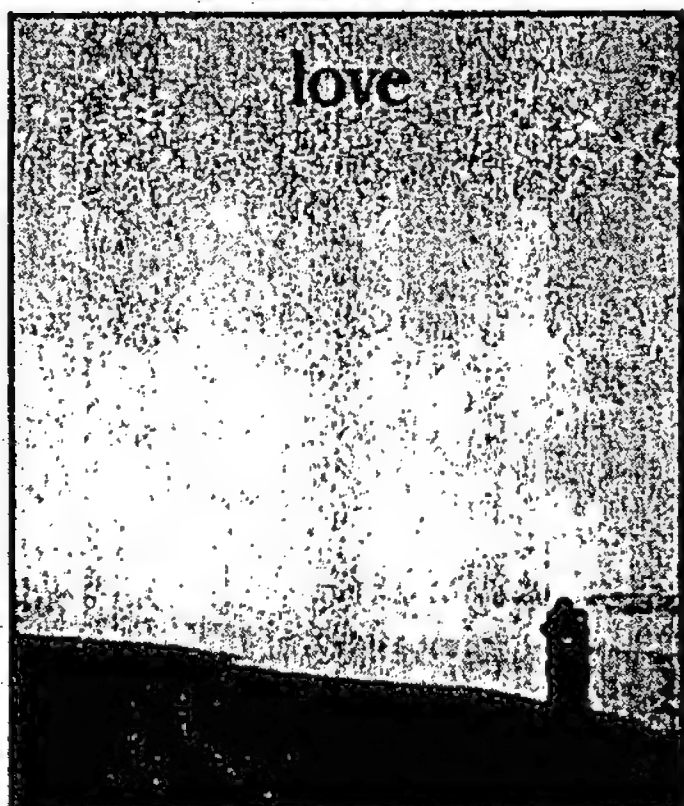
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tion. The Friends were short-lived, and the Front slowly dissolved after the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion. The die-hard remnants of these moribund groups formed the Free Cuba movement.

The Secret Service stumbled upon the Free Cuba group in its hectic post-assassination inquiries at 544 Camp Street, but apparently the T-men were completely sold on Oswald's left-wing orientation and never thought to connect him with a right-wing outfit. Learning that "Cuban revolutionaries" had occupied space at that address, Secret Service men talked to a Cuban exile accountant who said that "those Cubans were members of organizations known as 'Crusade to Free Cuba Committee' and 'Cuban Revolutionary Council.'" Arcacha, the accountant related, was authorized to sign checks on both accounts (CE 3119). He said that Arcacha continued with the Free Cuba group even after he had been ousted from the CRC (CE 1414). There is no record that the Secret Service questioned Arcacha about Oswald.

It was a grievous omission, for it is now manifest that Oswald was intimately involved with the Free Cuba group. One indication is implicit in the testimony of Mrs. Sylvia Odio, an aristocratic Cuban refugee. When Lee Harvey Oswald's picture was flashed on television after the assassination, she fainted. She explained to the Warren Commission that in late September 1963, three men appeared unannounced at her Dallas apartment seeking assistance for the anti-Castro movement. The spokesman gave a "war name" that sounded like Leopoldo; a second man was introduced as something like Angelo. The third man was introduced as Leon Oswald, and Mrs. Odio was certain he was the accused assassin.

Unsure of the trio's true allegiance, Mrs. Odio was noncommittal. They left, after commenting that they had just arrived from New Orleans and were leaving shortly "on a trip." The next morning Leopoldo telephoned Mrs. Odio with a new sales pitch. "Leon" was an ex-Marine, he said. "He told us we don't have any guts, you Cubans, because President Kennedy should have been assassinated after the Bay of Pigs. . . . It is easy to do. He has told us." When his listener became upset at talk of killing Kennedy, Leopoldo remarked that it would be just as easy to kill the Cuban Premier. Leon was an expert shot,

he said, a man who "could do anything like getting underground in Cuba, like killing Castro" (Vol. 11, pp. 367-389).

Just before the Warren Report went to press, the FBI located three men possibly identical with Mrs. Odio's provocative visitors. Some three weeks after the visit, Loren Eugene Hall and William Seymour had been arrested by the Dallas police on a technical narcotics charge. Significantly, their arrest record bore the notation: "Active in the anti-Castro movement. . . Committee to Free Cuba." G-men traced them and a companion, Lawrence Howard Jr, to the west coast.

Hall admitted to the FBI that he, Howard and Seymour had been to see Mrs. Odio, whose apartment he correctly located on Magellan Circle, "to ask her assistance in the movement," presumably the Free Cuba movement. But Howard, although conceding he was with Hall in Dallas in late September, flatly denied being at Mrs. Odio's. Seymour alibied that he was working in Miami Beach at the time; the FBI verified that pay records of a Miami Beach firm showed him at work from September 5 through October 10.

In a second session with the FBI, Hall recanted his admission and claimed he had been mistaken, a turnabout that did not seem to be viewed too skeptically by the G-men. The Bureau closed its inquiry by observing that Seymour bore a striking resemblance to Oswald, a meaningless footnote considering that the pay records had been accepted as *prima facie* evidence that he was in Miami Beach at the relevant time.

With Seymour "out of the way," the Warren Commission had only to dispose of the possibility that it was Oswald at Mrs. Odio's. It did so by declaring it improbable that Oswald could have traveled to Dallas in the limited time between his departure from New Orleans and his crossing of the Mexican border. But the Commission reckoned from surface transportation timetables, and there is a suggestion he flew at least part of the way. Mrs. Horace Twiford of Houston stated that in late September, when Oswald telephoned her husband, he commented that he "had only a few hours" before "flying to Mexico" (CE 2335).

The post-assassination search at the Irving premises of Ruth and Michael Paine, with whom Marina had been staying, yielded another tie to the Free Cuba movement. Among Oswald's be-


longings in the garage was a barrel that had, said Deputy Buddy Walthers, "a lot of these little leaflets in it, 'Freedom for Cuba'" (Vol. 7, p. 548). And at his celebrated press conference the night of the assassination, DA Henry Wade let it slip that "Oswald is a member of the Free Cuba Committee." He was immediately "corrected" by Jack Ruby who had mingled with the press: "No, he is a member of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee."

Deputy Walthers added a final link. In a "Supplementary Investigative Report" dated November 23, 1963, he stated that he had advised Dallas Secret Service Chief Forrest Sorrels that "for the past few months at a house at 3128 Harlandale some Cubans had been having meetings on the week ends and were possibly [sic] connected with the 'Freedom For Cuba Party' of which Oswald was a member." Three days later, when the Secret Service had evinced no interest, he wrote a wistful addendum: "I learned today that sometime between seven days before the President was shot and the day after he was shot these Cubans moved from this house. My informant stated that subject Oswald had

been to this house before" (Decker Exhibit No. 5323).

Why Oswald's anti-Castro comrades decided to make him the patsy is open to conjecture. Perhaps he balked at going through with the assassination. Perhaps they did not trust him and suspected he was an infiltrator. The most likely explanation is a pragmatic one: they needed a patsy and he was the ideal candidate. To make the assassination look like the work of an avowed Marxist and Castro sympathizer would have been a propaganda *tour de force*. "Even so," offers Garrison, "I think the big money backers of the plot were a little disappointed. Oswald was supposed to be killed trying to escape, and if those Cuban and Soviet visas he applied for but didn't get could have been found on his body, public opinion against Russia and Cuba would have been incited to a dangerous pitch."

In the weeks preceding the assassination, there are a number of instances of an Oswald double in Dallas who probably was instrumental in "setting him up." Gunsmith Dial D. Ryder told the Commission that in early November, someone giving the name Oswald



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brought in a rifle to have a telescopic sight mounted; he produced a repair tag in that name as confirmation (Report, p. 315). Garland G. Slack and other target shooters patronizing the Sports Dome Rifle Range reported that a man resembling Oswald had practiced there as late as November; the man made himself obvious, at one time incurring Slack's displeasure by firing on his target (Report, pp. 318-319).

An incident at Downtown Lincoln-Mercury is highly revealing. Immediately after the assassination, salesman Albert Guy Bogard reported to the FBI that a man giving the name Lee Oswald, who closely resembled the accused assassin, came into the showroom on November 9. Remarking that in several weeks he would have the money to make the purchase, he test-drove an expensive model on the Stemmons Freeway at 60 to 70 miles an hour. Both Bogard and another salesman, Oren Brown, wrote down the name Oswald so that they would remember him if he called back. A third salesman, Eugene M. Wilson, recalled that when the man purporting to be Oswald was told he would need a credit rating, he snapped, "Maybe I'm

going to have to go back to Russia to buy a car" (Report, p. 320).

Given a lie detector test by the FBI, Bogard's responses were those "normally expected of a person telling the truth." Nevertheless, the Warren Commission dismissed the incident by noting that Oswald supposedly could not operate an automobile and that on November 9 he allegedly spent the day drafting a lengthy letter to the Soviet Embassy. It evidently never considered the possibility someone might be impersonating Oswald. But Bogard will never identify the impersonator. He stuck to his story in news interviews, and subsequently was beaten to within an inch of his life by an unknown assailant and arrested by the Dallas police on seemingly trumped-up bad check charges. He retreated to his native Louisiana, where on St. Valentine's Day 1966, he was found dead of exhaust fumes in his automobile.

The main ingredients of the patsy theory are wrapped up in a story that has gradually filtered out of Leavenworth Penitentiary. The story is that of inmate Richard Case Nagell, and paradoxically, the most cogent confirmation for it is the manner in which he wound up sentenced to ten years in federal custody.

Nagell was a highly decorated infantry captain in the Korean War who, he claims, subsequently became a CIA agent. It is a matter of record that in 1957 he was seriously injured in a plane crash in Cambodia, which tends to support his contention, since Cambodia was not exactly a tourist playground. On September 20, 1963, Nagell walked into a bank in El Paso, Texas, fired a gun into the ceiling, and then sat outside waiting to be arrested. He says he staged the affair because he wanted to be in custody as an alibi when the assassination took place. It was a desperate measure, he admits. But he had sent a registered letter to J. Edgar Hoover warning him of the impending assassination, which he says was then scheduled for the latter part of September (probably the 26th in Washington, D.C.), and the letter had gone unanswered.

There is an incredibly brief FBI interview report stating, in part, that on December 19, 1963, Nagell advised, "For the record he would like to say that his association with OSWALD (meaning LEE HARVEY OSWALD) was purely social and that he had met him in Mexico City and in Texas" (CD 197). Another



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report states that when the prisoner was being led from court on January 24, 1964, he "made wild accusations to newspaper reporters, accusing the FBI of not attempting to prevent the assassination of President Kennedy . . ." (CD 404).

That the charges may not be so wild is indicated by the fact that the government threw the book at Nagell, a first offender who says he expected to be charged only with discharging a firearm on government-protected property. Since his sentencing, he has been shuttled between Leavenworth and the federal medical center (a euphemism for mental institution) at Springfield, Missouri. While the government has suggested in court that his airplane crash mentally affected Nagell, the fact remains that he was given intelligence training *after* the crash.

What Nagell alleges is damning not only to the FBI, but to the CIA. In brief, he says that the motive for the assassination was Kennedy's move in the direction of a rapprochement with Castro, which was a rank betrayal in the eyes of anti-Castro elements. As he puts it, an anti-Castro group in New Orleans and Mexico City, code name Bravo Club, decided to give Kennedy a "Christmas present" to be delivered September 26, a date that was postponed. A party was required. Two members of Bravo Club approached Oswald while he was working at the Reily coffee firm in New Orleans in the summer of 1963, and appealed to his ego in setting him up as the patsy. When the "delivery" site was shifted to Dallas, Bravo Club enlisted the aid of a Dallas "subsidiary," Delta Club.

Meanwhile the CIA got wind of the plans and sent several agents into the field to ascertain whether they were "for real." Nagell says he was one of the agents dispatched. Within a short time, he claims, he was pulled in. It had been verified that the plans were authentic, that "*gusanos* [anti-Castroites] were making the watch tick," and that the sum of the plot was right-wing in nature. Nagell says that he was instructed to "arrow" the patsy, that is kill him, *after* the assassination. At this point, he contends, he got cold feet and bailed out. "I would rather be arrested than commit murder and treason," he declared in a self-prepared petition for *habeas corpus*.

In the petition, Nagell asserts that he used the pseudonyms Robert Nolan and Joseph Kramer in the U.S. and three

foreign countries under the authorization of the Defense Intelligence Agency. He states that the files of the FBI and the CIA contain information that Oswald was using the aliases Albert Hidell and Aleksei Hidell. He charges that the FBI illegally seized from him evidence crucial to his defense, such as notebooks containing the names of certain CIA employees, photographs, two Mexican tourist cards (one in the name Joseph Kramer, the other in the name Albert Hidell), and receipts for registered mail, including the one for the letter sent Hoover warning of the assassination.

When Nagell complains he has been "salted away" because of what he knows, he just might be making the understatement of the year.

[THE ELIMINATION OF A PATSY]

"I DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY . . . I'm just a patsy," Oswald shouted to newsmen while in police custody. A marked patsy, contends Garrison—one who was not supposed to have lived long enough to utter his cry of innocence. But something had misfired, and Oswald fell not into the hands of his would-be executioners, but into the comparative safety of the Dallas jail. The denouement presented a crisis that the conspirators could solve only by pressing police buff Jack Ruby into service.

Although the Warren Commission concluded that Oswald ducked into his Oak Cliff rooming house to pick up the .38 revolver, later confiscated from him in the Texas Theater, it did not explain why, if he had gone to work at the School Book Depository that morning intending to kill the President and escape, he did not take the revolver with him. That he made a beeline to his rooming house for the sole purpose of getting the revolver speaks of a man who desperately wanted to protect himself from treacherous comrades rather than from the police. Notwithstanding the mild resistance he put up in his refuge in the Texas Theater, Oswald's demeanor in custody gave every indication that he would resolve the great riddle—given the time.

Oswald does not appear to be the only double-cross victim of that bloody afternoon: the evidence is persuasive that someone other than the accused assassin killed Officer J. D. Tippit, a friend of Jack Ruby, whose patrol area included the Harlandale Street section headquar-

ters of the Free Cuba group. The Commission's star witness in fingering Oswald was Mrs. Helen Markham, a billing that precipitated strong dissent among some staff members, notably Wesley Liebler who called her testimony "contradictory" and "worthless" (*Inquest*, p. 109). Although ballistics tests could not posi-

tively match the bullets in the dead officer's body with Oswald's revolver, they did determine that three bullets were of one manufacture, the fourth of another, while the four recovered shell casings were evenly divided between the two manufacturers. The Commission wriggled out of this dilemma by wildly speculating that five shots were fired, one completely missing (Report, p. 172).

Moreover, the police radio logs describe a killer other than Oswald. Sergeant Gerald Hill alerted all cars that "Shells at the scene indicate the suspect is armed with an automatic .38 rather than a pistol" (presumably, Hill noted the distinctive marks made by the ejector of an automatic). In the same vein, Patrolman H. L. Summers announced, "He's apparently armed with a .32 dark finish automatic pistol. . . ." First flashes had the killer with "black wavy hair" and a "white shirt," certainly not a description of Oswald that day (Sawyer Exhibit No. A, pp. 396-397). And the best placed eyewitness, Domingo Benavides, described a killer quite different from Oswald: "I remember the back of his head seemed like his hairline sort of went square instead of tapered off—it kind of went down and squared off and made his head look flat in back."

Garrison posits that the real killer hid in a cavernous building at the corner of Tenth and Crawford which in 1963 was known as the Abundant Life Temple. In an aerial view of the area, the Commission traced the killer's escape path from the scene near Tenth and Patton to Jefferson Boulevard one block south, thence to the Texaco service station one block west at Jefferson and Crawford. A "white jacket" was found at the rear of the station, which the Commission said was Oswald's. Consequently, it had the killer reverse his path so as to bring him back onto Jefferson and proceeding in a westerly direction toward the theater (CE 1968).

Rejecting this arbitrary reconstruction, Garrison points out that the killer could have proceeded straight ahead from the rear of the Texaco station, across an alley and into the rear door of the Abundant Life Temple. This view is corroborated by police radio logs. Shortly after 1:40 p.m., Sergeant Hill came on the air: "A witness reports that he last was seen in the Abundant Life Temple about the 400 block. We are fixing to go in and shake it down." On an alternate channel,

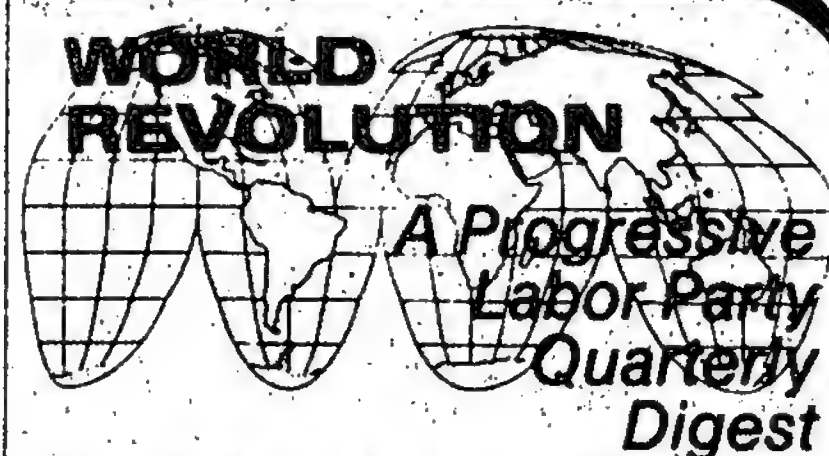
Car 95 ordered, "Send me another squad over here to Tenth and Crawford to check out this church basement."

At this point Car 223 burst in excitedly, "He's in the library on Jefferson east 500 block . . . I'm going around back, get somebody around the front, get them here fast." The dispatcher complied, and Car 19 soon affirmed, "We're all at the library." There was no suspect at the library, but the Abundant Life Temple had been spared a shakedown.

The grave problem, of course, was how to eliminate Oswald, who knew too much. This was where Jack Ruby came in. Although the Warren Commission pictured Ruby as a blustery night club operator with a soft spot in his heart for dogs and dames, who killed Oswald on an impulse of one-man justice, the real Ruby was no buffoon. The fiction that he executed Oswald out of compassion for the Kennedy family was conjured up by his first attorney, the late Tom Howard. "Joe, you should know this," Ruby scribbled to a succeeding attorney, Joe Tonahill. "Tom Howard told me to say that I shot Oswald so that Caroline and Mrs. Kennedy wouldn't have to come to Dallas to testify. OK?"

In a memorandum dealing with his background, Ruby specialists on the Commission compiled a list of persons seemingly "the most promising sources of contact between Ruby and politically motivated groups interested in securing the assassination of President Kennedy" (CE 2980). Included were Ruby's sister, Eva Grant, and a brother, Earl, of Detroit, who sent "a telegram of undisclosed nature to Havana, Cuba, April 1, 1962" and made "calls to Welsh [sic] Candy Company" in Belmont, Massachusetts, then owned by Birch Society founder Robert Welch. Also listed by the Commission was Thomas Hill, an "official of the John Birch Society" in Belmont whose name was in Jack Ruby's notebook, and Lamar Hunt, the son of H. L. Hunt, who subsequently denied knowing Ruby.

Ruby was an admirer of General Edwin A. Walker. He told former Oklahoma City police detective Cliff Roberts, who had been hired by Walker to investigate the potshot taken at Walker in April 1963, that Walker was "100 per cent right" about Castro's Cuba and it should be "blown out of the ocean." William McEwan Duff, who served as the retired general's "Batman" from



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late 1962 to early 1963, advised the Secret Service that Ruby, who was addressed only as "Jack," visited Walker "on the basis of about once a month, each time in the company of two unidentified white males" (CE 2389).

A cross-section of Ruby's acquaintances can be found in the list of 66 persons he favored with permanent passes to the Carousel Club. There is of course a passel of local businessmen. But there is also W. F. (Bill) Alexander, the hard-bitten Dallas assistant DA, and three men pegged by a Garrison investigator as Dallas Minutemen. Since no facet of the investigation seems complete without a strange coincidence, it can be noted that when Carousel Club passholder Sue Blake vacated her apartment, 10746D Lake Gardens, the next occupant was Sergio Arcacha Smith, formerly of 544 Camp Street, New Orleans.

Also on the pass list is H. H. (Andy) Anderson, at the time manager of the Adolphus Hotel. Last May, Garrison sought to explain the legal materiality of Clay Shaw's notebook in terms of an entry, "Lee Odom, PO Box 19106, Dallas, Tex." He pointed out that it corresponded to "PO 19106" in Oswald's address book, and theorized that it might be a coded version of Ruby's unlisted telephone number. Within a few days a Lee Odom came forth in Dallas to explain away the coincidence. In 1966, he was in New Orleans "trying to promote a bull fight" and asked the manager of the Roosevelt Hotel who might put him in contact with the right people. "He suggested Mr. Shaw," said Odom, "so I called him—or the manager called him . . . He came over to the hotel and we talked." The manager of the Roosevelt was Anderson, who had moved from Dallas. In subsequent versions of the story, including the one told to a national audience on CBS television, Odom left Anderson completely out of it and maintained he and Shaw had introduced themselves at a bar.

Ruby's affinity for Cuba is well-documented. The Warren Report advises that in January 1959, just after Castro took power, "Ruby made preliminary inquiries, as a middleman, concerning the possible sale to Cuba of some surplus jeeps located in Shreveport, La., and asked about the possible release of prisoners from a Cuban prison" (p. 369). Ruby had telephoned a Houston man named Robert Ray McKeown, known

throughout Texas as a friend of Castro, offering a total of \$15,000 to use his influence to obtain the release of three Americans held in Havana. The money, Ruby told McKeown, would come from a Las Vegas, Nevada source (CE 1689).

McKeown heard nothing more about the prisoner deal, which may be explained by the news report on January 6, 1961, that three Americans had made their way out of jail and back to the United States. But a few weeks after the telephone call, Ruby contacted McKeown in person, this time offering him \$25,000 for a letter of introduction to Castro. According to McKeown, Ruby "had an option on a great number of jeeps which were in Shreveport, Louisiana, and he desired to sell them to Castro at a very profitable figure." McKeown agreed to arrange the introduction, but once again Ruby failed to follow through. The reason may have been that Maurice Brooks Gatlin of the New Orleans-based Anti-Communism League of the Caribbean scotched the deal: Minutemen defector Jerry Brooks discloses that the minute Gatlin found out that Ruby proposed to sell Castro 100 jeeps, he warned the venturesome night club owner to call it off. Gatlin may have detected signs that the new Cuban Premier was about to surface as a communist.

The Warren Report observes that during the period of the jeep negotiations, gambler Russell D. Matthews, described as a "passing acquaintance" of Ruby's, returned to Dallas from Havana, then several months later went back to the Cuban capital for a year. It also makes the correlation that Matthews' ex-wife in Shreveport received a lengthy telephone call from Ruby's Carousel Club on October 3, 1963. But with a denial from Matthews that he knew anything about the "jeep deal," and an inability on the part of Mrs. Matthews to remember the long distance call, the Commission ran out of curiosity. Matthews is no lightweight: in the heyday of the Dallas rackets a couple of decades ago he ran with a crowd whose luminary was Benny (Cowboy) Binion, who moved to Las Vegas and founded the Horseshoe Club.

The account given by Ruby of his trip to Cuba in September 1959 also strains credulity. "Ruby traveled to Havana as guest of a close friend and known gambler, Lewis J. McWillie," the Report

declares (p. 370). "Both Ruby and McWillie state the trip was purely social." Ruby gulled the Commission with a story that he stuck close to the hotel, got bored stiff, and left within a week. But Thayer Waldo, an old Latin hand with sources inside Cuba, reports that Ruby boasted to at least two Americans that he was "in with both sides" while sitting in Castro's domain. Among the Cuban exiles he claimed to be close to was Rolando Masferrer, a former Batista official who had headed "The Tigers," a dreaded private army during the dictator's regime.

One of the many Dallas police officers who frequented the Carousel Club has told Garrison that in mid-1962 Ruby left on a two-week trip, saying he was going to New Orleans and then to Cuba "to pick up an act for the club." When he returned he was uncharacteristically tight-lipped about his trip—and without an act. Whether Ruby circumvented the travel ban and got to Cuba is a moot question. However, there remains Earl Ruby's unexplained telegram to Havana on April 1, 1962. And word that circulated through Cuban emigre circles in 1963 had Ruby visiting Havana via

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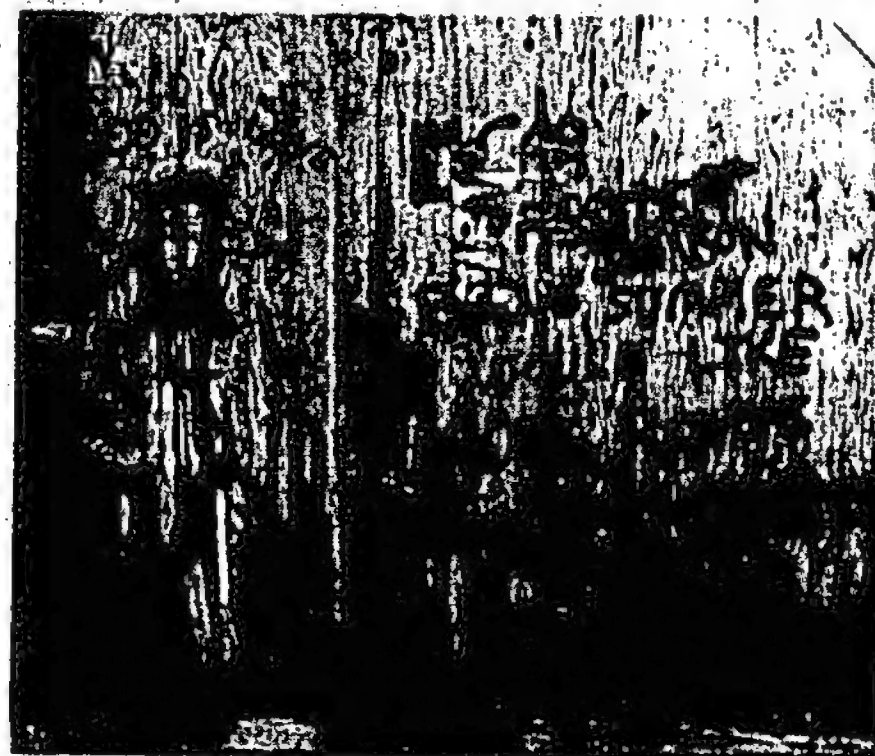
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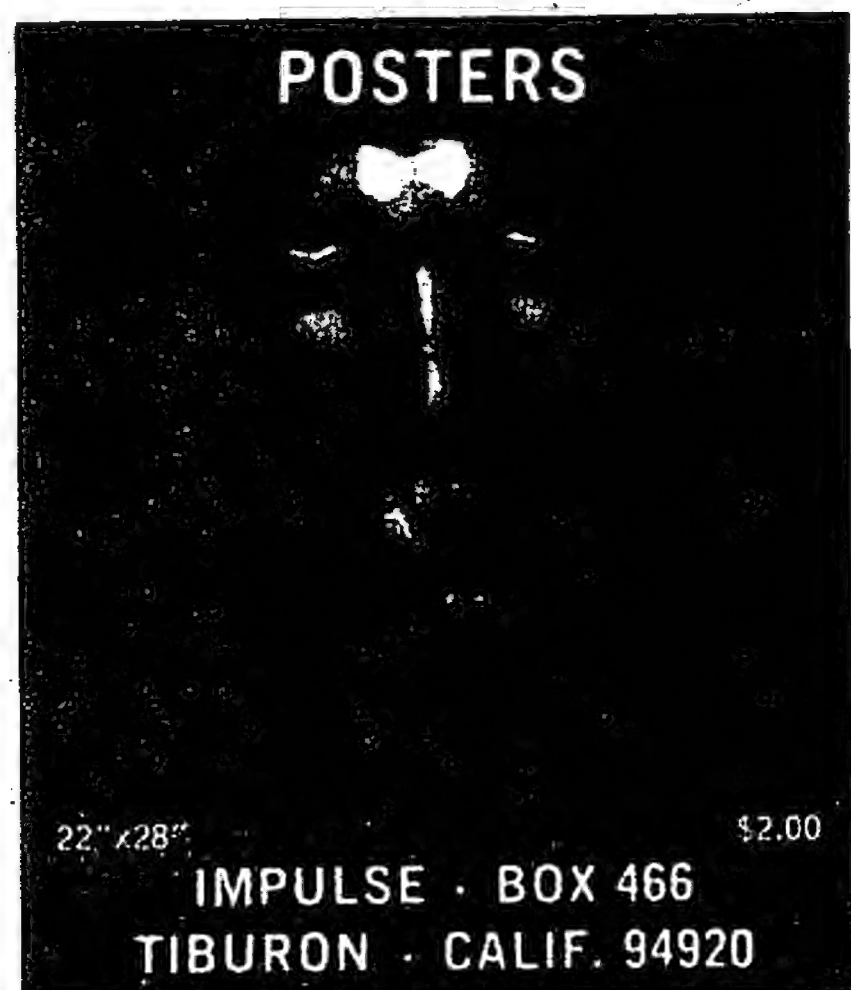
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Mexico City that year (e.g. CE 3055).

If Ruby did go to Cuba in 1962, it may have been on narcotics business. As long ago as 1956, a woman named Eileen Curry told the FBI that her paramour, James Breen, had become cozy with Ruby and had "accompanied RUBY to an unnamed location, where he had been shown moving pictures of various border guards, both Mexican and American." Curry said that Breen "was enthused over what he considered an extremely efficient operation in connection with narcotics traffic." Curry went to the FBI after Breen failed to return from a trip to Mexico, and repeated her story in 1963 after the assassination (CE 1761, 1762).

Texas editor Penn Jones Jr has delved into a story consistent with Eileen Curry's. On November 20, 1963, a woman named Rose Chermi was thrown from a moving automobile near Eunice, Louisiana. Hospitalized with injuries and narcotics symptoms, she said she was a Ruby employee traveling to Florida with two men to pick up a load of narcotics for Ruby. She told the attending physician that Kennedy and other officials were going to be killed on their impending visit to Dallas. Shown a news story after the assassination in which Ruby denied knowing Oswald, Miss Chermi chortled, "They were bed mates." When his probe got underway, Garrison attempted to locate her but was too late. On September 4, 1965, she was killed by a hit-and-run driver while walking along a highway near Big Sandy, Texas.

It is also possible that Ruby's alleged 1962 trip to Cuba concerned gun-running. Nancy Perrin Rich told the Commission that she and her late hus-

band, who had ties to organized crime, attended a meeting in Dallas in 1962, in which plans were discussed to smuggle guns into Cuba and refugees out. The key planners were Ruby, an Army "light colonel," and a heavy-set "Cuban or Mexican," and she gathered that Ruby was the "bag man" who handled the funds. She said the guns were to be procured through a Mexican contact (Vol. 14, p. 330ff). Garrison has additional evidence of gun-running by Ruby which cannot be divulged at this time.

The allegations of narcotics trafficking and gun-running should be put in some perspective. In 1962, Cuba and Red China reportedly had entered into a barter agreement in which Cuban sugar would be exchanged for narcotics, but the narcotics were a white elephant until sold for U.S. dollars. This is where buck-hungry organized crime elements came in, and just possibly Jack Ruby. In this context his claim that he was playing both sides of the street may not have been sheer braggadocio. In the strange accommodations of international intrigue, Ruby may well have been smuggling narcotics into the United States and guns into the hands of Cuban insurgents.

It is fair to say that not much in the way of Caribbean intrigue went on in those days without the CIA, or at least CIA operatives, having a finger in it. Thus the allegations of Gary Underhill, a weapons expert and sometime CIA "unperson," may be quite plausible [RAMPARTS, June 1967]. Immediately after the assassination, a distraught Underhill told friends that a semi-autonomous CIA clique which had been profiteering in narcotics and gun-running was implicated in the assassination. Several months later, Underhill was found dead of a bullet wound in the head; although police decided it was self-inflicted, the circumstances indicated otherwise. When an old friend wrote to Underhill's widow asking about his demise, the reply came from an official of a now defunct Washington firm, Falcon Aeronautics, Inc., which smacks of having been an ad hoc CIA front. The official dismissed Underhill's allegations with the comment that they were "similar to those flights of his imagination which he had during the last year or so of his life."

The question remains whether or not newsmen in the police basement had flights of imagination when they thought

they detected a flicker of recognition on Oswald's part just before Ruby shot him. We have already examined the report of attorney Carroll Jarnagin [RAMPARTS, November 1966] — who claims that he eavesdropped on a Ruby-Oswald conversation in the Carousel Club the night of October 4, 1963, in which the desire of organized crime to do away with Governor Connally was discussed — and the statement of Wilbryn "Bob" Litchfield that he sat next to Oswald in the Carousel Club office in early November while both were waiting to see Ruby [RAMPARTS, June 1967].

In addition, there is the cogent statement of Harvey L. Wade, a Chattanooga building inspector who dropped into the Carousel Club the night of November 10, 1963. Wade said that a club photographer snapped a shot of a customer and in the background were three men sitting at the bar. Ruby strode over to the photographer and "yelled that the photographs did not turn out." One of the men in the background was identified by Wade as Oswald. He described the others as a young man of "very fair pale complexion," and an older, stocky Latin man who had "numerous bumps on his face and was believed to have a one-inch scar in the eyebrow of his left eye" (CE 2370). The two match the descriptions of prime suspects in Garrison's investigation, the latter of the bull-necked Cuban who tagged around after Oswald in New Orleans in the summer of 1963.

Further indication of a Ruby-Oswald link appears in the statement of the Rev. Clyde Johnson which was filed by Garrison in answer to a Clay Shaw defense motion. Rev. Johnson, a candidate for governor of Louisiana in 1962, who ranted against Kennedy in his campaign, said that he twice attended meetings that fall at which Oswald, Ruby, Shaw and an unknown Cuban were present. The first was in the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, the second on September 29 in the Capitol House Hotel in Baton Rouge. He recalled that Oswald was introduced as Leon, Ruby as Jack, and Shaw as Alton Bernard. On the latter occasion, he said, Shaw passed manila envelopes to Oswald and Ruby which purportedly contained money.

While such eyewitness accounts must be weighed with the credibility of the witness in mind, there is documentary evidence of a Ruby-Oswald link as well. Oswald's address book contains the en-

try "Midland 2550"; Ruby's has the entry "Newton 2550." While their significance is unknown—Garrison speculates they may be communications signals of some sort—the odds against the same four-digit numbers preceded by the names of Texas cities being in two unrelated persons' address books by sheer happenstance are astronomical. It was, in fact, just this kind of mathematical improbability that was instrumental in the recent convictions of a mugging team in Los Angeles County.

And there are other "coincidences" as well. In his address book, Oswald twice jotted down the number of a Ft. Worth television station, PE 8-1951; in June 1963, Ruby twice called that number (CE 1322, p. 517). On September 24, 1963, David Ferrie's telephone was charged with a call to Chicago number WH 4-4970; on November 20, 1963, this number was called from Kansas City by Lawrence Meyers, a Chicago businessman and close friend of Ruby's. Meyers arrived in Dallas from Kansas City that same night, and was in touch with Ruby through the traumatic post-assassination hours (Vol. 25, p. 335).

The Dallas number FR 5-5591 appears




twice in the last pages of Oswald's book, which leads to another correlation. The number is listed to Kenneth Cody, a Continental Trailways bus driver on the Shreveport run and an uncle of Dallas police officer Joe Cody. A homicide bureau detective, Cody was the partner of Detective James R. Leavelle, one of the pair of officers escorting Oswald through the police basement when he was shot by Ruby.

In an FBI interview, Joseph Cody acknowledged having known Ruby, "12 or 13 years." He met Ruby at one of his clubs during the Korean War, when Cody was "assigned in the Counter Intelligence Corps" and stationed for a time in Dallas. Cody related that he enjoyed ice skating at Fair Park, as did Ruby, and "there had been at least a half dozen times in the last two or three years that RUBY had arrived at Fair Park while he, CODY, had been skating" (CE 1736).

Garrison contends that Ruby's stagey behavior between the assassination and his slaying of Oswald was a way of dissociating himself from the plot by "reversing the magnetic field"—drawing attention to himself as the opposite of

what he actually was. Andrew Armstrong, a Carousel employee, told the Commission that his boss was crying on the afternoon of the 22nd. In the early morning hours of Saturday, Ruby roused a club flunkey, Larry Craford, who watched while his boss took a Polaroid picture of a Birch Society "Impeach Earl Warren" billboard. That afternoon, Ruby displayed the picture in Sol's Turf Club, his favorite haunt, with suitable expressions of indignation. He went to the post office with companions, peered at the box receiving responses to the black-bordered "Wanted for Treason" ad in Friday's Dallas Morning News, and uttered words of outrage.

Ruby's survival as a "little big shot" in Aryan Dallas depended upon his obsequiousness to powerful masters. Some of those whose boots he licked were Nazis, and subliminally he became one of them. As Garrison put it, "The connecting link at every level of operation, from the oil-rich sponsors of the assassination down to the Dallas police department, down through Jack Ruby and including anti-Castro adventurers, at the operating level were Minutemen,

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Nazi oriented. It was essentially a Nazi operation."

Ruby's letters, smuggled out of jail by a trusty, reveal that towards the end, he realized what his masters really were [RAMPARTS, February 1967]. The letters, sold by the reputable New York document auctioneer Charles Hamilton, portray a man acutely aware of his Jewishness who realizes with anguish that he has served not ultraconservatives but Nazis. "They are going to come out with a story that it was the Minutemen who killed the Jews," he wrote, "don't you believe it, they are using that to cover up for the Nazis. . . . Oh the way I fucked up this world who would ever dream that the motherfucker was a Nazi and found me the perfect setup for a frame. . . . I was used to silence Oswald. I walked into a trap the moment I walked down that ramp Sunday morning."

[RECONSTRUCTING THE CRIME]

IN OCTOBER 1963, a number of key figures in Garrison's probe converged upon Dallas. The Free Cuba group was installed in the house on Harlandale, which is in south Oak Cliff past Ruby's apartment. On October 3, the

evening he returned from Mexico, Oswald checked into the YMCA on North Ervay and remained two days. The same two days the room next to him was occupied by a Cuban-appearing young man who registered as R. Narvaez. On the night of October 17, Loren Hall and Lawrence Howard Jr arrived at the YMCA; they checked out on October 22. The arrival of Hall possibly dovetails with the story of a new witness located by Garrison. The witness stated that in 1963, Hall was short of funds and petitioned him for assistance in the anti-Castro movement. He declined, but lent Hall \$50, holding a .30 caliber rifle as collateral. About a month before the assassination, the witness says, Hall redeemed the weapon, commenting that he was going to Dallas to meet with a wealthy oilman—the same oilman who, Garrison knows, posted bail for Hall and William Seymour when they were arrested in Dallas in mid-October (in September 1966, the FBI stripped Dallas police files of all pertinent material concerning the arrests). As will be recalled, the record shows that the FBI did not locate and interview Hall, Howard and Seymour until just before the Warren Report went to press. But what makes these belated interviews seem dissembling is that the new witness swears that he was questioned by the FBI about Hall and the .30 caliber rifle *on the day after the assassination*.

Coupled with this development is the statement of Joseph Roland Hummel, who resided at the YMCA that October. Hummel has told Garrison that he had been casually acquainted with Oswald in New Orleans, and saw him again at the Dallas YMCA in late October. On two occasions he saw Oswald with a "skinny, thin-haired" young Anglo, on one occasion on the sun roof of the YMCA with Jack Ruby.

What was Ruby's role before he was pressed into service to do away with Oswald? A Houston Secret Service report prepared within days of Ruby's shooting of Oswald synthesizes: "Numerous witnesses identify Jack Leon Rubenstein, alias Jack Ruby, as being in Houston, Texas on November 21, for several hours, one block from the President's entrance route and from the Rice Hotel where [the President] stayed." The Houston report was countermanded by a Dallas SS report that flatly declared: "Ruby was in Dallas on November 21,

1963." The Dallas version was predicated upon two alibi incidents furnished by Ruby, plus the inconclusive statement of Andrew Armstrong that "he did not know of Ruby having made any long trips away from Dallas recently" (CE 2399).

Garrison points out that there was a 4-1/2 hour gap in accounting for Ruby's presence in Dallas that day, giving him adequate time to fly back and forth that afternoon to "case" the Presidential motorcade in Houston. Complementing this is the report of a Mexico City attorney that Ruby's sister, Eva Grant, was in San Antonio that same morning watching the motorcade there [RAMPARTS, November 1966]. Arturo Alocer Ruiz, his wife and her woman friend were in San Antonio on vacation. They noticed an obese woman rooted to a spot near the Gunter Hotel—she was there at least two hours—waiting for the President's entourage to pass on its way to the airport and the short hop to Houston. After Ruby shot Oswald and Eva's picture was shown on television, the Alocer party immediately recognized her as the obese woman they had seen in San Antonio. Although the FBI sloughed off the report, Garrison considers it reliable.

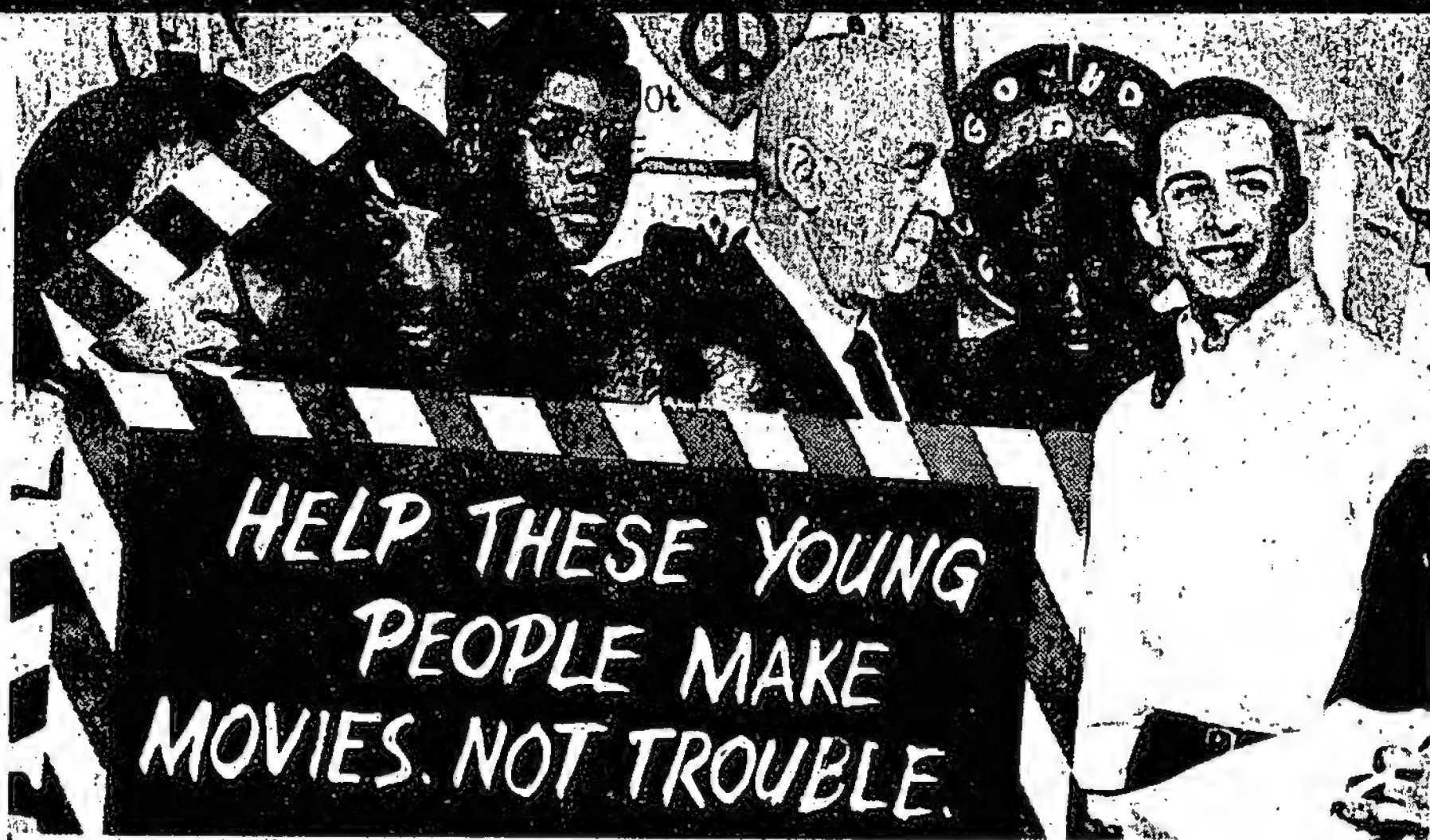
Shortly before and after the assassination, Ruby was placed by witnesses in the Dallas Morning News building, which commands a view of Dealey Plaza. Around 1:00 p.m. he was spotted at Parkland Hospital by housewife Wilma Tice and newsman Seth Kantor (in one of its more disingenuous moments, the Commission claimed that Mrs. Tice was mistaken and that Kantor, who knew Ruby well, had seen him somewhere other than Parkland—even though Kantor graphically described being collared by the night club owner at the bottom of a hospital staircase). Was it Ruby who planted the so-called magic bullet on a stretcher outside the trauma room? Since no one saw him do it, we can only speculate. But as we have seen, Ruby's actions were hardly irrational, and it was that bullet which forged the final link for the Commission between Oswald and the assassination. (It did not seem to bother the Commission that the bullet was in near-pristine condition, looking more like it had been fired into a stuffing box than through the sinew, muscle and bone of Kennedy and Connally [CE 399].)

For a bachelor of casual habits, Sun-

day morning, November 24, was possibly the most synchronized in Ruby's life. At 11:17 a.m. by automatic time stamp, he wired \$25 to Mrs. Bruce Ray Carlin, stage name Little Lynn, one of his performers who lived in Ft. Worth (surely a pretext: the night before, Little Lynn and her husband had made a special trip to the Carousel—Ruby lent him \$5—and Ruby was carrying several thousand dollars in cash). Then he strode from the Western Union office across the street from the police department to the Main Street entrance of the police basement. How he slipped through the guard is open to question, but his timing was exquisite. Listening to the sound tracks of videotapes made in the basement about the time the elevator carrying Oswald arrived at basement level, one hears the hollow-sounding "honk" of a car horn (only police vehicles were in the basement), then a pause of some four seconds, then another "honk" closely followed by the crack of Ruby's pistol. Were the "honks" signaling to Ruby the progress of his victim so he could suddenly push through the press ranks? In one of his letters smuggled from jail Ruby wrote, "If you hear a lot of horn-blowing, it will be for me, they will want my blood!"

BASED ON THE FRESH evidence in Garrison's possession, we can now partially reconstruct the operation and getaway on November 22. As previously reported [RAMPARTS, June 1967], the DA contends that the assassination bore the classic earmarks of a guerrilla ambush in which the President was caught in converging fire. The fatal head shot, he says, was fired from the Grassy Knoll area, a quartering angle from the front. The operation was coordinated by radio.

To recapitulate, railroader S. M. Holland, standing on the Triple Underpass, insists to this day that "there definitely was a shot fired from behind that fence [on the Knoll]." The late Lee Bowers, who was in the railroad tower directly north of the Knoll, testified that three cars, one radio-equipped, prowled the parking lot between his tower and the Knoll shortly before the shooting; he said they definitely were not law enforcement vehicles. Bowers stated he saw two men behind the picket fence on the Knoll just before the shots were fired, one "middle-aged" and "heavy-set," the other "about midtwenties in either a



An open letter from Otto Preminger

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But—and there is always a but—the Mobilization for Youth program cannot provide any more money. The group has appealed to various foundations, but their decisions often take so long that these teen-agers may be in wheelchairs before the red tape is cut and the money comes in.

Knowing that Ramparts readers share many of my views and concerns, I ask you to join me in supporting this talented group. They need a total of \$80,000 to continue their work for another year, which includes production of a feature film and two half-hour shorts.

Please take a moment now to fill out the coupon below, then mail it with your check today. Whatever you can afford to give will be deeply appreciated. Your contribution is tax-deductible, of course.

Sincerely,

Otto Preminger

Cultural Arts Dept., Mobilization for Youth, 214 E. Second St., N.Y., N.Y. 10009

Here is my contribution of \$_____ to enable the young men and women who made "You Dig It" to continue their movie work for another year.

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plaid shirt or plaid coat or jacket." Although the men were partly obscured by foliage when the shots rang out, Bowers said that in their vicinity there was "some unusual occurrence—a flash of light or smoke or something . . ." (Vol. 6, pp. 228ff). Postal employee J. C. Price, who had a bird's-eye view of the scene, picked up from there: "I saw one man run towards the passenger cars on the railroad siding after the volley of shots [the parking lot is bisected by a railroad spur]. This man had a white dress shirt, no tie and khaki-colored trousers. His hair appeared to be long and dark and from his agility in running could be 25 years of age. He had something in his hand. I couldn't be sure but it may have been a head piece" (CE 2003, p. 222).

A new witness of Garrison's (he is afraid to have his name made public), who had the same vantage point as Price, states that after the shots were fired, two men dashed from behind the Knoll fence and headed behind the Depository Building, where they were joined by a third man. Two of them got in a Rambler station wagon and drove north, away from the scene. The third, a "heavyset, dark-complexioned" man, proceeded back toward Dealey Plaza and disappeared. It is quite possibly this third man whom James R. Worrell described to the Commission. When the shooting started, said Worrell, he sought cover across Houston Street from the rear of the Depository Building. "I was there approximately three minutes before I saw this man come out the back door . . . the way he was running, I would say he was in his late twenties or middle—I mean early thirties . . . his coat was open and kind of flapping back in the breeze." Worrell asserted the man ran alongside the building back toward the Dealey Plaza area (Vol. 2, pp. 190-201). Although his questioning by the Commission was less than exhaustive, there will be no more interviews: Worrell died in a traffic accident on November 9, 1966.

About 15 minutes after the assassination, Deputy Sheriff Roger D. Craig testified he "observed an individual run down the grass area from the direction of the Texas School Book Depository. He heard this individual whistle and a white Rambler station wagon, driven by a Negro male, pulled over to the curb and said individual got in . . ." (CE 1967). The incident is corroborated by

Marvin C. Robinson, who told the FBI he was driving past the Depository sometime between 12:30 and 1:00 p.m. when "a light-colored Nash station wagon suddenly appeared before him. He stated this vehicle stopped and a white male came down the grass-covered incline between the building and the street and entered the station wagon after which it drove away in the direction of the Oak Cliff section . . ." (Dallas FBI report 89-43).

Robinson paid no attention to the man, but Craig said it was Oswald. The Commission rejected his identification "because of the overwhelming evidence that Oswald was far away from the building at that time." Once again, the Commission ignored the possible manifestation of an Oswald double, this time one who may have been one of the assassins, shooting from the Depository Building. Recently Craig went to New Orleans to confer with Garrison. Among other things, he told the DA that he had not said that a Negro was driving the Rambler, but a "dark, swarthy man, possibly a Cuban." On his return to Dallas, Craig noticed that he was being shadowed. As he came out of a restaurant after lunch, a bullet whizzed by his head.

A possible getaway plane was spotted at Red Bird Airport some few miles south of Oak Cliff at about 1:00 p.m. Two women have reported that they saw a twin-engine plane, engines idling, sitting well away from the paved access strips and runway, and close to the highway from Dallas via Oak Cliff. Coupled with this information is the assertion of a Garrison informant that a Minuteman in Arizona boasted to him that one of the Cubans on the assassination team was flown to Arizona and hid out in his home before slipping across the border into Mexico.

There is a sequel to this flurry of movement; it took place in the restaurant of the Winnipeg, Canada airport February 13, 1964. Richard Giesbrecht, a businessman whom Garrison's staff has interviewed, was waiting for a luncheon partner and overheard a conversation at an adjacent table between a man of about fifty who wore a hearing aid and spoke with a Southern accent and a younger man with "bushy hair and bushy pronounced eyebrows." Both expressed concern over how much Lee Oswald had told his wife about the assassination plot. In their conversation, they

brought up an unidentified man named Isaacs; they found it odd that "Isaacs" would become mixed up with a "psycho" like Oswald. In their conversation, a man referred to as Hoffman or Hockman was to "relieve" Isaacs and destroy his 1958 model automobile. "We have more money at our disposal now than at any other time," the older man reported. He disclosed that the group of which both men apparently were a part would hold a meeting in a Kansas City hotel in March with reservations made in the name of a textile concern. At this point the pair noticed Giesbrecht, who started to a phone to notify police. A third man materialized and blocked his way. The trio quickly disappeared.

The FBI checked on the incident—but the results of this investigation are also "classified." However, a classified document captioned "Harold Isaacs" does exist. A Garrison investigator has located a Harold Isaacs in Texas, and Isaacs acknowledges that he owned a 1958 Ford which was "crushed in a wrecking yard." It is also noteworthy that Kansas City is the headquarters of the national Minutemen organization. Recently witness Giesbrecht was shown an assortment of photographs. "That's the man with the bushy eyebrows," he explained, picking out a mug shot of David Ferrie.

[THE POWER PLAY]

THE CLOSER GARRISON COMES to fitting together all the pieces of the assassination mosaic, the more desperate the attempt to squelch him becomes. Long ago the "national security" curtain was dropped on over 200 documents in the National Archives that range from "Allegation Oswald in Montreal, summer 1963," to a teaser like "re Charles Small, aka Smolikoff (Mexican trip)." Many of these documents now appear relevant to his investigation, but despite the fact that he is a duly constituted law enforcement officer, he cannot gain access to them.

And how do items turn up missing from a citadel of security like the National Archives? Twenty-six items connected with the assassination are so listed, including "Jack Ruby's notebook maintained by Larry Craford [his Carousel Club flunky who scurried out of Dallas the afternoon of the assassination]." Moreover, Garrison observes that there was "an incredible incidence

of spontaneous combustion" in Washington the day after the assassination when autopsy notes went up in flames and a secret CIA report on Oswald's activities prior to the assassination was singed beyond recognition in a Thermo-fax machine.

Coupled with the secrecy has been an aggressive drive to intimidate and discredit witnesses. Abraham Bolden, the first Negro Secret Service agent, accused his brother agents of carousing into the wee hours of November 22, and stated that while in custody Oswald blurted out, "Ruby hired me"; Bolden was subsequently charged by his superiors with bribery and convicted, and he protests to no avail that the charges against him were a frame-up. A Dealey Plaza eyewitness who in 1963 told the FBI that two men ran from behind the Grassy Knoll fence was brusquely warned, "If you didn't see Oswald shoot from that sixth floor window, you'd better keep your damn mouth shut." A New Orleans man with pertinent information about a local Minuteman was admonished by the FBI not to tell the DA anything because "District Attorney Garrison was trying to overturn the findings of the Warren Report."

The affair of Jules Rocco Kimble illustrates how governmental pressure has induced potential witnesses to slip from Garrison's grasp. A self-avowed member of the Ku Klux Klan who got in trouble over bombings in Baton Rouge, Kimble approached the DA's men in the apparent hope of gaining mitigation. He said that on the day after David Ferrie died, he drove a top KKK official, Jack Helm, to Ferrie's apartment. Helm came out with a satchel crammed with papers, which he placed in a bank safe deposit box. Kimble also divulged that in 1962, he had flown to Montreal with Ferrie on what was purported to be Minutemen business. He promised the DA's investigators that he would garner further information and report back.

He didn't come through. Shortly afterward, he phoned his wife from Atlanta, saying he had met a CIA contact. "They'll never get me back to New Orleans," he vowed. A few days after that, he called from Montreal. For reasons unknown, Kimble backtracked to Tampa, Florida, where he was arrested by local police. Interviewed by Garrison's men, he said that he had once worked special assignments for the CIA, and in

verification named his Agency contacts and the box number at the Lafayette Street station they assigned him. He averred he had recontacted the CIA after Walter Sheridan had counseled him to say nothing to the DA and go to Canada. Sheridan, the ex-Bobby Kennedy ramrod in the Justice Department's "get Hoffa" crusade, is now with NBC News and has been instrumental in that television network's extraordinary effort to abort the assassination investigation. ~~Sheridan was so overzealous that he was subsequently indicted by a grand jury for public bribery in attempting to induce witnesses to make statements against Garrison. However, the network does not consider this newsworthy.~~

NBC's special on the Garrison case broadcast last June exemplifies their effort. One of the stars of the program was Dean Andrews Jr, who has since been convicted of perjury by a New Orleans jury in connection with his testimony about the Clay Bertrand phase of the investigation. Andrews lent an ethereal quality to Garrison's probe by saying that he invented the name Manuel Garcia Gonzales and watched the DA's men frantically look for him as a suspect. There is a Manuel Garcia Gonzales. I have seen the nasty Llama pistol confiscated from him by New Orleans police in September 1966, shortly before Garrison became interested in him, and the immigration file documenting his admission to the United States. Another canard fabricated by NBC was the assertion that the network had located the real Clay Bertrand, and that he was not Clay Shaw. The man's name had been turned over to the Justice Department, the narrator said. The man turned out to be bar owner Eugene Davis, who loudly protested that he had never used the name—and indeed, he did not fit the description—of "Clay Bertrand."

Another medium that has been particularly shrill in its anti-Garrison invective is Newsweek, which at times seems to parrot the administration line as faithfully as Izvestia hawks the Kremlin's. The magazine's "expert" on the case is Hugh Aynesworth, who at the time of the assassination was an ace reporter for the Dallas Morning News, which saw fit to print the black-bordered "Wanted for Treason: John F. Kennedy" ad on November 22nd. In his Garrison put-down (May 15, 1967), Aynesworth reported the charges of Al-

vin Beauboeuf, Ferrie's companion on the Texas trip the afternoon of the assassination, that two DA investigators tried to bribe him. What Aynesworth didn't report was that the tape recording of the conversation made by Beauboeuf's attorney had been carefully edited to delete the investigator's emphatic warnings to Beauboeuf that they sought only the truth, and that they would subject him to lie detector testing to verify as far as possible that he was telling the truth.

The tandem attack on Garrison, with much of the press copy sounding like it had been ghostwritten by Richard Helms, seems to be the preliminary to legal moves aimed at removing the DA from office or even jailing him.

The behavior of U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark has been most suggestive that such a play is in the works. On March 2, 1967, the day after Clay Shaw was arrested, the attorney general announced that Shaw had been investigated by the FBI in 1963 and "cleared" of any complicity in the assassination. Three months later, after the world had been noisily advised that the prestigious FBI had found Shaw innocent, Clark sheepishly admitted there had been no investigation at all. The retraction hardly caused a ripple in the press. Then on October 14, UPI quoted Clark as telling an audience of law students at the University of Virginia that Garrison "took a perfectly fine man, Clay Shaw, and ruined him just for personal aggrandizement," and that the Department would prosecute the DA. Clark promptly issued a denial, and a Department spokesman lamely explained that the boss had "discussed this matter hypothetically in response to a question."

But the most reasonable interpretation is that Clark let slip precisely what was on his mind. The notion is reinforced by the affidavit of Gordon Novel's former wife, Marlene Mancuso, who told Garrison that Richard Townley of NBC's New Orleans affiliate tried to get her to testify against the investigation. "He said they were not merely going to discredit the probe," she swore. "He said Garrison would get a jail sentence."

When news of the assassination probe first broke, Garrison declaimed in a burst of rhetoric, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall!" The heavens are still there, but Washington has come crashing down upon him.

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I asked Sirhan's mother why she thought her son had shot Kennedy. "Everything in this country was helping Sirhan," she maintained. "It was pushing him to the danger point. Everything, the propaganda of the Zionists, everything, was against his country, against his people."

Adel described Sirhan's current state of mind: "He feels he has done a terrible thing, but he feels now it is too late to be sorry. Now he wants Americans to listen to something they have never listened to."

And at their first meeting in the jail, Sirhan's mother said to him, "Shame on you. Why have you done such a thing?" He replied, "It's too late to speak of it. But all the Americans will know why."

—MAHMOUD ABDEL-HADI

[Assassinations]



EPSTEIN'S GARRISON

TWO SUMMERS AGO a tandem attack on the Warren Report all but relegated that work to the fiction section of your local library. The first was Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment*, which convincingly demonstrated—using the Warren Commission's own evidence—that Oswald could not have done it alone, and drew the first dim outlines of the conspiracy theory. The second was Edward Jay Epstein's *Inquest*, which exposed the rather shoddy inner workings of the Commission and laid bare the tortured logic it finally employed to dispel notions of a conspiracy.

Both books became best sellers, but their authors have since gone different ways. Lane, who shuttered his law practice and struggled for years to get his manuscript published in the United States (it was first published in Britain), has stumped the country in support of District Attorney Jim Garrison's theory that the assassination was carried out by an anti-Castro paramilitary team super-

vised by persons with CIA affiliations. Epstein, whose book was a converted Cornell University master's thesis—the subject was urged upon him by his mentor, Andrew Hacker—has emerged as one of Garrison's most fervid accusers. His vehicle is *The New Yorker*: in the issue of July 13, he delivered a 25,000-word blast at Garrison, calling the DA's investigation a fraud.

The *New Yorker* article had its genesis over a year ago, when the author showed up at Garrison's office in New Orleans. According to Chief Investigator Louis Ivo, Epstein spent about 48 hours in town, some three hours at the office, and hasn't been seen since. Much of what he writes about has occurred since this touch-and-go visit and is obviously hearsay on his part, yet he writes with the authoritative tone of a participant. Undoubtedly this technique is convincing to his audience, which assumedly is unfamiliar with the intricacies of Garrison's investigation. But to those familiar with the facts, the article is badly slanted.

For example, Philosophy Professor Richard Popkin of the University of California at San Diego, author of the book *The Second Oswald* (propounding the theory of an Oswald double) and "Garrison's Case" in *The New York Review of Books* (September 14, 1967), recently commented on the article:

"I found it a queer mix of facts, half-facts, rumors and very dubious information from people hostile to Garrison. Epstein has compressed all this to make it look like everything's on the same level. I think it would take an awful lot of work to disentangle what he's saying on almost any page as to how much of it has a factual base, how much of it is rumor that he has heard from people, how much of it are charges that have been made by people like [William] Gurvich [who volunteered to work on the investigation without pay, passed himself off as the Chief Investigator, then turned on Garrison] against Garrison, which haven't been substantiated anywhere except by Gurvich's statement of them. And also that he tends to take facts and information and rumors and so on, that occurred over a year and a half's period, and compress them all into simultaneous events, so that a statement made by Garrison at one time is pounced upon on the basis of information or statements he made a year and a half later in a totally different context.

So I think it's a quite unfair presentation, which has some factual base, but which also has a lot of very dubious elements in it."

One of the dubious elements is Epstein's version of the testimony of Dean Andrews Jr., a colorful attorney who numbers among his former clients Oswald (who wanted his undesirable discharge from the Marine Corps rectified) and the late David William Ferrie, a central figure in the Garrison investigation. The day after the assassination, Andrews told the Commission he received a phone call from a man he knew as Clay Bertrand, whom he described as a "lawyer without a briefcase" for local homosexuals. Bertrand asked him to go to Dallas and defend Oswald. Garrison contends Bertrand is Clay Shaw, whom he has charged with conspiracy.

According to Epstein, Andrews initially gave the FBI "several different descriptions" of Bertrand, and finally admitted that Bertrand "was merely a figment of his imagination." Later, before the Commission, Andrews stated that he had recently seen Bertrand in a bar and, Epstein says, described him as "a boy" who was "five feet eight inches" and had "sandy hair." "No other clues to Bertrand's identity turned up, however," writes Epstein, "and Wesley J. Liebler, a Commission lawyer who conducted the investigation in this area, said he was convinced that no such person existed."

An objective reading of Andrews' testimony, however, reveals that he told the FBI that Bertrand was "approximately six feet one inch to six feet two inches in height, brown hair, and well dressed"—a description that closely matches the tall, aristocratic Shaw. As for Bertrand being a figment of his imagination, Andrews declared, "That's what the Feebees [FBI] put on." He recounted that G-men had pestered him to the point where he told them, "Write what you want, that I am nuts. I don't care." As for his later remark to the Commission's Mr. Liebler that Bertrand was only five feet, eight inches, Andrews explained that "this time I was looking for the fellow, he was sitting down." Nowhere does he refer to Bertrand as a "boy." Epstein was perhaps confused by his exclamation: "I don't play Boy Scout and measure them."

In his superficial examination of Gar-

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rison's case, Epstein evidently failed to check the police records prepared upon Shaw's arrest. Thoroughly shaken by the arrest, Shaw blurted out, according to Patrolman Aloysius Habighorst, that he had used the alias "Clay Bertrand." The alias was duly entered on the fingerprint card and booking sheet.

One of the most fascinating characters in the conspiracy drama is Richard Case Nagell, a former U.S. Intelligence agent who claims he encountered Oswald in Mexico City in 1963, and had been instructed by his spy superiors to determine if the rumors of an assassination attempt had any foundation. Nagell says he learned that the first attempt against Kennedy was scheduled for September 26 in Washington, D.C., and that Oswald (who crossed the border into Mexico the day before) was to be set up as the "patsy" and shot in front of the Cuban

Embassy in Mexico City. When the anti-Castro paramilitary team could not penetrate the Presidential security in Washington, Oswald got a reprieve. But Nagell, who says he was sure the attempt would come off but failed to get the FBI to listen, faked a bank robbery in El Paso on September 20 so that he would be arrested and in federal custody when the assassination occurred.

Epstein dismisses Nagell as being mentally unbalanced, noting that "court records indicated that Nagell had suffered brain damage in an airplane crash in 1957" and that, following the bank episode, he was "an inmate of a federal institution for the criminally insane in Springfield, Missouri." As he does so frequently throughout the article, Epstein delivers a version which if developed fully would throw a different light on the matter. Nagell was in a plane crash, but he was given Intelligence

training after his recovery, indicating that he had no permanent brain injury. Moreover, the fact that he stood trial implies that he was legally sane. Recently, he was released from Leavenworth Penitentiary—he had been at Springfield only temporarily.

The publication of the Epstein article came at an opportune time for Clay Shaw. Obtaining advance copies, his attorneys entered it as evidence before a three-judge federal panel which was hearing arguments that the DA was "conducting a reign of terror" and "persecuting" the defendant. Apparently the panel was unimpressed, for it unanimously rejected the defense's argument and ordered the case to trial.

If Garrison does get his day in court—a day Epstein has struggled to deny him—chances are his case will hold up better than The New Yorker's brief for the defense.

—WILLIAM TURNER

[Law]

"HERE COME DE JUDGE"

CONSIDER THE REVOLT ON THE LEFT if the following occurred:

The President, on the eve of his abdication, arranged to accept the resignation of the chief justice of the United States Supreme Court in order to replace him with the President's former lawyer, then an associate justice;

As a parlay, the President submitted to the Senate the name of his oldest hand-holding crony to fill the vacancy created by the promotion of his former lawyer;

The chief justice, who had written a famous report designed to satisfy the people that the assassination of the President's predecessor was sans conspiracy and the sole act of a demented mind, conditioned his resignation on the Senate's approval of the appointments;

The President's ex-lawyer, when called to testify before a Senate committee, conceded that during his three years on the high court he had continued to act as the President's advisor;

That pursuant to this role, he had sat in on numerous cabinet-level meetings, but that he had merely "summarized" the views of others for the benefit of the President;

That as a justice he had dressed down a prominent businessman who had criti-

cized war spending, though whether his call was made at the President's request he could not say and remain faithful to the Separation of Powers;

That the businessman had retracted his statement, though in the end it proved to be accurate;

That the justice could not answer questions concerning his judicial opinions since the Constitution specifies that members of Congress may not be questioned about their acts in any place other than in Congress;

That despite this asserted Constitutional bar, the justice pointed to his dissenting vote against extending the one-man-one-vote principle to local government as proof of his devotion to State's rights;

That although he had been at the President's disposal as advisor-summarizer, he had never been involved in discussions that could conceivably reach the Court;

That the issues under discussion at the top-level meetings had ranged from the Vietnam War to riots in the cities;

That the justice had voted to jail draft card burners and had voted against taking up for consideration the legality of the war;

That he voted to give the police sweeping rights to stop-and-frisk suspects on

suspicion alone;

That within two months of his proposed elevation he had authored a booklet, "Concerning Dissent and Disobedience," which limited the moral right to disobey laws to those "basically offensive to fundamental values of life or the Constitution" and held that even in such cases no legal defense could be urged; but jailing must be willingly accepted;

That shortly after that book was published, the justice denounced, in a rare interview from Washington, the activities of some of the Columbia University protestors as "totally inexcusable from the point of even primitive morality";

That during his first term on the Court, he cast the deciding vote upholding the conviction and five-year sentence of Ralph Ginzburg for "pandering" a non-obscene magazine;

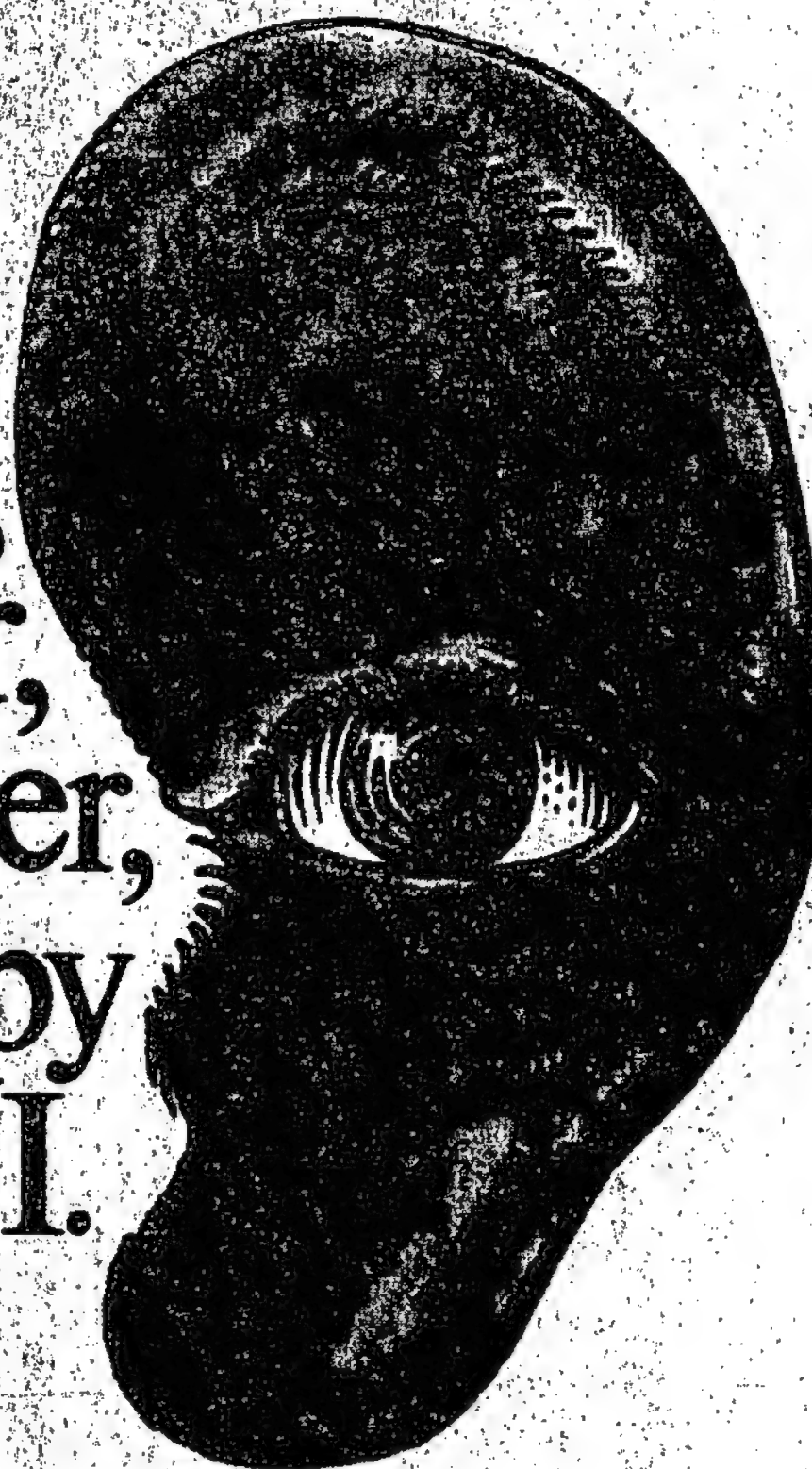
That during each of his three terms he nearly always voted for business interests and against efforts to cut down the trusts;

That throughout his years on the Court he was widely rumored to have been one of the President's most hawkish advisors on the Vietnam War.

Consider the revolt on the left if anything like this happened in 1968.

—SIDNEY E. ZION

I was a
burglar,
wiretapper,
bugger,
and spy
for the F.B.I.



RAMPARTS staff writer William W. Turner served as an FBI special agent from 1951 to 1961, receiving several personal commendations from Director J. Edgar Hoover. He has also served as consulting editor to the *Police Evidence Library* series.

DON'T FORGET," quipped the FBI's top "burglar" who had been my instructor in the fine art of break-and-enter, "possession of burglar tools in the State of Washington can get you up to ten years." It was 1958, and I was about to return to the Seattle FBI office outfitted with a set of Bureau-furnished lockpicking tools. The course in surreptitious entry had been part of a concentrated three-week course in the theory and practice of wiretapping and "bugging" euphemistically referred to as Sound School. Recently, when a Nevada district attorney announced he would criminally prosecute Las Vegas FBI agents caught violating the state's anti-listening device law, I was rudely reminded of my instructor's wry remark—and of the illegal acts I was subsequently to commit in the holy name of justice.

It was a chapter in my career I would just as soon forget. And now it appears that FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover would just as soon forget he ever authorized electronic snooping.

His Las Vegas minions were caught bugging a number of gambling casinos, a contretemps that brought the FBI a \$4.5 million damage suit and probably contaminated gambling connected prosecutions for some time to come. And in Washington, the discovery that in 1964 the FBI planted a listening device in the hotel suite of lobbyist Fred Black Jr., threatened to topple his conviction of income tax evasion. Worse still, it developed that both Black and Edward Levinson, one of the casino operator-victims, had been business associates of Robert G. "Bobby" Baker, Lyndon Johnson's erstwhile protege. As a consequence, the impending federal prosecution of Baker stood in danger of being lost on a technical knockout.

The chain reaction added up to an acute case of "embarrassment to the Bureau"—a phenomenon I knew only too well to be the FBI's Private Enemy Number One. Reportedly, Hoover is locked in a bitter quarrel with his nominal superiors in the Justice Department over who is to blame. Neither, it seems, had the blessing of John F. Kennedy, who, according to his aide Kenneth P. O'Donnell, "despised that kind of thing and never authorized it." On the horizon looms a showdown between the ne'er-do-wrong director and the popular young senator from New York, Robert F. Kennedy, who was attorney general

at the time that the ill-fated Las Vegas installations were made. But the pragmatic Kennedy, undoubtedly aware of the ultimate futility of extra-legal methods (he had attempted to persuade Congress to legalize wiretapping against organized crime under strict court supervision) has already indicated that the FBI cavorted on its own.

The tiff was another example of the old aphorism, "You're only wrong when you get caught." More than that, it illustrated the FBI's growing contempt for democratic frills that stand in its way. During my more than ten year stint I became increasingly conscious of a cynical belief that the end justifies the means. The faceless informers of the McCarthy days did what the legal process could not do. Padded statistics on recovered automobiles and fugitives were winked at because they helped Hoover get ever larger appropriations from Congress. And electronic snooping, whatever its odium, was invaluable because it penetrated impenetrable walls.

The current FBI predicament is not without irony, for a much younger Hoover had once denounced wiretapping as a lazy man's tool and an obstacle to the "development of ethical, scientific and sound investigative technique." But those were the days of Dillinger and "Ma" Barker, and the other flamboyant criminals who could be disposed of with the burst of a machinegun. Today's organized crime is slick and subtle, and somewhat of a phantom enemy. In trying to cope with it, the FBI has experienced headaches and nightmarish headlines it has never experienced before. The resort to illicit eavesdropping has been largely a desperate measure.

At one time wiretapping was at least legal if not a gentleman's sport. And since no trespass was necessary to install a tap, the Supreme Court had ruled that it was not a violation of the Fourth Amendment guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure. Nevertheless, Hoover scoffed at the practice, and most wiretapping was done by local police, private detectives and Treasury agents on the spoor of tax and narcotics offenders.

In 1934, Congress passed the Communications Act which outlawed wiretapping. Several years later, as war clouds gathered, Hoover reversed his stand. Backed by Congressman Emanuel Celler, he pushed for authorization to wiretap in matters involving "the national security." The legislation was tabled, but President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who admired Hoover's tough posturing, gave executive authority for the attorney general "to approve wiretapping when necessary involving the defense of the nation." By this time the prestigious FBI chief was functioning autonomously, and the attorney general's approval became in effect a rubber stamp gesture. But the official ledger only hinted at the extent of Bureau wiretapping. Some agents in the field who had acquired the

wiretap habit took it upon themselves, unbeknownst to headquarters, to install what were known, for obvious reasons, as "suicide taps." From my experience, I suspect the practice was widespread.

THE END OF THE WAR emergency did not end FBI wiretapping. Hoover, a leading protagonist of the Cold War, took to announcing the number of taps—never in excess of a modest 100—that he had in operation at any given time to thwart the red menace of "espionage, sabotage and grave risks to internal security." For those with the temerity to point out that FDR's sanction might have died with him, there was a stock answer: the Bureau intercepts communications but does not divulge them outside the Justice Department; ergo, it is technically within the law.

This metaphysical view of thousands of persons acting as one was vindicated in the Bureau's mind by the notion that the law was intended for others, but not for it. "The Act was directed against telephone company employees," a Sound School instructor rather emphatically told us.

That the FBI taps on the one hand and is responsible for enforcing the law on the other has forced a take-it-easy policy permitting wholesale tapping by police and unscrupulous private detectives. In my 1958 Sound School notes are these instructions on what to do upon receipt of a wiretapping complaint. "No investigation. Send Air-Tel (an airmail communication in telegram form) to the Bureau. If investigation authorized, have telco (telephone company) employee inspect the tap." Authorization to proceed was rare. For example, in the year's period of 1959-60, a total of 691 complaints were received, yet since 1934 there has been only a handful of prosecutions. One of those singled out for prosecution was the FBI's old antagonist, James Riddle Hoffa of the Teamsters (he was acquitted). The hypocrisy of the situation was no better illustrated than by the fact that on the very day Justice Department attorneys were asking for Hoffa's conviction, J. Edgar Hoover was telling a nationwide television audience that his Bureau had 90 wiretaps in operation.

My own exposure to FBI wiretapping started in 1952 when I was assigned to two central monitoring plants for the Bay Area operated by the San Francisco division. Known to initiates as the "clubs," the elaborately equipped premises functioned behind a business facade. One fronted as a marine architect's office, and blueprints of ship hulls were scattered convincingly about the front room. But the police were not convinced. Evidently attracted by the furtive coming and going of personnel, they staged a raid thinking they had discovered a bookie joint.

The "clubs" listened in on a dozen or so tapped lines which were fed into a bank of recorders. I suppose I

heard thousands of conversations, and I began to wonder whether all the effort was worth it. Most were idle chatter, teen-age talk, or intimacies between husbands and wives or lovers. On party lines totally unrelated talk was intercepted. Occasionally a supposedly privileged exchange between a lawyer and client came on.

At a San Francisco cocktail party recently I had the odd sensation of hearing a voice from the past that I couldn't quite place. I studied the face—it was totally unfamiliar. Then it suddenly dawned on me: the voice was one I had heard many times while monitoring the taps in the "clubs." It belonged to Robert Treuhaft, a prominent civil liberties lawyer and husband of noted author Jessica Mitford.

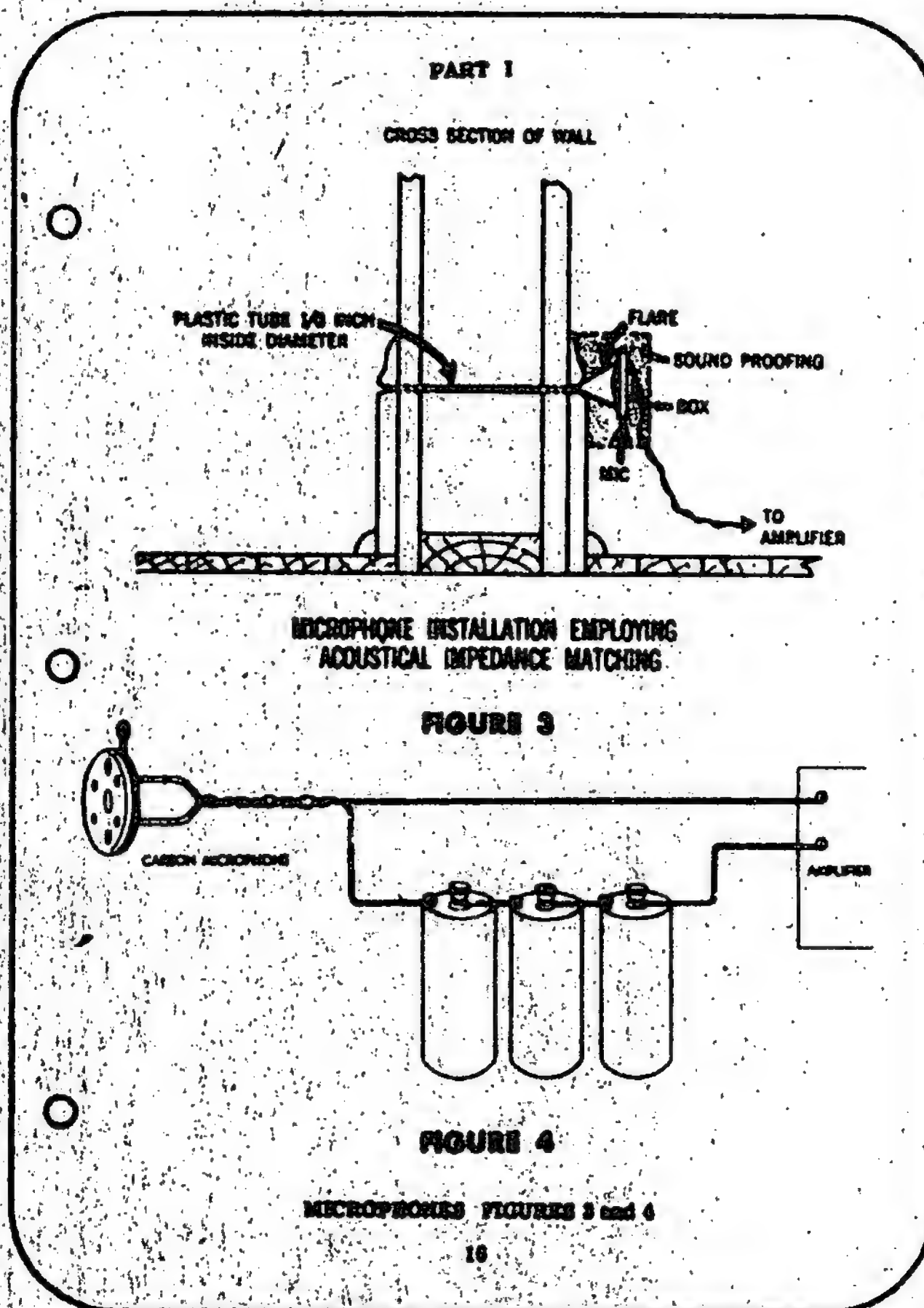
AS FAR AS I KNEW, virtually all of the FBI's wiretapping during the early '50s was at least remotely related to "national security." It was in fact an abortive espionage investigation that might have, in a calmer time, ended FBI tapping once and for all. In 1949, Judith Coplon, a Justice Department secretary, was accused of passing classified documents to a friendly Soviet United Nations official. She was tried on one count in Washington and convicted. During the trial an FBI officer denied that wiretaps had been used. It was a key point, since the Supreme Court had long since ruled that the "fruit of the forbidden tree," i.e. any evidence flowing from wiretaps, was illegal.

In a hearing prior to a second trial in New York, an FBI employee unwilling to perjure himself, admitted that he had monitored wiretaps in the case. It developed that taps had been placed on Miss Coplon's Washington and New York phones and on the phone of her parents, and that they had been continued through the legal proceedings, thus permitting the FBI to overhear privileged conversations between the defendant and her attorney. As is normal procedure, the information had been attributed in reports to a "confidential informant of known reliability"—in this case a code name "Tiger." Recordings made of the taps had been precipitously destroyed on the orders of Howard Fletcher, a top aide to Hoover.

In a flap remarkably similar to the current one over who instigated what, Justice Department prosecutors professed astonishment at the existence of the taps while, the FBI tried to exonerate itself by claiming it had authorization from the attorney general. "Such authorization," fired back New York trial judge Sylvester Ryan, "does not clothe with legality the unlawful activities of the wiretappers nor detract at all from the interdiction of the Supreme Court on evidence secured by this type of investigation." As both the New York and Washington convictions went down the drain, the venerable appeals judge

Learned Hand observed that while Miss Coplon's "guilt was plain," the government had sabotaged its own case.

It was a hard lesson but it hardly fazed the FBI: Hoover went right on proclaiming the number of taps in operation. Wiretapping, however, was fast becoming obsolete by the surging technology of concealed microphones. The "bugs" were far more insidious—they heard everything, not just guarded telephone conversations. And unlike wiretaps, their installation usually required the surreptitious invasion of a man's office or his home.



Instructions on installing a baseboard "bug" from the Bureau's *Handbook of Technical Equipment*

Since no covenant with the attorney general governed bugging, the FBI had a free hand. My Sound School notes, while stressing that wiretaps must be approved by the attorney general, bear the cryptic entry: "Authority for mikes: Bureau authority only."

Capitalizing on the lacuna, the FBI installed a plethora of bugs while maintaining full public decorum. Once, for example, I was instructed by headquarters to disconnect a wiretap whose allotment was needed in a more urgent case; in the next breath I was ordered to put in a bug in its place. Thus the books were primly in balance as far as the public was concerned—Hoover could in all half-truthfulness state that he had not more than 100 taps going. But the under-the-table switch required that I pick a lock and

sneak inside a man's home in order to plant the bug. Mr. Hoover was impressed with my feat and sent me a letter of commendation. (See below.)

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

March 7, 1960

PERSONAL

Mr. William W. Turner
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Seattle, Washington

Dear Mr. Turner:

Your work in an operation of considerable value to the Bureau in the security field was of the highest caliber and I do not want the occasion to pass without thanking you.

The competent, resourceful and effective fashion in which you handled your responsibilities was indeed commendable and contributed materially to the successful handling of this delicate assignment. You demonstrated much skill and ability in this case and I want you to know of my appreciation.

Sincerely yours,

The promiscuous use of bugs in criminal cases dates to 1957 and the Apalachin conclave of organized crime. That it took a solitary New York State police sergeant to detect the crime czars converging from all over the nation profoundly embarrassed the vaunted federal sleuths. It underscored, in dramatic fashion, a shameful fact: the FBI and organized crime had flourished simultaneously.

In an overnight attempt to make up lost ground, the FBI pulled out all the stops in launching a hush-hush "Top Hoodlum Program" aimed at putting the syndicate Mr. Bigs under the magnifying glass. One important facet of the program was bugging. In a 1959 inspection trip to the Los Angeles office, I noted that bugs had been secreted in the homes of several gangland figures.

ALTHOUGH BY THE TIME Bobby Kennedy became attorney general in the spring of 1961 the FBI's ardor for the organized crime fight had cooled, the brash young racket buster lost no time in pushing his aging subordinate into the pool and making him swim for it. Before long Hoover, who once belittled the existence of an American Mafia, was trumpeting: "The battle is joined. We have taken up the gauntlet flung down by organized crime. Let us unite in a

devastating assault to annihilate this mortal enemy."

The perfervid call to arms clearly failed to impress attorney Edward Bennet Williams, who labeled the FBI's Las Vegas bugging caper "a studied, well-organized, amply financed criminal conspiracy." If the FBI itself ever thought of the practice in such harsh terms, it was not conveyed to those of us in Sound School. The curriculum consisted of matter-of-fact discourses on electronic eavesdropping and on countertechniques to preserve the security of Bureau space, and was not encumbered with ethical considerations.

Indeed, the Bureau technical program is thoroughly administered. Sound Schools are held regularly when the supply of qualified sound men—there must be at least one in each of the 55 field offices—is in need of replenishment. In the session I attended there were about a dozen agents, all with some degree of electronic background. Presumably I had been drafted because of my entirely technical education.

For the course we were sequestered to a room high in the Bureau's Identification Building, away from random eyes. The subject matter was fairly sophisticated, including a permutation method of finding a subject's wire location in the event an uncooperative telephone company refused to release the information. There was, I recall, a jerry-built room where we practiced hooking up concealed bugs, a feat that required some skill in carpentry and plastering. On Saturdays, when the Justice Building was practically deserted, we experimented in finding a particular wire out of the spaghetti-maze traversing the conduits.

We were issued telephone installers' tool kits and transported to the FBI radio station in the Virginia countryside to learn the knack of pole climbing. At the site there is a cluster of towering radio antennas that completely dwarfs a solitary wooden practice pole. Once I "flared out" when both spikes missed and went plummeting painfully down the pole.

One of the foremost responsibilities of a sound man, we learned, was to develop close ties with telephone company special agents and operating personnel. The cozier the arrangement, the easier it was to get confidential data on subscribers' lines and to lease lines without question. In most locales—New York City is the most notable exception—this was no problem. For example, on one occasion an agent handling a prostitution investigation importuned me to place a temporary "suicide tap." When a telephone lineman accidentally discovered it, I received a call from one of the telco special agents. "Know anything about some wires in the Ballard area?" he inquired. "Guess I do," I replied. "OK, forget I called," he said. The tap stayed in.

Now it appears that at least one telephone company may pay a stiff price for playing along with the FBI. In February 1964, the Central Telephone Company of Nevada was socked with a \$6 million suit by Las Vegas casino operators charging breach of contract, conspiracy and invasion of privacy. Company officials grudgingly admitted that during the 1961-63 period they had filled FBI orders for 25 leased lines which were used to channel wires connected to bugs in the Stardust, Riviera, Dunes, Desert Inn, Fremont and Sands hotels. In preparing to pay the fiddler, the officials might have seen sardonic humor in the fact that the FBI hid behind the cover of the Henderson Novelty Co., a "musical rental service."

The most tight-lipped subject on the Sound School agenda was lockpicking. At the tag end of the three-week session, we were herded into a small room in the attic of the Justice Building, given non-inventory sets of lock-picking tools and several days' instruction in how to use them. The purpose of all this was assumed to be self-evident.

Breaking and entering a subject's premises to install a bug or photograph documents is known in the trade as a "bag job," a term derived from the equipment kit that is taken along. An actual bag job is not unlike the one described by mystery writer Rex Stout in *The Doorbell Rang*, with the exception that agents never carry badges, credentials or other items that might identify them with the FBI. All possible precautions are taken to preclude surprise discovery. It is verified that the normal occupants are well away from the premises, and an FBI agent sits with the police radio dispatcher to ensure that prowler calls from the target neighborhood are ignored.

During my career I went on a number of bag jobs and I didn't relish any. It wasn't a fear of compiling a criminal record if caught—the FBI is the national keeper of criminal records. It was more a visceral thing like the time I narrowly missed being discovered by a friend of the subject who had a key to the house. It was one of those dilemmas that agents on bag jobs dread: discovery and arrest or . . . the alternative is to *act* like a burglar by knocking the man out and fleeing. It is the alternative that most old hands recommend. Yet I never intended to resort to it. Perhaps I would have compromised by throwing a body block and dashing out.

Although the FBI high muckamucks keep their hands clean of break-and-enter dirty work, they are quick to acknowledge the fruits of a successful bag job when submitted to Washington in carefully paraphrased form. Often the risk taking agent is rewarded with an "incentive award" of \$500 or \$1000 in cash. A few recidivist "badgeless burglars of the Bureau" make a steady supplemental income this way.

Probably because of the FBI's formidable image and its ability to cry "national security" when confronted, its illegal activities have not been challenged by a timid Congress. A case in point is the Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure headed by Senator Edward V. Long of Missouri. For over a year now the subcommittee has been busily exposing a thicket of electronic snooping by government agencies, mainly the much-maligned Internal Revenue Service. But when Long's group cautiously peeped inside the FBI's closet in Miami (where it heard testimony from a private detective that he had bugged under FBI hire) and Kansas City (where the G-men had tuned in on the conversation of suspected racketeers), it gingerly shut the door.

For one thing, Long was sternly taken to task by his home-state newspapers for trifling with the sacrosanct FBI. For another, in December 1965, he received a visit at his Missouri home from no less a personage than Nicholas deB. Katzenbach. The attorney general's mission, reportedly undertaken at the behest of the President himself, was to prevail upon the senator to lay off the FBI. Evidently he agreed. When San Francisco hearings opened after the first of the year, the FBI had been quietly removed from the agenda and the stentorian senator concentrated instead on eliciting admissions of bugging and illegal entry from agents of the beleaguered IRS.

Yet the Las Vegas casino operators are not vulnerable to suasion, and the issue will shortly come to a head in the courts. Already the preliminary sparring is underway. On July 13, 1966, U.S. Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall stepped before the Supreme Court to advise that the bug found in the suite of Fred Black Jr., the convicted lobbyist, had been installed on the express authorization of J. Edgar Hoover himself. Marshall acknowledged that, until recently, the FBI chief had possessed a blank check from the Justice Department to bug whenever he unilaterally decided that "the interest of internal security or national safety" was at stake or whenever combatting organized crime required it. There was no indication of how much previous attorneys general had known about the scope of FBI bugging.

July 13th shaped up as one of the most unlucky days for the FBI in its recent history. But before the day was out G-men had closed in on the principals in a couple of penny ante spy cases that had been kept simmering on the back burner, and stories of FBI prowess once again commanded the headlines.

As the bugging controversy heats up this fall it will be a fascinating game to see if Hoover has enough spy cases up his sleeve to go around.

Khmer Serei groups headed by Son Ngoc Thanh in both Thailand and South Vietnam operating along the borders. There was a group of about 100 people captured in Battambang province just over the Thai border in Cambodia about June or July of 1969 who were allegedly Khmer Serei and recruited, as far as I know, into the Royal Army, conceivably even into the police as well. . . . The special forces have for years helped train, organize and lead irregular forces used, among others, in areas along the Cambodian border. Many of the Cambodians recruited for this may have had Khmer Serei affiliations."

On April 6, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* published an account of an interview with Prime Minister Thanh which confirmed what he had told me the previous year. According to the *Inquirer*, "Beginning in 1965 the U.S. paid millions of dollars to train, arm and support his [Thanh's] forces, most of whom were recruited from the Cambodian minority living in South Vietnam's delta. Large-scale Khmer Serei defections to the Cambodian Government were reported in 1969 and may have been part of Thanh's invasion plan to overthrow Sihanouk. According to reliable sources, the repatriated Khmer Serei units were serving in the Royal Army under Lon Nol and spearheaded political demonstrations in Phnom Penh just before the coup. After checking with his American friends, Thanh committed his U.S. trained and financed forces to the Lon Nol coup. The CIA, he said, had promised that the U.S. would do everything possible to help."

Nixon's assertion that the United States practiced complete respect for Cambodian neutrality does not accord with the facts. And these inaccurate interpretations of U.S.-Cambodian relations led to incorrect predictions of what would happen after the coup and the American invasion. Three major factors upset the Administration's game plan for Cambodia. These were described to me at length in a June 1970 interview in Hanoi with Xeng An, the Ambassador from Sihanouk's Royal Government of National Union, which now controls most of Cambodian

territory. Mr. An pointed out that the peasants had had a great loyalty and respect for Sihanouk because he had kept war from their lives. They had known perfectly well what the war was doing to the people across the border in Vietnam. Secondly, the Americans guessed wrong on Sihanouk's behavior. They had expected him to retire to France, as did the Emperor Bao Dai, the last Royal Vietnamese ruler. Instead, the Prince joined his former enemies—the Indochinese Marxists—and set up the United National Front of Cambodia and the Royal Government of National Union which he now heads. Thus American actions forced a devout Buddhist and anti-Communist ruler, Sihanouk, into the hands of Nixon's Indochinese enemies; and the Prince brought with him the support of the vast majority of Cambodian peasants. If the Nixon Administration had left Sihanouk's Cambodia alone, I believe it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for the revolutionary forces of Indochina to launch the massive offensive with tanks that erupted from the so-called sanctuaries that Nixon had sworn to clean out.

The third factor that the Americans failed to predict correctly was the effect of inciting anti-Vietnamese feelings among Cambodians. Xeng An, during his interview, discussed this point at some length, saying that it poses irreconcilable contradictions for the American policy in Cambodia. He stressed that, in order to arouse the Cambodians against the so-called Vietcong and North Vietnamese, the U.S.-supported Lon Nol clique had needed to arouse them against Vietnamese in general. To expect then that they would welcome the Saigon Vietnamese as liberators from the Communist Vietnamese was quite irrational, as events of recent months have shown. Pitched battles have been fought between Cambodian troops and their so-called South Vietnamese-Saigon allies. And the relationship between the Saigon regime and the Phnom Penh regime grows increasingly strained.

All of this must now be known to the Nixon Administration, and that, probably, is why we hear so little today about Cambodia. □

PATRICK GRAY

NIXON'S MAN AT THE FBI

WILLIAM W. TURNER

Mr. Turner, a former FBI agent, is the author of Hoover's FBI (Sherbourne Press; Dell paperback) and Power on the Right (Ramparts Press).

In a recent press interview, acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray III struggled to minimize the financial wheeling-dealing of Wesley G. Grapp, whom he had just deposed as head of the large Los Angeles office. Gray insisted that Grapp's downfall had resulted from failure to accede to updated codes of personal grooming and from tapping agents' telephone conversations, and had nothing to do with the wangling of some \$265,000 in bank loans. "We

have to protect the institution," he said. "It would be the first case of corruption in the FBI, and it isn't that at all."

Gray was sounding like his boss, Richard Nixon, who didn't want to be the first President to lose a war. And he was acting in a perfectly Nixonian manner, keeping the lid on potential scandal. In his first six months of office, the retired Navy captain has given every indication that he is not his own man at all but a Nixon political lieutenant assigned to the FBI. His secretive handling of the Grapp affair, which might otherwise have inconvenienced some of the President's biggest political angels, is one example. His conduct of the Watergate inquiry,

steering it well clear of the White House, is another.

When he selected Gray, Nixon declared it was an interim appointment, to keep the FBI out of politics until after the election. And in truth, the President was hardly eager for another showdown in the Senate of the Haynsworth-Carswell-Kleindienst type while the campaign was on. As he undoubtedly figured it, no one could be expected to make an issue of the grayish Gray, who wouldn't be there long in any case.

But now it looks as though Gray will be the first man to sit in the director's chair of the huge new FBI headquarters rising across from the Justice Department on Pennsylvania Avenue, where the space allotted to files and dossiers is roughly equal to eight football fields. Buoyed by a favorable press that describes him as "shaking up" and "modernizing" the encrusted bureau, Gray gives every sign that he intends to stay permanently, and there has been no clear signal from the White House to the contrary.

Thus it is appropriate to inspect more closely the obscure ex-military officer now in command of the most powerful of federal agencies. An Annapolis graduate who spent most of his twenty-year career in the submarine service, Gray obtained a law degree under Navy auspices and, in 1960, retired to private practice in New London, Conn., where most of his clients were Navy people. He plunged into politics in the Nixon campaign of 1960, and repeated his efforts in the 1968 win. Evidently impressed, Robert Finch brought him into HEW, and in 1970 he moved over to the Justice Department's civil division.

There Gray became a political spear carrier. In April 1971 he headed a team of assistants who obtained a federal court injunction forbidding the Vietnam Veterans Against the War to camp overnight on the Capitol grounds. The vets encamped anyhow. Envisioning the publicity nightmare of arresting sleeping veterans, Gray did nothing. Hailed before Judge George L. Hart, Jr., who had issued the injunction, he was dressed down unmercifully. "The judiciary has been degraded by this whole affair and the manner in which it has been handled," fumed the judge. "I don't think it could have been handled worse."

Gray played a less visible role in the drawn-out hearings on the nomination of Richard G. Kleindienst as Attorney General in early 1972. It was he who decided which requests by the Senate Judiciary Committee for data on the nominee's position in several antitrust cases against International Telephone & Telegraph would be honored. He proved extremely stingy. Not only did he keep all of the Department's ITT files out of the committee's grasp; he wouldn't even release a list of the materials deemed unfit for public disclosure.

This kind of fealty may have been rewarded by Nixon's surprise selection of Gray over a host of candidates who seemed better qualified to head the FBI. The Administration must have known that, after forty-six years of one-man rule, there were plenty of skeletons in the bureau closet, and Gray had demonstrated an ability to keep doors shut. He was soon put to the test again. Within days of his appointment, letters began to arrive from

Los Angeles personnel bearing word of Wesley Grapp's financial shenanigans. Within weeks, the Watergate file was resting heavily on his desk.

From the start the GOP tried to portray the Watergate burglary as a fumbling caper by overenthusiastic supporters who had no official authorization. It was decided to place the investigation in the hands of the FBI, thus borrowing on its above-politics reputation, rather than bring in a special prosecutor or commission.



L. Patrick Gray III

At the time, no one seemed to notice that giving this task to Gray's FBI might be akin to asking a rabbit to deliver a carrot.

Yet Gray was making no effort to disguise his partisanship. He roamed the country voicing support not only for Nixon's tough law-enforcement stand but for his policies on a strong military establishment as well. As a concrete example of his partiality, he sent out a teletype message to twenty-one field offices seeking up-to-the-minute crime data which was prefaced: "In order for John Ehrlichman to give the President maximum support on campaign trips during the next several weeks, the following information is required."

Gray severely circumscribed the Watergate probe. He ordered agents not to follow leads without Justice Department permission, an exercise in red tape certain to cause delay and frustration. When G-men met a wall of silence at the White House—"Trying to interview these people was like trying to interview members of the Black Panther Party," an FBI source was quoted by *The Washington Post*—Gray refused to intercede with the President to force cooperation; instead, he told his men to persevere through normal channels.

In response to Sen. George McGovern's charge that the FBI investigation appeared less than encompassing, Gray fired off a barrage of statistics—333 agents used up 14,000 man-hours in covering 1,800 leads—that rivaled J. Edgar Hoover at his numerical best. And even before the investigation was terminated, Gray asserted that it "strains the credulity" to believe that Nixon could have perpetrated a "con job" on the American people. In the end, it was only by the dogged digging of reporters that the sordid story of political espionage, sabotage and "dirty tricks" was uncovered. Watergate turned out to be but one component of a widespread network whose lines led directly to the White House.

It was not Gray's fault, of course, that the story was too big to be contained, and he tried diligently to minimize the damage. In seemingly unrelated moves, he transferred the head of the sensitive Washington field office, Robert G. Kunkel, to St. Louis, and Assistant Director Charles W. Bates to San Francisco as agent in charge. On the surface, Kunkel was in trouble for altering the report of a scuffle involving an FBI agent during an anti-war rally, and Bates had been shifted in line with a new policy permitting "top-ranking bureau officials to have tours of duty in the field." What the two men had in common was not mentioned. As chief of the general investigative division, Bates had been in overall charge of the Watergate investigation; Kunkel had worked directly under him, deploying his agents to do the legwork. Both, it is said, talked too freely with journalist friends.

The Wesley Grapp affair also threatened to get out of hand until Gray diverted it away from the \$265,000 in loans and toward such amusements as mustaches and office bugs. A South Dakotan, Grapp had gotten off to a winging start in the FBI as the political godson of Sen. Karl Mundt. But he quickly made his own mark as a Captain Queeg, a breed the FBI's ancient martinet had appreciated. As a Hoover favorite, he became so powerful that in 1968 he flatly refused a transfer from Los Angeles to Boston. And when an inspection team showed up later that year in response to a battery of allegations leveled by agents, Grapp sent them back to Washington empty-handed. "I don't have anything to fear from the inspectors," he boasted at an agents' conference. "They can't touch me."

Grapp was persistently on the make with the rich and the influential. In Oklahoma City, for instance, he frequented the Petroleum Club and cultivated the oil elite. In Los Angeles, he accepted an honorary membership in the swank Lakeside Golf Club (regular memberships cost \$13,000), and penetrated the inner sanctums of such exclusive businessmen's groups as the Hundred Club. He

once told an aide, "I'm just using the bureau as a stepping stone to bigger things."

Apparently Grapp achieved his "bigger things" without leaving the FBI. On a salary which would peak at \$36,000 a year, he accumulated assets totaling some \$360,000. Of this, \$125,000 was in real estate holdings, and he had some \$200,000 in common stocks, which he used as collateral in borrowing \$265,000 from five lending institutions.

How could a career bureaucrat amass this small fortune? The question was first asked in the form of "certain allegations" received by the FBI on May 10, eight days after Hoover's death. When a two-day inquiry brought no action, fresh allegations came in. An inspection squad spent close to three weeks in Los Angeles, turning in its report on August 17. On August 25 Grapp was censured, suspended without pay for twenty-five days, and banished to the small El Paso office. But not for financial improprieties. According to Gray, he had defied new grooming standards by punishing several agents for growing mustaches (one had been sent on a non-mission into the desert, where he was felled by heat prostration). Still the complaints poured in. On September 15 Grapp was demoted from agent in charge and transferred to Minneapolis as an ordinary sleuth, assertedly for recording agents' phone conversations in violation of regulations. The sticky affair ended in compromise shortly thereafter, when Gray rescinded the demotion and allowed Grapp to retire at his highest pay scale.

Still, waspish reporters pressed the FBI chief on the financial angle. He refused to release what his inspectors had found and insisted that no laws or rules had been violated. But the reporters had ferreted out some details on their own. Following a 1968 kidnapping in which the young victim was returned unharmed, Grapp had obtained a \$37,500 loan from the Fidelity Bank, whose president was the victim's father. At the same time, he came into possession of 20,006 shares of First Fidelity Co., the bank's holding company. Thereafter, Grapp secured two loans totaling \$135,000, plus a home mortgage of \$55,000, from the City National Bank of Beverly Hills. As it turned out, he didn't simply walk through the doors and apply to the nearest loan officer. City National is run by Alfred Hart, an old crony of J. Edgar Hoover who accompanied the G-man on his annual pilgrimages to the Del Mar race track near San Diego (Hart once was an officer of Gold Seal Liquors in Chicago, cited by the Kefauver Committee as a mob front dominated by Joey Fusco). Grapp met Hart through Hoover.

Earlier this year, the smallish Fidelity Bank hit financial shoals and was "rescued" by the United States National Bank. In consummating the merger, United States National wrote off as uncollectable \$5 million in loans floated by Fidelity, among them the Grapp note (Grapp maintains he is not in arrears on any loan payments). United States National is part of the business empire of C. Arnholt Smith, a major Nixon contributor and central figure in the abortive ITT payoff which would have brought the Republican convention to San Diego. Smith, in company with convicted tax dodger and heavy Nixon contributor John Alessio, headed a syndicate that sev-

eral years ago held the lease on the Del Mar race track.

While a tight little socio-political clique is proof of nothing, it is no wonder that an FBI spokesman stated, "We're trying to guard against saying we know all of Grapp's financial dealings. We've investigated as far as we can." Under Gray, politicalization of the FBI is out in the open. That is the only substantial difference between him and Hoover, who, despite his right-wing bias, insisted that the bureau was above politics.

At least Gray, as a transparently political creature, has

unwittingly performed a service. For now the FBI has been identified as a political arm of the current Administration, just as is its parent organization, the Justice Department. This means that any overdue reshaping of the bureau, any dilution of its police-state powers, any turning of its prowess toward laying bare Republican scandals, must await the election of a more progressive administration.

In the meantime, the job of watching the watchers falls by default to the press. □

POPULATION & POLLUTION

DO WE DARE TO GROW?

S. FRED SINGER

Mr. Singer is professor of environmental sciences and member of the Center for Advanced Studies at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. He is editor and co-author of Is There an Optimum Level of Population? (McGraw-Hill).

Earlier this year, the papers carried an interesting statistic about our economic progress: the median family income had just exceeded \$10,000 per year. To be clear about the jargon, this means that one-half of the families had an income of more than \$10,000 per year and one-half were making less. In 1950, the median family income had been about \$3,300. Even taking inflation into account, real income has more than doubled in a little more than twenty years. The proportion of families considered poor by the criteria that the U. S. Government uses has decreased gradually; from 18 per cent in 1959 to 10 per cent in 1968; and the proportion of consumer income spent on food dropped steadily, from 24 per cent in 1950 to 18.5 per cent in 1968. That last is yet another way of indicating that things have been getting better for the average individual: he can spend a larger part of his income on housing, recreation and luxuries. Not a bad record for economic growth.

If we are so rich, then why aren't we happy? Why didn't we celebrate a couple of years back when the gross national product for the first time exceeded \$1 trillion? Most of our politicians, a good many economists and the Japanese still believe in the GNP. But lately, we have witnessed a wave of disillusionment, particularly among the young and affluent, which has expressed itself in a variety of ways, from protests and bombing, to dropping out and returning to the "simple life." While prosperity has become more widespread and the struggle to survive a great deal easier—all because of economic growth—the very concept of economic growth has come under increasing attack.

To a large extent the severity of the attack is produced by what one might call the "multiplier-effect" of the mass media. But when the faddish aspects are stripped away, there would still seem to have occurred a decided swing away from "growth-mania," the one-before-latest fad. In this context, one distinction is essential: opposition

to economic growth should be kept separate from that to population growth—even though the two growths are often related and often lumped together. Economic growth can, and maybe should, proceed without population growth.

The attack on economic growth is based on three propositions—all of them superficially correct. (1) The GNP does not represent quality of life. (2) The resources of the earth, on which our prosperity is based, are finite. (3) Environmental pollution has been getting worse. My purpose here is to look at these points a little more closely.

The GNP doesn't measure quality of life and can't tell us how happy we are. Of course not—it was never intended to do anything but measure the yearly output of all goods and services that are paid for in what economists refer to as the marketplace. Liberated economists, like Kenneth Boulding, have long realized and extensively preached that the GNP should not be used as an indicator of national well-being, or "welfare" in the economic sense of the word. The GNP is a reasonably good way to aggregate apples and oranges and haircuts and medical costs. But it cannot tell you how attractive your haircut was or whether the medicine improved your health. It simply counts how much you paid the barber and the doctor. And if you got something really good, like a home-cooked meal with home-grown ingredients, the GNP would not record that satisfaction. It never records the work output of the housewife—since she is not paid. The easiest way to raise the GNP is to start paying your wife a salary. But the GNP does include other things, like expenditures for Vietnam, repair costs for shoddy automobiles, and the cost of replacing all the windows that were broken by juvenile delinquents. It includes the cost of commuting to work, which is a kind of "regrettable necessity," and the price of controlling pollution.

The GNP is a mixed bag and it is surprising that people are just now beginning to wake up to this fact. As for an index of happiness, we don't have one. Research is being done to devise an index that would at least be a more accurate measure of the real welfare than is the

SUMMARY OF WILLIAM TURNER MANUSCRIPT

Prepared by Betsy Palmer
January 23, 1978

PART FIVE: THE SECOND BAY OF PIGS

Released by Castro one year after the Bay of Pigs invasion was Enrique "Harry" Ruiz-Williams. He met with Roberto San Roman and together they flew to Washington and met with Bobby Kennedy.

Williams was a Castro supporter in the beginning -- he was a mining engineer in Oriente Province and came in contact with units of Che Guevara and Raul Castro. He later became a friend of Eloyo Menoya of the Second Front of the Escambray. Williams left Cuba in 1958, because he felt Batista was angry with him. He returned in mid-1959 and became anti-Castro. Came to the United States to find a hired assassin -- talked to someone in New York and got a price but doesn't know what group the assassin was connect with (Mafia or CIA) but the price was too high.

Williams enlisted in Brigade 2506. After President Kennedy's appearance at the Orange Bowl, Williams talked to Robert Kennedy who told him he (Williams) was their most trusted of the exiles and that the White House was still interested in returning Cuba to the exiles. Williams gets direct contact with Cyrus Vance, Under Secretary of the Army -- also Joseph Califano. Brigade veterans sent to Ft. Jackson, South Carolina, for training. Felipe de Diego becomes intelligence officer for this group because of his experience in Operation 40.

At this time, Williams is assigned to CIA contacts Howard Hunt and James McCord.

PART FIVE

ALPHA 66 ANNOYS THE RUSSIAN BEAR

Morris Bishop in contact with Antonio Veciana, political leader of Alpha 66. Eloy Gutierrez Menoyo one of the co-founders. Menoyo flees Cuba in January 1961 -- CIA suspicious of this belated defection -- held for 10 months in detention center.

Alpha 66 began hit-and-run coastal raids and CIA tended to green-light their missions.

Morris Bishop convinced that Kennedy and Krushchev had made a secret pact to do nothing about Cuba when they were negotiating during the Cuba missile crisis in October. Bishop decides to act on his own to force Kennedy's hand. Alpha 66 and Second Front fired on Soviet freighter Lvov and attack Russian commando camp on March 18, 1963. Kennedy offered conciliatory statements about damage inflicted by Bishop instigated raids. Jose Miro Cardona of CRC charged the Administration with policy of "peaceful coexistence".

PART FIVE
NELLI HAMILTON'S BOARDING HOUSE

Nelli Hamilton operated a boarding house at 1925 S.W. 4th St., Miami, in the heart of Little Havana, where the freelance adventurers, such as Gerry Patrick Hemming, "Little Joe" Garman, Robert K. Brown, William J. Dempsey, Martin Francis Xavier Casey, etc., stayed in the early 1960's.

Howard K. Davis recalled the night Rolando "El Tigre" Masferrer sent over a truck to pick up a few of Nelli's boys for an action. He also recalls the night when six of them stole a 40-foot vessel named the Polo and pulled a raid on Cuba. Guns for this raid were supplied by Frank Sturgis. The raid was thwarted.

Dick Whattley was among the boarders -- also Ed Collins, who reputedly had ties to the Canadian Mafia. Nelli's was a kind of command post.

The missile crisis brought increased surveillance of the action groups. Customs agents in south Florida increased from two dozen to over 200. Navy pilots made photo reconnaissance runs over Cuba and also over No Name Key.

First of President Kennedy's crack-down victims was Frank Sturgis and the International Anti-Communist Brigade. Major Evelio Duque and 15 Cubans set out from Naples, Florida in Alex Rorke's cabin cruiser, Violyn III, the the idea of sinking a Soviet tanker. Jerry Buchanan was also along. They were arrested by British marines and Bahamian police, tipped off by the FBI according to Sturgis. Were released a day later and guns returned to them.

Rorke soon after landed in Cuba with the idea of assassinating Castro outside a cemetery in Santiago. Did kill his bodyguard but Castro was riding in the next-to-last jeep and was unharmed.

Rorke was lost in a plane off Yucatan Peninsula off Mexico. Also aboard was Enrique Molina Garcia and Geoffrey Sullivan. Sturgis believed Molina was a double agent who kidnapped Rorke and Sullivan, took them to Cuba in retaliation for earlier attempt on Castro's life -- Hemming agrees.

SUMMARY - PART FIVE

THE "HITS" THAT MISSED

Bill Harvey, CIA, was dumped in June 1963 as head of Cuban Task Force W and transferred to Rome station as a result of his clash with RFK over the missile crisis. Johnny Roselli gives him a farewell dinner.

Roselli's "poison pill" plan to kill Castro had failed. He also was using sniper teams based at a CIA safehouse at Point Mary on upper Key Largo. Captain Bradley Ayers, an Army officer posted to JM-WAVE, recalled that during an orientation tour of CIA facilities in May, 1963, "Rip" Robertson took him to Point Mary safehouse for overnight stay. Ayres said "Colonel" John Roselli was, like "Rip" Robertson, one of the few Americans authorized to actually go on commando missions into Cuba.

Harvey gave Roselli a special radio tuned to Cuban security channels. Roselli project remained in an active status during spring and summer of 1963.

Robert Plumlee, contract pilot, said several times during May and June he flew Roselli to Bimini Island for meetings that included Bob Rogers and Bill Carr of the CIA and anti-Castro leader Carlos Prio. Ayres says his Army colleague, Major Sterling "Wes" Estrum, was involved with Roselli as late as mid-August.

"At this stage Robert Kennedy still believed that the CIA had discontinued its Mafia plots, and CIA Director John McCone had never learned that they even existed. With Harvey in Rome, it was Richard Helms who was keeping the lid on." FBI learns of CIA-Mafia link and also tries to penetrate, but Roselli would not work with them. McCone learned of involvement in August when Chicago Sun-Times reported a CIA connection with Sam Giancana. Helms convinces McCone that operation had ceased before McCone took over.

CIA has connection with Rolando Cubela who had defected from Castro and wished to assassinate him. Cubela associated with Federation of University Students. CIA contacted him, possible in Madrid, where James A. Noel was station chief. CIA lost contact with Cubela at time of missile crisis but reestablished in September 1963. Cubela pushed for firm assurances of American support - wanted to meet with RFK. Desmond Fitzgerald agreed to meet with Cubela and hold himself out as a personal representative of RFK - Ted Shackley opposed this scheme. Fitzgerald did meet with him and promised him a high-powered rifle with a scope.

SUMMARY - PART FIVE

THE "FLYING TIGER" CAPER

Bayo-Pawley raid began on early June morning in 1963 -- when the Flying Tiger II left Biscayne Bay and headed for Straits of Florida. Aboard the boat was the owner, Ambassador William D. Pawley, Rip Robertson and two other CIA paramilitary supervisors, Richard K. Billings of Life magazine -- object to kidnap two Russian missile officers and take them back to the U.S. and put on a press display.

Eduardo Perez began showing a letter in early weeks of 1963 supposedly written by underground unit in Cuba which claimed the Russians wanted to defect and could verify that Russian missiles were installed in Cuba. Perez was nicknamed "Eddie Bayo" because he resembled General Bayo and also had been a ferocious fighter with Castro's rebel army. Turned against Castro and made numerous incursions into Cuba -- reportedly involved in post-Bay of Pigs assassination attempt against Raul Castro. Became involved with Haitian exiles who wanted to overthrow Francois Duvalier.

Howard Davis, of Interpen, tried to help Bayo solicit funds for Haitians -- contacted Theodore Racoosin in New York to ask for funds.

(Davis tells Racoosin about the Russian defectors. Racoosin checks out the story, convinced it is true. Later doubts that Bayo wants anything but equipment.

New groups takes over (had been White House interest at first). John Martino become catalyst of Flying Tiger caper. Martino reportedly linked to New Jersey Mafia -- had strong ties with Johnny Roselli. (Author at this point restates Loran Hall story that he met with Giancana and Trafficante in Florida in Feb. 1963 where \$30,000 was offered as a bounty on Castro's head).

Florida newspaper personages get involved in planning -- Bill Baggs, editor of Miami News, Jack Gore, editor of Ft. Lauderdale News, Mrs. John H. Perry, Jr. wife of publisher of Palm Beach Post-Times and Congressman William Kramer. Raid becomes known as Operation Red Cross.

Senator James O. Eastland briefs on defector project by Martino. Pawley checks with Bayo to evaluate the details and tells Eastland that it was a high-risk operation. Pawley arranges meeting between Eastland and Lt. Gen. Pat Carter, deputy director of CIA.

Carter did not consider it necessary to inform CIA Director John McCone that the Agency was providing logistical support and author claims President Kennedy and McCone did not learn of CIA involvement until a year later.

According to Gerry Hemming, Pawley arranged for Dwight Eisenhower and Jimmy Doolittle to debrief the Russian defectors. This was designed to embarrass President Kennedy.

By early June, Henry Luce had entered the picture and involved Life magazine -- gets them to agree to send photographer Andrew St. George on mission but no pictures to be published without Pawley's approval. Life magazine deeply involved in what author describes as Henry Luce's private war against Castro. Pawley felt that Life's involvement "blew" the mission -- agreed to talk to Life managing editor George P. Hunt -- and they struck the agreement about no publication without Pawley's consent.

Flying Tiger set out with 3 CIA men and Billings aboard and to rendezvous with amphibian carrying Pawley, Martino, Bayo and nine commandos, and free-lance photographer Terrence Spencer, who had been hired by Life.

Bayo and his men set off for shores of Cuba in late afternoon of June 8. Boat reportedly overloaded. Bayo expected to return in two days. Suspicion that he intended not only to get Russian defectors but also to make a hit on Castro. No one returned from raid. All participants remained silent about the thwarted raid and it was families of those missing that broke the story a year later to Kennedy and McCone.

Story forced into the open in early 1976. This brought Bob Plumlee, CIA contract pilot, to the author with story of other raids sponsored by CIA using private yachts-- unknown to the Kennedy administration. Tells of a mission into Cuba with Manuel Rojo to bring out five men from Cuba, including Juan Martinez and another Alpha 66 man.

PART FIVE - THE COUNTERFEIT CURRENCY PLOT

Chapter deals with scheme of Mario Garcia Kohly, an exiled Cuban leader, to enlist the help of powerful people in the United States in an effort to flood Castro's Cuba with counterfeit currency and thus destroy Castro's economy.

Kohly presents his plan to Vice President Richard Nixon, and General Charles Cabell, deputy director of the CIA. Nixon requested that CIA cooperate with Kohly.

Kohly had a round of meetings with CIA and felt the Agency would install him as the number one person among the Cuban exiles. But CIA soon was asking him to merge with the CRC being formed under the incoming Kennedy Administration. Claims the CIA offered him \$500,000 "under the table" money for consent to merge.

Robert W. Morrow - an aerospace engineer and connected with CIA proprietary, Comcor, Inc., becomes involved with Kohly. He was inducted into the secret war by General Cabell and Ed Kendricks and given cover identity of Robert Porter. Morrow is the one who actually worked out the counterfeit plan, as Kohly had become preoccupied with political maneuvering. Morrow had plates made assertedly with the aid of engravers of U.S. Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Kennedy administration was not aware of plan -- General Cabell apparently working independently. This took place in the summer of 1961.

Cabell shows Morrow a letter from then Vice President Johnson who disclosed that he had learned that President Kennedy secretly had instructed Robert MacNamara to bring CIA under control, including formation of Defense Intelligence Agency. Also claimed Kennedy working through Senate Appropriations Committee to curtail CIA power.

Cabell decides information about counterfeiting scheme was leaked to Castro, who, on August 5, 1961, ordered all pesos to be exchanged at par for newly-printed ones. The Kohly scheme was thwarted.

Kohly was out of favor with the Kennedy's due to his free lancing and his identification with Nixon. Kohly proposed going into Cuba to forcibly free the Bay of Pigs prisoners. Kendricks rejected the plan but Kohly meets two other CIA agents through a friend, Commander Miguel Pons Goizueta. They come up with the idea of ransom being paid to Castro -- approximately \$25 million. Kennedy rejects plan and sends two of his aids to go to Cuba and make a deal with Castrol.

Kohly continues to scheme - envisions an operation based in a Latin American country -- freedom fighters. Through Senator Brewster, Kohly contacts General Maxwell Taylor who purportedly said that project would be recognized by the Pentagon if Kohly could get private financing. Kohly finds Louis Berlanti, a wealthy Miami contractor who was willing to finance. They cannot get a meeting with General Taylor.

The Counterfeit Currency Plot

Page 2

Counterfeit scheme resurfaces -- operating out of 6324 Hazelwood Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Wm. Morrow and his wife involved -- got financing from Louis Berlanti. They contact a commercial printer in New York -- met with a man named Martin. General Taylor tries to persuade Berlanti to drop his financial support of Kohly but Berlanti refuses. On evening of August 16, 1963, Berlanti and son Fred killed in a plane crash (private Plane) -- mystery still surrounds circumstances -- reportedly had \$30 million in plane.

William Martin meets with Kohly and at time plates were turned over, Martin, a Secret Service undercover operative, arrests Kohly. Morrow and wife given suspended sentences and Kohly convicted and sentenced to two years. Kohly supporters maintain he was victim of entrapment because he had not knuckled under to the Kennedy Administration. Arrest was in October 1963.

Kohly died in 1975.

PART FIVE
THE CIA'S "GOLDEN BOY" AND THE
SECOND NAVAL GUERRILLA

Chapter deals with Manuel Artime, the MRR, and Artime's very close association with Robert F. Kennedy. Author states that it was RFK personally who had raised the last \$1 million to get Artime ransomed from Modelo Prison - a Castro prisoner. Artime vacations with the Kennedy's in New Hampshire and returns to Miami with a special portfolio from RFK to draw funds from the CIA at the rate of \$1,500 per month to revive the MRR. The figure soon grows to \$250,000 per month and, between 1963 and 1966, totalled \$9 million.

MRR project targeted on Cuban shipping and shore installations -- given code name Second Naval Guerrilla. CIA provided funding, logistical support, intelligence data and guidance. Each operation of Artime's had to get CIA clearance.

Second Naval Guerrilla was to be launched from Central America. Artime approached Luis Somoza, Nicaraguan, and he agreed -- met with Carlos Prío and Artime in July 1963. Somoza solicits help of President Francisco J. Orlich, Costa Rica.

Two MRR jungle camps set up on lands belonging to Colonel Vico Starki Jimenez -- friend of Orlich's brother. Recruitment high in Miami office. CIA money flowed into operation. MRR purchasing agents were Sixto R. Mesa, exile business man and William K. King, former oilman in Havana. They employed Bernard Barker as a courier. Bought only the best in equipment -- much of it German made.

MRR "navy" led by two attack cargo vessels fitted with 20mm naval cannon, .50 caliber machine guns and recoilless rifles. Ships flew Liberian flag and carried an assortment of flags that could be hoisted as situation dictated. CIA lent Tejana III to the MRR. Also a number of smaller boats.

Central American bases ready by November. First contingent of commandos trained at CIA facilities in Virginia and No. Carolina sailed from Norfolk. At peak of buildup, 300 men under arms at the bases. Pepe San Roman in charge. MRR volunteers exempted from usual Immigration rules regarding travel outside the U.S.

PART FIVE

THE COMMANDOS MAMBISES: A TRIAL BALLOON

Led by Major Manuel Villafana, the Commandos Mambises were an elite group formed especially to be a trial balloon to test this nations reaction to a renewed anti-Castro movement. Trained at CIA amphibious base in Louisiana -- quartered in safehouse in South Florida -- subsidized solely by CIA. One of the few married men in group was Remigio "Cucu" Arce.

Mambises would mount a spectacular commando raid on vital Cuban costal installation -- press release would be issued simultaneously in Guatemala and relayed to Miami radio station WMIE (now WBQA).

Creation of Commandos Mambises stemmed from discussions of Standing Group during spring of 1963. Robert Kennedy expressed opinion that U.S. needed to do something against Castro even though actions would not bring him down. At this time, Harry Williams was still meeting with Hunt and McCord to plan an expeditionary force to be based in Dominican Republic and Artime was training troops in Central America..

On June 19, JFK authorized a sabotage program aimed at petroleum facilities, railroad and highway transportation, electric power communication lines and manufacturing plants. It was coupled with effort to develop internal resistance elements which could carry out sabotage. This is first time CIA was allowed to target installations that had previously been American owned.

Guatemala City "press agent" for Mambises was Rafael Martinez Pupo, bank executive. His Miami contact was Salvador Lew, correspondent for Latin American News Agency.

Mambises first materialized on evening of August 18, 1963 when Pupo made rounds of Guatemala City press offices handing out release about strike against oil storage tanks at strategic port of Casilda. Their leader, Angel Orozco Crespo was captured and later executed. Other raids carried out on October 1 on Cayo Guin and October 22 in port of Isabela de Sagua.

Also on October 22, Mambises unit attempted a landing from the Rex on Pinar del Rio Province. Set off a firefight and straffing of freighter J. Louis by MIGs. U.S. charged that Cuba had attacked the J.Louis without provocation, but Castro reported that four of Rex crew had been captured, described the Rex and named her home port in West Palm Beach.

PART FIVE
THE NAVY NOBODY KNEW

Section deals with the ships allegedly used by the CIA as support vessels and attack boats for raids into Cuba in the early 1960's.

The Rex was harbored at West Palm Beach and the Leda at Port Everglades. Captains of the vessels were brothers Alejandro Brooks (Rex) and Gaspar Brooks (Leda). Both flew the flag of Nicaragua, had radar and electronic gear, were registered under names of companies the author feels were CIA fronts, and came in and out of harbor without any interference from the INS.

Turner goes into detail about the raid in which four of the Rex crewmen were captured by Castro -- briefly mentioned in the previous section, Commandos Mambises. Those captured were: Alberto del Busto, Luis Montero Carranzana, Dr. Clemente Inclan Werner and one not identified by name.

Turner said CIA purchased ships from the Navy's mothball and reserve fleet and were purchased as government surplus by CIA's dummy companies through commercial ship brokers.

A gunner's mate on the Rex stated that the crew were all Cubans. Gordon Campbell, JM WAVE assistant station chief, would go to the ship just before a mission and had Captain Brooks sealed orders to be opened at sea. After the Rex cleared the harbor, the guns would be taken from the magazine and fastened to the deck mounts. Rex would rendezvous at sea with the commando, frogmen and infiltration teams. Would replenish her stores and ammunition at Stock Island near Key West, where there was a CIA warehouse.

A good portion of this section is a recounting of various raids reported in the book The War That Never Was by Bradley Ayers. It is good adventure reading, but not necessary to summarize.

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PART FIVE
THE KENNEDYS' DOUBLE SECRET

Once again, Turner draws heavily from the text of the book by Bradley Ayers, giving an account of Ayers meeting RFK at a hunting camp in the Florida Everglades where Gordon Campbell was briefing RFK on a planned CIA sponsored raid into Cuba.

Campbell tells Ayers that they had received permission to make some raids which had been a long time in gaining White House approval -- raids involved the use of two-man submaries to attack Cuban ships in harbor, airborne commando raids, etc. to hit a major oil refinery in mid -December 1963. Campbell tells Ayers that "---the Agency cannot allow this mission to fail. Everybody from the President and Special Group on down has his eyes on this one."

Turner then discusses the apparent incongruity of the situation. While the Kennedy administration seemed to be giving a lot of support to the CIA raids, at the same time it was considering detente with Castro. McGeorge Bundy presented the possibility of communicating with Castro as early as January 1963. In June the Special Group agreed it would be wise to explore the possibilities of establishing a communication with Castro and yet, two week later, the President authroized an intensified sabotage program.

This section gives a view of the politics of the times, an insight into the frustrations experienced by Cuban exiles, and ends with an account of the cessation of activities on November 22, 1963.

SUMMARY

THE LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN BUST AND
THE "BOMB CASTRO" PLOTS

This chapter is incomplete - at least, we do not have it in its entirety as evidenced by the fact that the last page in our possession ends in the middle of a sentence.

The chapter begins with an account from the New Orleans Times-Picayune, August 1, 1963, of the cache of material for bombs that were seized on the property of William McLaney. Mrs. McLaney explained that their summer cottage on Lake Pontchartrain had been lent to a Cuban friend, Jose Juarez, and they knew nothing of his activities there. The raid was conducted by the FBI and eleven arrests were made (Sam Benton, Richard Lauchli, Victor Dominador Espinosa Hernandez, Carlos Eduardo Hernandez Sanchez, Antonio Soto Vasquez, Acelo Pedros Amores, Miguel Alvarez Jimenez, Byron Chiverton, Earl J. Wasem, Jr., and Ralph Folkerts.) The FBI hastily freed these men and Turner states that it was because they learned that the group was involved in schemes to assassinate Castro sponsored by the Mafia-CIA.

Sam Benton was the connection between Cuban exiles and gambling interests. Benton had been employed by McLaney (Mike) at Nacional Hotel casino in Havana. Mike and William McLaney are brothers.

Benton's principle exile link was Sanchez Arango and his Triple A organization. After the Bay of Pigs, Sanchez broke with the CIA and formed a junta of splinter groups, travelled to San Juan and Caracas eliciting support from social democrats Munoz Marin and Roman Bentencourt.

Ed Arthur, a military veteran from Ohio, was in Miami to join the counterrevolutionaries. He came into contact with Jim Buchanan, and later Frank Sturgis. Jim and Jerry Buchanan took him to a MIRR meeting attended by Orlando Bosch. Arthur became armaments advisor and procurer for Commandos L.

Discussion of Orlando Bosch Avila, indicates that by the summer of 1963 he claimed that MIRR was conducting regular air raids on Cuba with three twin-engine planes based in Central America. Carl M. Davis, an American pilot who flew for Bosch, advised that the country was Guatemala, where an airstrip was carved out of an isolated section of a United Fruit Company plantation, and also Costa Rica was occasionally used as a base.

The Lake Pontchartrain Bust and
the "Bobm Castro" Plots(continued)
Page 2

Turner states that apparently the McLaney property in Louisiana was being used as a home base for Cuba overflights. Sam Benton was commuting between Miami and New Orleans. Existence of the base was a tightly held secret.

According to Turner, Ed Arthur was taken to a Miami home on Pine Tree Drive by Sam Benton. Arthur was offered \$90,000 to assassinate Castro. Arthur turned down offer because he felt it was from the Mafia and he did not want any involvement with them. Turner says it was "natural to suspect" that the person making the offer to Arthur might be Mike McLaney. Turner says there is little doubt but that a call from Chicago that night authorizing the offer to Arthur was from Sam Giancana or one of his lieutenants.

End of Summary - Part Five

SUMMARY
PART 6

THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION COVER-UP

544 CAMP STREET - 1.

Author begins with discussion of Guy Banister's activities on the night that Kennedy was assassinated -- his pistol whipping of his part-time investigator, Jack S. Martin, who refused to bring charges against Banister. Turner claims that Banister's office at 544 Camp Street was a "nervecenter for CIA-sponsored operations against Fidel Castro" and Banister was also aware that Oswald had stamped 544 Camp Street on the pro-Castro literature he had handed out in August of 1963.

Turner thinks that Banister was on edge, realizing that a thorough investigation in New Orleans, re: Oswald connections, would expose the clandestine network he had erected behind his detective agency, which would implicate David Ferrie and lead to the CIA's all-Cuban Operation 40, collaborators, fronts and money conduits, training operations, etc.

The morning after the assassination, Secret Service agents were investigating the 544 Camp Street building, because the address had appeared on Oswald's literature. Agents were trying to find out whether Oswald had occupied space there. Their inquiries did not extend to Banister's office. There was a large supply of "Hands Off Cuba" handbills in Banister's office.

On this same day, Jack Martin contacted the District Attorney's office and alleged that David Ferrie was involved in the assassination. He told Dist. Att. Kohlman about Oswald's Civil Air Patrol association with Ferrie. Martin claimed that Ferrie involved in the assassination with the role of piloting an escape plane across the border from Brownsville, Texas.

A network correspondent, Robert Mullholland, claimed in a personal interview that he had overheard FBI agents talking about a relationship between Ferrie and Oswald -- the Saturday after the assassination.

Author states that on the Monday after the assassination, FBI agent Ernest C. Wall, Jr. called Guy Banister, presumably because the Secret Service had connected Banister to Sergio Arcach Smith and Wall, who had helped organize the Friends of Democratic Cuba.

This piece of information was never called to the attention of the Warren Commission according to the author.

SUMMARY - Part 6.
THE MAN WHO SHOT A BANK - 2

Richard Case Nagell, age 32 in 1963, had graduated with honors from the Army Military Intelligence School and served in the Counter Intelligence Corps, who considered him a "perennially calm and level-headed officer of superior intelligence."

On the afternoon of September 20, 1963, Nagell entered the State National Bank in El Paso, Texas, shot an automatic weapon into the ceiling and then sat in his car until police officers arrested him. He claimed he wanted to be detained by federal authorities. Also claimed that since August 1962, he had been on CIA payroll as an agent, had met Lee Harvey Oswald during this time, and learned of a domestic-inspired plot to assassinate Kennedy. When he reported what he had learned to his CIA contact, he was instructed to "take care" of Oswald, but refused and sent a letter to J. Edgar Hoover warning him of the plot. Nagell thought the plot was to take place on September 26.

Turner learned of this story in 1967 when Nagell was in Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary. Turner published an account of Nagell's story in Ramparts magazine in January 1968.

Chapter deals with Nagell's background and activities in the 1960's. Much of the information reported was told by Nagell to a former inmate. Nagell claims to have explored "an alleged connection between Eladio Del Valle, Sergio Arcacha Smith;", and checked on leads of a David Ferrie associate and tailed a man who supposedly was an ex-CIA employee, who was observed talking to Manuel Artime and Rolando Masferrer.

Nagell claims he has a snapshot of himself and Oswald taken in the French Quarter of New Orleans -- but has not produced same. Also claims Oswald was a "patsy" and states reasons why in this chapter (page 11).

Nagell asked to talk to a Secret Service agent when news of Kennedy's assassination reached him in jail. Did not talk when agent arrived because FBI was also present and Nagell upset that FBI had ignored his previous warning. Nagell ordered to Springfield for psychiatric observation on January 24, 1964. He was convicted of bank robbery and given 10 year sentence. Freed in April 1968. Claims CIA contacted him and sent him on a mission to East Germany in June of 1968.

Author says final verdict on Nagell must wait until Nagell produces snapshot of he and Oswald. Turner does state that Nagell's story does seem "quite plausible, and there are no contradictions in it."

SUMMARY - PART 6

THE LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN LINK - 4.

Withheld from the Warren Commission was an FBI memo out of Miami on October 3, 1963 which reported that Sam Benton had been intercepted by Customs as he was ready to fly to Cuba on a bombing mission as well as the FBI raid on the McLaney property in Louisiana two weeks earlier. The Senate Intelligence Committee cited this as an important example of the FBI efforts to protect its image by hiding facts about its alleged laxity in the surveillance of Oswald prior to Kennedy's assassination.

The Committee did note that Rolando Cubela (AMLASH) was linked to the Lake Pontchartrain group by a man referred to in the Committee report as "A". The information "A" revealed raised the possibility that organized crime figures may have been aware of the AMLASH operation.

Turner suggests that "A" was Carlos Hernandez, who, with Sam Benton, was detained in the Miami and Lake Pontchartrain raids. Hernandez and Benton became business partners in a Miami gun shop in 1964. The author discusses the Senate Intelligence Committee report which discusses the connection of the ousted gambling bosses and the Cuban exiles. Suggests there was an abundance of motive and that Bobby Kennedy was the person they were after, through the assassination of his brother, the President.

Jose Aleman, a Miami exile businessman, was an FBI source of information. Aleman reported a Santos Trafficante prediction that Kennedy was going to be "hit" but was ignored by the FBI. Shortly after the assassination (within hours) the FBI were quizzing Aleman as asked him not to say anything to anybody.

Turner contends that if the mob was involved, Oswald would qualify in their eyes as the kind of "nut" to set up to do the job. He also notes that on August 5, 1963, Oswald unaccountably became an "interchangeable man" -- working both the pro and anti Castro sides in New Orleans. His overtures to Carlos Bringuier came only days after published reports of the seizure of munitions on the McLaney property. Turner says Bringuier was connected with the training camps in that area.

When Oswald was jailed after his confrontation with Bringuier on Canal Street (FPCC literature handouts), Oswald requested to see an FBI agent -- Agent John Quigley went to the jail and talked to him for an hour and a half.

Tuner discusses the stamping of 544 Camp Street on Oswald's handouts -- suggesting (1) Oswald may have been working for Guy Banister who had a "stable" of young men that infiltrated leftist groups, or (2) Oswald may have been drawn to Camp Street through David Ferrie, his old CAP commander.

David Ferrie was in contact with key personnel of the Cuban Revolutionary Council from Miami and New Orleans. Sergio Arcacha Smith wrote to the Chairman of the Board of Eastern Airlines (by whom Ferrie was employed as a pilot) urging him to grant Ferrie "an extended leave with pay so that the work at hand can be completed." Ferrie's activities training units in guerrilla warfare near Lake Pontchartrain is discussed on the basis of a statement of John Irion on May 3, 1967.

Through the Garrison investigation, Thomas E. Beckham is linked to Ferrie through the Apostolic Orthodox Old Catholic Church. Also linked, at this point in the manuscript, is Fred Lee Crisman, a former Army pilot living in Tacoma, Washington. Crisman, subpoenaed by Garrison, said he knew Beckham had handled large sums of money for the Cuban freedom fighters. An informant told Garrison that Crisman was also in touch with Sergio Arcacha Smith and Clay Shaw. Turner states that since the testimony of Perry Russo to the effect that he, Oswald and Ferrie had discussed a JFK assassination plot could not be corroborated, the Garrison investigation of Clay Shaw was "struck a mortal blow". Turner also states, based on the statement of former CIA employee Victor Marchetti, that the CIA wanted to give Shaw all the help they could, since Shaw had been an agency contact and Ferrie had been a contract agent at the time of the assassination.

SUMMARY - PART 6

OSWALD AND THE CUBANS - 5

Nearly the entire chapter is drawn from previous published material (properly footnoted) dealing with Oswald's connections with the Cuban community and Jack Ruby's associations with Ray McKeown.

McKeown was a known gunrunner, arrested in 1958 and Carlos Prio for smuggling weapons into Cuba for Fidel Castro's revolution against Batista. McKeown served six months in jail, returned to Houston, Texas and wished to stay away from any further gunrunning activities. Turner suggests that McKeown was contacted by CIA and Miami "intelligence officers" for various assignments. About a week after Castro assumed power in Cuba, McKeown was approached by Jack Ruby who wanted him to use his influence with Castro for the release of three persons jailed in Havana (Warren Commission, Vol 23).

Turner discusses the alleged McKeown/Oswald contact of late August 1963 which was reported in the CBS special report on the JFK assassination on December 7, 1975 ("Three Witnesses"). Turner said CBS did not air McKeown's account of his Ruby contacts and no one asked him, but a friend of his, Sam Neil, corroborated his story about meeting with Oswald. Also mentioned is a visit by George deMohrenschildt to McKeown soon after the Oswald visit in which de Mohrenschildt advises McKeown not to take Oswald seriously. The story involves a visit to McKeown's home by Oswald and a Cuban McKeown believed to be "Hernandez". The two wished to buy four unregistered .300 Savage semiautomatic rifles with telescopic sights. Turner suggests these would be appropriately used in hunting or assassination, but not for guerilla warfare.

Turner discusses next Oswald's five-day trip to Mexico City, the photo mistakenly identified as Oswald by the CIA, and the way the Warren Commission handled the entire episode. He also deals with the WC handling of the Sylvia Odio incident. Turner indicates both incidents indicate impersonation of Oswald.

Turner questioned several Miami paramilitary and exile sources as to the identify of the man pictured in front of the Cuban embassy in Mexico City. He suggests the person is Johnny Mitchell Devereau, aka Johnny Mitchell who fought in Castro's revolution and was in contact with Frank Sturgis when they were in Cuba. Turner's Miami sources think Devereau did contract assignments for the CIA.

Turner suggests two Oswald impersonations after his return from Mexico City. One--in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, by a man giving his name as Oswald, trying to rent an apartment -- is contained in the Orleans Parish District Attorney files, interview of Mrs. Alvene Magee.

The second incident, reported in the Warren Commission, involves the statement of a Dallas car salesman who wrote Oswald's name down as a prospective customer, after showing him a car. Turner states unequivocally that Oswald could not drive.

Turner next discusses the fact that Tony Veciana appeared before the House Select Committee on Assassinations -- behind closed doors. Turner gets his information from Jack Anderson column of January 19, 1977. This information about Veciana testifying before this Committee is incorrect, but the published article by Anderson follows an internal memo about an interview with Veciana.

Turner next summarizes the recent publicity of Frank Sturgis's arrest at the request of Martia Lorenz and suggests that the ensuing publicity attracted this Committee's investigators. This, also, is incorrect information as our investigators were interviewing Lorenz two days prior to the Sturgis arrest in New York City.

In a "Supplementary Investigative Report" dated November 23, 1963, Dallas deputy sheriff Buddy Walthers advised the Secret Service that some Cubans had been using a Dallas residence for meetings. Secret Service showed no interest in this but a recently released FBI report indicates the address on Harlendale was the local branch of Alpha 66. Turner also discusses the FBI memo which stated that the bullet that struck Kennedy and Connally would not fit USMC weapons and "gives rise to the obvious speculation that it is a contract for ammunition placed by CIA with Western under a USMC cover for concealment purposes."

SUMMARY - PART 6
THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION COVER-UP

JACK RUBY AND THE CUBA MAFIA - 6.

Begins with the Ruby eight-day visit to Cuba as the guest of Lewis J. McWillie, craps table supervisor at the Tropicana in 1959. Ruby told the Warren Commission that this was a pleasure trip and this was accepted by the WC.

Turner points out that the trip does not seem too innocent for the following reasons:

During his Havana stay, Ruby boasted to two American tourists that he was "in with both sides" according to Thayer Waldo. Ruby claimed friendship with Rolando Masferrer & Hamleto Batisti.

Ruby did not return directly to Dallas as claimed by the WC. He actually proceeded to Miami and then doubled back to Havana. A Miami Beach bartender, Meyer R. Panitz, said Lewis McWillie called him in the summer of 1959 advising that "Ruby had visited him in Cuba and was then in Miami Beach". U.S. Immigration documents show that Ruby flew back to Havana from Miami on Sept. 12 on Pan Am flight 415. The next day, he boarded Delta flight 750 to New Orleans and presumably flew on to Dallas from New Orleans.

According to a cargo pilot, Blaney Mack Johnson, he told FBI that Ruby had been engaged in gunrunning and was part owner of 2 planes used for this purpose. Also alleges that Ruby purchased a substantial share in a Havana gambling house in which Carlos Prio was principle owner.

An account recorded about three women who met Ruby in 1958 when they were staying with a relative, James Woodard, on Islamorada in the Florida Keys. FBI verified that Woodward was implicated in weapons smuggling for and against Castro. Women say this "Jack" had some crates supposedly containing arms and ammunition to be smuggled into Cuba.

Blaney Johnson also alleges that Ruby was associated with Edward J. Browder, Jr. who was involved in gunrunning to Castro. Browder denied knowing Ruby but Turner points out that Browder was tied in with the same Tropicana Casino crowd as Ruby.

Turner says the WC neglected to ask Jack Ruby if he knew Norman Rothman, who had worked at Tropicana and was involved in gun-running. Ruby did claim acquaintanceship with Martin and William Fox, principle owners of the Tropicana.

Summary - Part 6
The Kennedy Assassination Cover-Up

Jack Ruby and the Cuba Mafia
Page 2

Turner writes that the contention that Ruby was involved in gun-running is hardly dimmed by his friendship with Lewis McWillie and the Fox brothers. His remark at the Tropicana that he was "in with both sides" was entirely consistent with the situation at the time.

Nancy Perrin Rich, a former barmaid at the Carousel Club, claims she and her husband encountered Ruby in summer of 1962 when they were asked to become involved in a gunrunning operation into Cuba.

A former Dallas policeman, Harry N. Olsen, was interviewed by Turner in 1968 and he claimed that in the summer of 1962, Ruby left on a two-week trip to New Orleans and Havana to pick up an act for the club. He returned "tight-lipped" and without an act. Ruby's brother, Earl, sent a telegram to Havana on April 1, 1962. Turner says that likelihood of Ruby going to Havana just before the missile crisis is "remote".

Rumors in the Cuban community in Miami after the assassination were to the effect that Ruby had been in Havana fairly recently, and was the owner of a tourist office in the Seville Biltmore Hotel. Claimed he was a friend and client of a person named Praskin who owned a shop in the hotel. Ruby remarked, in connection with his 1959 visit, that he was a friend of Hamleto Batisti, once the owner of the Seville Biltmore.

Turner discusses Ruby's possible connection with the Chicago mob. Jack Wilner, of Chicago Daily News, pegged Ruby as being "involved in 1947 with Nick De John, Paul Labriola, Marcus Lipsky and Paul Roland Jones, in an effort to take over gambling in the Dallas area." Those cited by Wilner were members of Chicago outfit. Jones admitted he knew Ruby and visited him when in Dallas. Joe Civello, Dallas regional capo, claimed to have seen Ruby only a few times prior to 1958. Bobby Gene Moore, a Civello family acquaintance and part-time piano player at Carousel Club, said Ruby was a "frequent visitor and associate" of Civello. Moore report was published only briefly in the WC report -- the remainder in the Archives.

Turner discusses Ruby's possible connection with the Teamster's Union and quotes an organizer, Leopoldo Ramos Ducso as saying that around September 1961, Frank Chavez told him that he (Chavez) had appointment to meet Richard Kavner, International Vice Pres. of Teamsters and Jack Ruby. Chavez was Sec-Treas. for Teamster local in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Summary - Part 6.

The Kennedy Assassination Cover-Up

Jack Ruby and the Cuba Mafia - 6.

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Turner cites several instances which indicate that Chavez wished to kill Robert Kennedy. Chavez was, himself, murdered in 1964.

Turner discusses theory of W. R. Morris, author of Twelfth of August, who tells of a contact with a former CIA man now in California who links Eladio del Valle (who has smuggling ties with Trafficante) to David Ferrie and Jack Ruby. Morris and CIA former employee give story to Rockefeller Commission in form of affidavits which were rejected. Also went to NBC television and taped an interview which was never aired.

Also discussed in this chapter is the possible role of Jim Braden in the assassination -- Peter Noyes theory is reviewed.

Discussion of Carroll E. Jarnagin story that he had seen Oswald and Ruby together at Carousel Club.

Discussion of Hugh A. Morrow story that Oswald had applied for a job at the Allright Parking System next door to the Carousel Club about a week prior to the assassination.

CONTRACT ON KENNEDY - 7

The author relates an incident alleged to have taken place hours after Ruby killed Oswald. A phone call was placed to Seymour Ellison, a law partner of Melvin Belli, from a Las Vegas attorney who stated that there was a million dollars in it if Belli would defend Ruby, described as "one of our guys". Ellison knew that the firm of this attorney represented organized crime figures who had been ousted from Cuba by Castro. Shortly after the first call, the attorney again called Ellison and stated that Ruby was in with another element and his clients didn't want to get involved in any way. Turner suggests this other "element" might have been a Mafia cabal pursuing the assassination of Fidel Castro.

Turner continues at this point to discuss the inadequacies of the investigative work done by the CIA and FBI immediately after the assassination. He says both agencies failed to investigate properly Oswald's Cuban connections. He thinks the possibility exists in both agencies that senior officials made conscious decisions to not disclose important information.

Turner discusses at length, in this chapter, the findings of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence -- the AMLASH operation of the CIA using Rolando Cubela (allegedly), the separate Mafia-CIA plots against Castro's life, involving James P. O'Connell and William K Harvey of the CIA and Robert A. Maheu, formerly of the FBI. Turner says Maheu was the CIA's link to the Mafia through his friendship with Johnny Roselli. He relates an incident in which Roselli was offered \$150,000 to cover the cost of a Castro assassination plot. Such an attempt would have to be cleared with Santos Trafficante, and Roselli used Sam Giancana to solicit Trafficante.

Maheu, Roselli, Trafficante and a Cuban exile leader formulated a plan to poison Castro, and believed it worked, until the Bay of Pigs invasion took place and Castro showed no signs of illness. After one more poisoning attempt, Roselli's group turned to guns as a means of assassination. By early 1963, the CIA had lost interest in sponsoring plots against Castro's life.

Turner relates that Castro and Kennedy were conducting "behind-the-scenes negotiations aimed at rapprochement" and that it was unlikely that Castro would initiate a plot against Kennedy if such negotiations were going on.

The author goes into a lengthy discussion of the possible role played by Washington lawyer Edward P. Morgan, whose clients included Howard Hughes, the Teamsters, Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI, and several organized crime figures. Morgan contacted Drew Pearson in January 1968 and told him of plots against Castro, stating that his sources were clients who had taken part in the plots. He claims Castro learned of the plots and sent an assassination team to the United States to kill Kennedy. No particular reason is to be found for Morgan's withholding of this information for three years but Turner suggests two possible reasons: one, that it coincided with the Garrison investigation and two, it might have been instigated by Johnny Roselli who was under threat of deportation. For some reason or other, the deportation proceedings stalled.

Turner suggests that the June 24 and August 7, 1976 murders of Giancana and Roselli respectively may have been committed to silence them because of what they knew about the Kennedy assassination. Columnist Jack Anderson wrote that Roselli had "hinted" to his associates that he knew who had arranged for Kennedy's murder.

Turner says it is hard to believe that Castro would use Cuban Mafia hirlings to "hit" Kennedy, as Roselli had suggested.

Turner next discusses the McLaney brothers from New Orleans, the amount of real estate they had lost in Cuba when Castro took over, the fact that they had their own air force, and had sent the CIA a detailed plan for bombing Havana oil refineries. Turner says that at the time the CIA was helping anti-Castro action groups, the FBI and Customs service were raiding groups that assumed they had government immunity. The McLaneys were among this group. Sam Benton, an associate of the McLaneys, was grabbed by Customs agents. Undaunted, Benton and his Cuban exiles set up a training camp north of Lake Ponchartrain, owned by William McLaney. The camp was raided and eleven men detained by the FBI -- including Sam Benton and four Cubans who had been detained by Customs in Florida in June. Rich Lauchli, supplier of munitions, was also detained. Details of this raid were never given to the Warren Commission.

These omissions were important, according to Turner, because

Castro assassination plans were still in the works. Turner then tells of the plot to poison Castro using a pen. This was to be carried out through AMLASH, and the pen was actually given to him the day Kennedy was shot. The existence of the AMLASH plot likewise was withheld from the Warren Commission.

Turner suggests that evidence has surfaced that certain of Benton's contacts continued to plan Castro's assassination independent of the CIA. He discusses certain recent disclosures of Edward I. Arthur, a weapons supplier for Commandos L. One such account allegedly involves a meeting in September 1963 near Miami Beach, involving Benton, Arthur, and a tough-looking Italian who offered \$90,000 for Castro's assassination. Turner has talked to Arthur about this incident. Arthur said the meeting place was the home of Marcos Perez Jimenez.

The manuscript ends in the middle of the discussion of this incident.

THE MIAMI INSTANT REPLAY
(No Chapter Number Assigned)

Miami, in the period immediately following the assassination of President Kennedy, was rife with misinformation concerning the presence of Lee Harvey Oswald in the Miami area in the 1962-63 period. Turner discusses some of the alleged sightings of Oswald as follows:

An anonymous letter out of Cuba addressed to Oswald, dated November 10, was signed by Pedro Charles. Predictably, it was intercepted by the Secret Service. The letter suggested that Oswald had been paid by Charles to carry out a shooting mission. A letter accusing Oswald of the shooting, and typed on the same typewriter, was sent to Robert Kennedy, accusing Pedro Charles of hiring Oswald to do the deed. Both letters were mailed the day after the assassination.

WQAM radio talk show host, Alan Courtney, of Miami, contacted the FBI four days after the assassination regarding a claim by John V. Martino, a former Castro prisoner, that Oswald was in Cuba between September and October, 1963. He also claimed Oswald had distributed pro-Castro literature in Miami, printed by a Miami printer. The DRE was also spreading similar disinformation.

The Pompano Beach Sun Sentinel published a story on November 26 that Frank Sturgis said that Oswald had had telephone conversations with Cuban Intelligence during November 1962. The article was bylined by James C. Buchanan and denied by Sturgis.

Author Nathaniel Weyl notified the FBI in March, 1964, that Oswald had a fight with Jerry Buchanan in Miami early in 1963 when Buchanan was a member of the International Anti-Communist Brigade.

All these sightings conflict with known employment records of Oswald, and Turner suggests that a plausible answer is that Oswald was being impersonated -- one of a series of such episodes that began with the Bolton Ford incident (discussed in detail in Chapter 3, Part 6.)

The remainder of this section is given over to a discussion of the Sylvia Odio incident, in which the author leans heavily on the testimony of Loren Hall. Turner says the failure of the Warren Commission to adequately resolve this episode left a "nagging" mystery open -- "Who, knowing that Oswald was en route to Mexico City, enacted the tableau at the Odio apartment to set up Oswald's propensity to kill Kennedy?"

New Orleans in the 1960's, with its sizeable Cuban colony, was a receptive arm of the Cuba Project that reached over from Miami. In 1960, the Front sent Sergio Arcacha Smith to New Orleans, where he established an office in the Balter Building and, according to Turner, received a CIA dole for his anti-Castro activities.

In addition to CIA money, Smith engaged in several fund-raising activities and became associated with Ronnie Caire, a public relations man in the New Orleans area. Caire solicited support from such prominent conservatives as Dr. Alton Oschner of the Oschner Clinic and William Reily, of the Reily Coffee Company (a one-time employer of Lee Harvey Oswald).

The creation of Friends of Democratic Cuba by Arcacha Smith, with the aid of Guy Banister, Grady C. Durham, and William Dalzell, was, according to an unnamed "insider", "an undercover operation in conjunction with the CIA and FBI which involved the shipment and transportation of individuals and supplies in and out of Cuba." Turner says that the FDC had as its liaison with the intelligence community one Guy P. Johnson, a reserve commander of ONI, Lloyd Ray of the CIA and Regis Kennedy of the FBI. According to Turner sources, Kennedy (Regis) bypassed local FBI authorities and sent daily reports directly to Assistant to the Director John P. Mohr in Washington, D. C.

A discussion of the situation in and around New Orleans about the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion, indicates that the CIA leased a banana boat, flying the Costa Rican flag, to Nino Diaz, co-founder of the MRR. The boat, the Santa Ana, was to be used to transport men for a landing planned as a diversionary measure at the time of the primary invasion. A training camp north of Lake Pontchartrain was used by Diaz with Arcacha coordinating their activities.

Drawn to the Cuba Project, inevitably, was former FBI agent Guy Banister. His background activities in Anti-Communist Leagues, the Minutemen in Louisiana (according to Jerry Milton Brooks) made this a natural movement and his office at 544 Camp Street became a vortex for all kinds of conspirators. Turner says that William Dalzell, --"ex-CIA man who was a mainspring of the Friends of Democratic Cuba, virtually lived on the second floor of 544 Camp Street." Ricardo Davis told of a discussion involving the placing of poison in the ventillating system of Havana Presidential Palace and killing all occupants.

Jack S. Martin claims that Banister spent long hours with Orlando Piedra, chief of Batista's secret police. David Ferrie was also closely associated with the Banister office operations as the Bay of Pigs loomed. Turner says that Ferrie's roommate (Beauboeuf?) said Ferrie was used in the undercover operations of the FDC and Ferrie claimed he was working for the CIA rescuing Cubans out of Castro's prisons in Cuba.

Another member of this group was Gordon Novel, who ran a business called Electronics Systems International Corp., "which was an elegant way of saying he was in the tapping and bugging business" according to Turner. According to the States-Item, Novel operated the Evergreen Advertising Agency as a CIA communications front. Novel, fearful of being called to testify in Garrison's investigation, vacated his apartment so hurriedly that he left behind a letter to a "Mr. Weiss" his CIA contact. According to Turner, the letter indicated Novel was afraid he might have to testify about Top Secret matters involving actions of persons connected with the Double-Chek Corporation in Miami in the first quarter of 1961.

Close to the date of the Bay of Pigs invasion, Novel, Ferrie, Arcacha and several other Cubans picked up a load of munitions from a bunker belonging to the Schlumberger Well Services Co. What Garrison charged was a burglary, Novel described as a war materials pickup made at the direction of his CIA contact. Jack Martin claims that a few days before the "burglary" he heard Guy Banister making time and date arrangements for the pickup with an executive of Schlumberger. Novel said that the munitions were stored temporarily in his own office, at Ferrie's residence and Banister's office. Eventually they were moved to the lower decks of the Santa Ana and a week before the invasion, she set off from Algiers Naval Base headed for Cuba.

This portion of the manuscript apparently incomplete, as the story ends at this juncture.

THE BOLTON FORD INCIDENT - 3.

Oscar W. Deslatte, assistant manager of the Bolton Ford Truck Center in New Orleans, informed FBI agents shortly after the Kennedy assassination, that on January 20, 1961, an incident occurred which he felt should be reported.

On the January 1961 date, Deslatte said two men who said they represented the Friends of Democratic Cuba, came to the truck center saying they were interested in purchasing ten Econoline vans, and wanted a dealer's cost because the vans were to be used to fight against Castro. A deal was arranged with the manager of the center, Fred A. Sewell, and a bid form filled out, and signed "Oswald". Three years later when Oswald was identified as the slayer of President Kennedy, Deslatte recognized him as the man who had signed the bid form. The FBI sent two agents to the truck center and confiscated the bid form which Deslatte still had on file. The FBI report of this incident was never published in the Warren Commission Report.

Jim Garrison, in preparation of his investigation in 1967, uncovered the report in the National Archives, and realized that Oswald was living in Russia at the time the Bolton Ford incident was to have occurred.

Turner suggests this as another of the imposter incidents which surround Oswald. He also states that on June 3, 1960, J. Edgar Hoover sent a confidential memo to the State Department raising the possibility that Oswald's credentials were being used by someone else -- either in the United States or in Russia. Warren Commission W. David Slawson said he had no memory of ever having seen the memo -- Howard P. Willens, a Commission staff counsel conceded that he had seen it. Slawson hinted that a "general CIA effort to take out anything that reflected on them may have covered this up."

Identified as a co-author, is a person named Hinckle. He talked to a friend of his who had spent "ten years on the CIA roster". This person alleges that the CIA kept the Cubans on the string for years after the Bay of Pigs and most of them ended up in narcotics or smuggling. He also said opium smuggling was standard operating procedure for CIA and Air America "guys". Also asserts that if any one even remotely connected with the CIA had any part in the assassination, the CIA would cover it up as a matter of survival for the CIA because of the public "can of worms" such knowledge would open up. It was also this CIA connected person's opinion that Oswald obviously had an intelligence background.

The Bolton Ford Incident

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Turner suggests that revelation of the Bolton Ford incident might have unravelled the entire anti-Castro infrastructure that the CIA had put together and, therefore, suppressed. He further states that it is indeed possible that Oswald's identify was "borrowed" while he lived in Russia.

Even after Oswald's return to the United States, "bogus" Oswalds kept appearing. One such time is the alleged meeting with Sylvia Odio. In late October 1963, an Oswald look-alike answered an apartment rental ad in Baton Rouge, gave the name Oswald, reported that his wife was Russian and talked about having a gun with a telescopic sight. On November 9, there is a report from a car salesman that Oswald was a prospective used car buyer. The mix-up in identities at the Cuban and Soviet embassies in Mexico City is still another possible attempt to establish Oswald's presence at a certain place and time.

Turner says, in the course of researching his book, "the authors talked to several paramilitary and Cuban exile sources in Miami who believe he (the mystery man in the Mexico City photo) is Johnny Mitchell Devereau, also known as Johnny Mitchell". Turner places Mitchell and a friend, Jack Cannon, aka Jack Shea, in Cuba in 1959 as tourist police, later in Miami and acquainted with Frank Sturgis. Turner's sources further maintain that Devereau became a contract employee of the CIA.

A Case Study in Cover-Up

Subdivision of The Bolton Ford Incident

Discusses the professional way the CIA plugged leaks about the existence of Brigade 2506 before and after the Bay of Pigs, convincing newsmen and families of Brigade members that public knowledge of their activities would endanger their lives and threaten national security. Cites a similar plea for self-censorship when the Glomar Explorer incident involving Howard Hughe's undersea mining craft started to leak to the press. Allegedly, after the Bay of Pigs invasion, an intensive cover-up was conducted at CIA headquarters and Charles J. V. Murphy, a good friend of Allen Dulles, wrote in the September 1961 issue of Fortune that the greenhorns in the White House and vacillating diplomats of State were responsible for the failure of the invasion.

Turner petitioned the National Security Council for a copy of a report of a Presidential committee assembled to conduct a post-mortem of the Bay of Pigs invasion. He says members of this elite committee were Robert Kennedy, General Maxwell Taylor, Admiral Arleigh Burke and Allen Dulles. The report of the committee was discussed in E. Howard Hunt's book, Give Us This Day, Hunt being involved in the CIA portion of the report. The National Security Council cannot locate a copy of this report.

An upshot of the report was direction from the President that no operations should cross agency lines, and therefore, the CIA stepped up the tempo of its activities, working on a smaller scale but with greater frequency.

The Intelligence Ambience

Subdivision of The Bolton Ford Incident

The FBI interviewed, on February 26-28, 1964, defected KGB official, Yuri Ivanovich Nosenko about Oswald's stay in the Soviet Union. Nosenko said he had handled the KGB file on Oswald and that the Russian's considered him a possible "sleeper" American agent. They tried to get him out of the country and vetoed his return when he applied for a visa in Mexico City. He also described Oswald as a poor shot. The CIA was initially suspicious of Nosenko but, as John McCone recently explained, are now in the position to believe that the information was correct.

Turner questions Oswald's discharge from the Marines on a hardship basis and his immediate departure to the Soviet Union -- the job he obtained upon his return with a graphics art company which required security clearances of other employees and not Oswald -- and his very strange friendship with the George DeMohrenschildts when he and Marina returned to Dallas.

544 Camp Street, New Orleans

Subdivision of The Bolton Ford Incident

Based on lengthy interviews of Jerry Milton Brooks, the author puts forth information about activities centered around the 544 Camp Street address, most of which is repeated in other sections of the manuscript. Claims that Brooks worked briefly for Banister in 1961 compiling intelligence material and delivering packets to the local FBI office. Brooks also maintained that the #2 local Minuteman was a Banister aide, Hugh F. Ward. Ward died in a plane crash in Ciudad Victoria on May 23, 1965.

Brooks discussed another Bannister associate, Maurice B. Gatlin, Sr. Connects Banister and Gatlin through the Anti-Communist League of the Caribbean -- offshoot of a global body.

Brooks believed that the frequency of Gatlin's world travel were in the capacity of a "transporter" for the CIA, arranging for movement of people and money.

A further discussion is given of the presence of Colonel Orlando Piedra in the Banister innercircle and Turner suggests that it was Piedra who was the New Orleans chief of Operation 40, the all-Cuban supersecret CIA unit. After the Bay of Pigs, Operation 40 regrouped and continued until 1972. It participated in the hunt for Che Guevara in Bolivia in 1967 and Eugenio Martinez was on its payroll when arrested for the Watergate breakin. The late Juakin Sanjenis was chief of Operation 40 and Felix Gutierrez was second in command.

Next portion of the manuscript deals with a lengthy discussion of David Ferrie and his activities in and around the Miami/New Orleans area in the early 1960's. Discusses his participation in the "crusade against Castro". According to exile journalist Diego Gonzales Tendedera, Ferrie worked with Eladio Cerefino del Valle to carry out aerial missions. Gonzales said Del Valle told him that Ferrie was given \$1,000 to \$1,500 per flight into Cuba, depending on whether they would just drop bombs or would land to pick up refugees.

Jack Carter, an aviator for MIRR under CIA jurisdiction, says he knew Ferrie in 1963 having met him in the ready room restricted to CIA-approved flight personnel at an old military airfield near Tampa. Carter was interviewed in May 1975.

Turner claims the Secret Service never entertained the notion that Oswald might have been aligned with anti-Castroites.

Latter part of this chapter deals with Thomas E. Beckham and the connection he allegedly had activities in the New Orleans area in the early 1960's, as uncovered by the Garrison investigation. The connection of Beckham and Fred Lee Crisman is discussed, but the author draws no conclusions.

Turner feels that the significance of the Bolton Ford incident imply that, if elements of the anti-Castro movement were impersonating Oswald, it is conceivable that they set him up as a dupe in the Kennedy assassination.

NORMAN ROTHMAN SECTION

Since the early 1950's, Norman Rothman has been connected with the underworld, as a nightclub manager in Miami Beach and later in Havana, Cuba under the ownership of the Mannarino brothers. Turner, in this portion of his manuscript, links Rothman with a \$13,500,000 burglary of the Brockville Trust and Savings Company in Ontario, Canada in May 1958.

Rothman's implication in the robbery allegedly came about through his gun-running activities. There was a prime marked to contraband weapons in Cuba -- in preparation for Castro's 26th of July movement. "Kelly" Mannarino was apparently intrigued by the profits that could be realized in gunrunning, and law enforcement officials believe that a shortage of initial cash to get this smuggling operation going was the reason for the Brockville robbery. Turner said the bulk of the Brockville loot, as well as a large portion of money stolen from La Societe National De Fiducie in Montreal in January 1958, was funneled "into the hands of Pepe Cotroni". The Mannarinos became part of the mechanism needed to fence the bonds (which were part of the stolen items).

Mannarino used Rothman to convert the bonds into cash. Rothman relied upon a William W. Rabin in Chicago to open a numbered Swiss bank account and try to get a loan to buy a small bank which could then be used to launder the remainder of the loot.

Before Rabin could get this transaction finalized, Mannarino robbed a national guard armory in Canton, Ohio and planned to fly the burglarized weapons to Cuba. The Boarder Patrol stopped the plane in which the guns were being carried and arrested the Pilot, Norman Rothman, Joe Merola and three other rackets runners. They were convicted of conspiring to fly stolen government firearms to Cuba.

In the meantime, Swiss officials became suspicious of Rabin's financial dealings and notified the United States State Department. Rabin was located by the FBI in the Biltmore Terrace hotel in Miami Beach -- which was managed by Norman Rothman. The hotel, Turner claims, had been purchased in 1959 by Rothman and Alberto Arduro, serving as front men for Batista and the top floor of the hotel was to be used by Batista in the event that he would be able to gain entrance into the United States.

Continued investigation by the FBI into the Brockville robbery brought the March 2, 1959 indictment of Edward J. Browder, Jr. who was charged with possession, concealment and attempt to sell some of the Canadian bonds. Rothman was one of Browders confederates during the period of time.

Turner says that a Caribbean cargo pilot, Blaney Mack Johnson, told the FBI shortly after Oswald was murdered, that Jack Ruby was "active in arranging illegal flights of weapons from Mimai to the Castro organization in Cuba" and was "part owner of two planes used for these purposes."

Additional information in the FBI report from Johnson, reveals that Browder and Ruby were engaged in arms smuggling and that he had met Ruby at one time. Ruby, according to Johnson, subsequently bought shares in a gambling house in Havana principally owned by Carlos Prio. In a discussion of Ruby's past, Turner suggests that the gunrunning allegations are in character.

At this point, Turner discusses the incidents which involved Ruby and Robert McKeon at which time Ruby was interested in the release of three persons being held in Cuba, and the Labor Day holiday of Ruby's when he visited his old friend, Lewis J. McWillie for eight days in Havana. According to newsman Thayer Waldo, Ruby at this time boasted to two American tourists that he was "in with both sides".

In the meantime, Norman Rothman was engaged in what he believed would be an economic war on Castro -- having the destruction of the Cuban sugar crop as his goal. About this time, Rothman became involved in legal difficulties stemming from his involvement in the Brockville bank job. Several people were arrested in various parts of the world for transporting stolen bonds which were part of the loot. Eddie Browder was sent to prison for his involvement. Rothman, however, was acquitted. A later arrest in New York City connected with stolen bonds sent Rothman to the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary.

One of History's Most Important Individuals
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Turner somewhat defends Perry's Russo's story about the Ferrie/Oswald/Bertrand connection because he says it was on the basis of this testimony that a panel of judges bound Clay Shaw over for trial. Another Garrison witness, David Lewis, reported seeing Ferrie and Oswald together, and Turner suggests that this lends authenticity to the accounts of both individuals. The author then discusses additional stories which place Ferrie and Oswald together.

In the latter part of the chapter, Turner relates that the story of Richard Giesbrecht, given to the FBI on February 13, 1964, indicates that Ferrie and several other men were discussing the assassination and involving themselves in it. As Turner points out, there is no mention in the Warren Report of such an incident having been reported. Part of the conversation which Giesbrecht overheard involved a man names "Isaacs" as having become involved with Oswald. Garrison investigators apparently tried to check out the identify of this person.

Turner concludes that Garrison's description of the importance of Ferrie did accurately describe the last four years of his life.

"ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST IMPORTANT INDIVIDUALS"

Using a quotation of Jim Garrison regarding David Ferrie, the author sets out in one of his more lengthy chapters to give the reader a rather complete picture of the associations and intrigues which made up the life of David Ferrie in his latter fifteen years.

Turner describes Ferrie as a doer -- a brilliant and talented man, more successful than not. A glimpse into his early life reveals that he began to study for the priesthood when he was twenty years of age, but left after two years when he reportedly suffered a mental breakdown.

When accused by Jim Garrison of complicity in the assassination, many reporters believed Ferrie's complaint that he was an innocent victim of Garrison's "witch hunt". Turner suggests that this ability to solicit sympathy was a Ferrie trademark.

Turner discusses Ferrie's association with the Civil Air Patrol, his attempt to become commissioned in the U.S. Air Force in early 1950's, association with the Apostolic Orthodox Old Catholic Church, his employment as a pilot for Eastern Air Lines, and theorizes about his loss of hair -- speculating that it may have been due to prolonged exposure to extreme altitudes such as achieved by the U-2. This is pure speculation.

Turner discusses the story given to Jim Garrison in 1967 by Donald P. Norton who claimed to have been in the employ of the CIA. Norton says his assignment was to "ferret out homosexuals among the officers and men in the Third Army area." One of his assignments brought him into contact with David Ferrie. He claimed to have been in contact with Ferrie in connection with the delivery of money to a Cuban television star. Turner says it is difficult to assess the veracity of Norton's story.

Ferrie's involvement in paramilitary activities on Lake Ponchartrain is based upon a deposition of John Irion -- but the circumstances under which the deposition was given is not discussed. It can easily be assumed it was given to Turner in connection with the Garrison investigation.

The remainder of the chapter further discusses Ferrie's broad scope of interests, his work in connection with the Carlos Marcello deportation trial in New Orleans in November 1963, his possible suicide notes, and the story of Perry Russo which places Ferrie, Oswald and Clay Bertrand together plotting the Kennedy assassination. Turner states that Ferrie deposited over \$7,000 in his bank account early in November 1963.